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# The Killers

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THE door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potato," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver——"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

"What do you do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

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"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

"What are *you* looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"*You* don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "*You* don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

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"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"—Page 228.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddam much."

"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent."

"You never know."

"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

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"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"

"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular little gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy. I like him."

At six-fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

"Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said. "Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn't going to come."

"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them through the window pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

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"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?"

The cook turned away.

stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the

"All right, nigger. You stand right there."—Page 228.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of

room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

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"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There ain't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No. I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said down-stairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."



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"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said, and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing,"

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

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# The Catholic Laywoman's View-Point

BY GRACE HAUSMANN SHERWOOD

AT a time like this when our foremost magazines carry almost invariably with each issue one article about religion and sometimes more than one; when even the *American Mercury*, edited by that famous scoffer, Henry Mencken, falls into line with the publication not so long ago of an article with the significant title: "A New God for America," it seems not improbable to me that the view-point of the Catholic laywoman might interest the general reader.

For among the many voices which have been heard in this modern pulpit of the printed page, among the modernist, the fundamentalist, the layman who has just discovered the things of the spirit for the first time and the minister who is about to give them up because he has lost his faith in them, the man who thinks that Christ's example is the only religion needed anywhere and the woman who would offer us Buddha as a substitute for Christ, the missionary's note-book from some outpost of civilization and the gropings after spirituality of the man in the street—among all these the Catholic woman has been silent. What she thinks of her religion, how she feels about its practices as they relate to her and to her children, how full her share in spiritual things can be in a church governed entirely by men, and by men, at that, without wives, has not been told—if I have kept track of the argument and affirma-



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tion, the glimpses of mysticism, the discovery of prayer as a personal necessity, the hunger for spiritual insight, the longing for a definite way to enter upon the spiritual life which has surged like a tide through the pages of our better magazines for months or, rather, years.

I say laywoman advisedly. The viewpoint of the nuns and of the teaching sisterhood and others engaged in charitable work in our church must be patent to all. These women, totalling nearly one hundred thousand in America alone, averaging one out of every one hundred girls baptized into the Catholic faith, having renounced everything that mankind holds as most worth while in life, home, marriage, children, wealth, name, and fame, have staked their lives on the belief that spiritual values are the only ones worth considering. They look at life from the angle, one might say, of heaven.

But the laywoman's view-point is taken from the angle of the world and, of necessity, from a different angle from that of women of other denominations. Because in the things which concern women most, marriage and children, the Catholic woman must recognize as binding on her conscience two laws which other women, friends and neighbors, as good and often much better Christians than herself, have, for the most part, discarded long ago, *i. e.* the indissolubility of marriage and the sacredness of the family. I might state it briefly thus: We live in America where divorce is so prevalent that one out of two hundred and seventy-seven marriages is dissolved by it annually. Yet, in contemplating matrimony for ourselves or for our children these statistics can have no concern for us. By faith and by practice we are committed to one mate, if we marry, for as long as he lives. And again: in the midst of an everywhere growing tendency to limit the family for all sorts of reasons, we have but two alternatives, continence, or all the children the Lord chooses to send! Surely two good and sufficient reasons for calling the Catholic laywoman's view-point slightly different from that of the great majority of American women.

Dub them old-fashioned, antiquated, if you will, these laws of our church about marriage, we Catholic women hold our heads high about them. We think that although the few may and undoubtedly do suffer by them they protect and honor the many. The thoughtless marriage decided upon on the spur of the moment, and entered into before a justice of the peace or some wayside marrying parson is impossible to a Catholic who obeys the laws of his church. Catholics must be married by a priest, and no Catholic priest will marry a couple of whom he knows nothing. He must have their baptismal certificates, have a letter from the pastor of one of them, have time to make inquiries, be assured in some way that it is proper for the marriage to take place. You see, getting married is such a serious thing, becomes so permanent, carries such heavy responsibilities with it that every safeguard possible is thrown about it at the beginning.

We believe that marriage is more than just a reaching after human happiness. We believe it to be a sacred contract entered into before God in which, in return for the joys and privileges that it brings, we are bound to accept the children who may be a fruit of it; we believe that whatever sacrifices the prohibitions against remarriage after separation and against birth control may entail (and they are often heavy where women are concerned), they are so far offset by spiritual growth through the performance of duty that in the end, in the complete scheme of Christian living, they become an advantage.

And if sorrow and disillusionment become our portion in marriage instead of happiness we are bound to accept that also. Only the death of one can give the other, man or woman, the right to marry again. These are stupendous things for weak human nature to undertake to promise, but we go into marriage with our eyes open. All of us, as boys and girls, are thoroughly instructed in what our church enjoins in our Catholic schools, and when we are prepared for First Communion and for Confirmation. We are also taught that if we promise these things before God, with trust in His help, we will get the strength to live up to our promises. To borrow Catholic phraseology, we believe that marriage is a sacrament and that in receiving it we receive, with it, its

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particular grace also, the grace to keep the marriage vow no matter how many sacrifices the keeping of it may entail.

But then we believe in sacrifice. Our religion is built upon it as a central idea. Call it mediævalism, if you will, there were some good things in mediævalism which the world has lost sight of somewhat . . . a sense of spiritual values, for one thing. We believe that sacrifice, renunciation, is the price one has to pay for things of spiritual value.

We are not alone in that belief, by any means. I have a friend who, before her marriage, was a Presbyterian missionary in India. Whenever she speaks of that time her eyes shine and a note of exaltation comes into her voice.

"What I did then was a *sacrifice!*" she exclaims, ardently. "I was really giving up things for Christ. Now? Well, we give a tenth of our income, but what is that? We have a car, I get all the clothes I want, we go about and amuse ourselves, I keep help. When I think of *those* days when I wore cheap cotton dresses and gave my whole *life* to God!" . . . Instinctively, at such times, I invest my friend with a habit. I tell myself that she has felt what we Catholics name "the call to perfection"—the desire to renounce everything for Our Lord, the longing to obey utterly the words of Jesus to the rich young man. . . . "If thou wilt be *perfect* . . . sell all thou hast . . . and come follow Me."

To steal a word from one of the opposing factions in the battle which rages about us without affecting us, I suppose we are all fundamentalists, from the Pope down, if fundamentalism means believing all the old fundamental things in Christianity without exception. The most complete Fundamentalists left, in a sense!

All the knotty questions which tear at synod and presbytery, at convention and conference we accept without question. Without them our religion would crumble to pieces. For the principal act of worship in our church is the mass, and the mass itself, in its various prayers and ceremonies, predicates a confession of faith in all of the things the modernist denies.

In it, by the longer doxology, as well as by the Introit and other prayers, we reverence the Trinity; we attest our faith in the Scriptures by listening to extracts from both the Old and New Testaments, standing, always, when the Gospel is read; by the Nicene creed we reiterate our faith, daily, in the Divine origin of the world, in the Incarnation, in the Virgin birth, the Redemption, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the inspiration of the Scriptures, Baptism, the Last Judgment, and a future life. In the various prayers which follow the creed we declare our practical belief in the communion of saints by asking their intercession as well as the help of the angels; at the consecration of the bread and wine we endeavor to call before the mind clearly Our Lord's death on the cross for us, accepting literally His words at the Last Supper as they have come down to us through Matthew, Mark, and Luke's narrative. This is the heart and centre of the mass without which all the rest would be meaningless. Without the belief in Christ's atonement for sin by the shedding of His blood the mass would become a mockery, a mere symbolism, unworthy of the attention of serious-minded Christians. And later, after prayers for the living and the dead, Communion is given which means that, believing as we do about the Eucharist, a belief too widely known to need restatement here, we declare our faith unreservedly in miracles.

But all this has nothing to do with the Catholic laywoman's view-point about religion. I have set it down merely to emphasize our complete orthodoxy. Orthodoxy is the groundwork of our church, the root of its tree of growth. But there is a flowering of beauty in the liturgy, in some of the customs and the services which have sprung up, some spontaneously, others as the result of a woman's devotion; prayers which have been incorporated into the ritual because of some man's reverence for the highest and the purest of women, all of which have a strong appeal to women.

We belong to a church which honors women—honors womanhood, I ought to say, rather. Although no woman in our church may minister at the altar, may even enter a church with her head uncovered, we have, as a sex, a unique honor. At the beginning of every day, at its noon-

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time rest and again at its close the Angelus bell is rung to remind every Catholic to pause and consider what? That the angel of the Lord declared unto *Mary*. That the most stupendous message ever sent by God to man was sent to woman, a mere girl, a virgin, Luke tells us, "full of grace." When the Angelus bell rings every devout man from the Pope to the humblest laborer bows his head and recalls to mind that not to his sex was the magnificent secret first revealed but to ours. The Angelus bell has a peculiar appeal to women. What it does or, rather, what it seeks to do, is to bid everybody pause a moment three times in every day, and reflect upon the fact of our redemption and upon the part that a woman was chosen to play in it. This is but one example of what I mean by the flowering of the liturgy, the idealizing of our sex, the incorporation of women's words as well as men's into the services of the church. The words of Gabriel's salutation of Mary, and of her cousin Elizabeth's greeting of her when she went to visit her, have been, together with a petition to Mary to pray for sinners, made into the prayer known as the "Ave Maria," a prayer which has been set to music over and over again, the prayer which, with the Lord's Prayer and two others, strung on the cord of meditation, form the Catholic devotion known as "the rosary."

Probably no belief of ours has been so misunderstood as our reverence for the Blessed Virgin. We are accused of worshipping her, of robbing God of honor by honoring her, of adoring her graven image, of I know not what absurdity. And yet, the feeling we have about her is so reasonable, once it is understood.

To us she stands for perfect purity, attested to by an angel sent from God. For courageous motherhood when motherhood meant, for a while, the doubt even of her affianced husband. For faithfulness unto death, for it is on record in the Gospels that she was at the cross to the very last. Life was terribly hard for her from the day she was chosen to be the Redeemer's mother, and she shrank from none of its hardships. She wore, we believe, a double crown, the crown of both virginity and motherhood. To the rest of womanhood it is permitted to wear only one of these. Choosing the one we must relinquish the other. But it was not so with Mary.

And because of this high privilege of hers she is the model woman to whom we bid our daughters raise their eyes. We tell our sons to look upon her as a beloved mother who by her prayers can help them to become high-souled and noble like herself. We ask her prayers for ourselves that in some measure we may grow to her stature of purity and faithfulness.

More than that, beside the high altar of every Catholic church whether it be a stately cathedral or some shabby mission chapel there is always another altar, an altar to Mary. Her statue is set upon it to remind us all of the height to which human nature has been raised in her. Merely human nature, not Divine. And on the other side is the altar to St. Joseph, her protector. These three altars symbolize, in a way, the Holy Family. The Holy Family, at Nazareth, is held up as the model for every Catholic home.

That is why we Catholic women do not regard the laws of our church about birth control as any especial hardship. Joseph practised continence; therefore continence is possible whenever necessary. Mary bore Our Lord when she and Joseph were so poor that His birthplace had to be a stable. Therefore, to a follower of Christ, poverty is no valid excuse for shirking parenthood. Marriage brings its sacrifices along with its compensations.

Do you ask me how we feel when one of our boys or girls leaves the home we have been at such pains to rear about them, not for a new home and human love, but for the lonely cell of the monk or the bare rectory of the parish priest, the silence of the Carmelite or the laborious life of the teaching orders, the incessant sacrifice of the missionary or of those who dedicate their lives to the care of the aged, the orphan, the sick, and the poor? I will try to give you the average Catholic mother's feeling about it. Of course, there are exceptions, but the greater number of us feel this way:

We feel that the attainment of success, of family joys, of fame, of all the good things of life is desirable, but that there is a higher way . . . the way of self-abnegation. Though we who are married have

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not chosen it for ourselves, we know it is there to choose, we knew it even while we picked out the pleasanter way to serve God. But when a son or a daughter chooses the path of perfection for his or her way of life we feel blessed by the choosing, happy beyond any other happiness we have known before.

Why? The Bible again. We take a great many things in the Old and the New Testament literally. For one thing, the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the Apocalypse of St. John.

These orders of women consecrated to the service of God by vow offer an outlet to the mysticism inherent in human nature whether the nature be man's or woman's. If a Catholic girl feels the urge to consecrate her talents to God's service the doors to a hundred orders lie open with a hundred different activities according to her preference. She can teach, she can nurse, she can tend the sick or the aged, she can go out to the heathen or into the homes of the poor in this country. She can spend her days in prayer as a contemplative nun or in cooking as a working sister. No talent is too high and no aptitude too lowly to be of use. And in taking the veil and the vows of evangelical perfection which go with it she is admitted, although a woman, to that mystical life of renunciation which has been the back-bone of the church for so many hundreds of years. You see, no Catholic woman ever feels left out because she cannot be a priest or even a deacon. There are so many vivid and engrossing things which she can do, things which touch the heart of Catholic life.

More, she plays a part which could not be dispensed with in the teaching of the young. It is to these nuns and sisters that the education of our children is intrusted, for the most part. For we make no bones of the fact that we like to educate our children in our own schools. It might be worth while to set down our reasons here although that is a much broader subject than how women feel about their church. We have no quarrel with the public schools but we say that no public school can, without infringing on the rights of those who are not Christians, set before children the beauty of Christ's life, the splendor of His purity, the necessity of following His example. No public school can inculcate the habit of prayer, teach children to raise their hearts to God at the beginning of work or play, help them to grasp, if only dimly, that immense spiritual help lies to hand if only the heart be taught to use it. We feel that this sense of definite spiritual help to be had in definite ways, ways sanctioned by the usage of generations of holy men and women who have come and gone upon the earth, is the most priceless possession we have to leave our children. In an age when men deny His Divinity, when so many of the churches are shaken by disputes about His nature and His mission, when an increasing number are saying and believing that service to one's fellow men is the only religion necessary, we want them to keep fast hold of the intangible, the mystic, the supernatural, if you choose to call it that.

And indeed many thinking people outside our church agree in this. Harry Emerson Fosdick, writing in *Harper's* for last March, relates that he saw some children praying in a Catholic church, and comments on . . . "that deep virtue in Catholicism which Protestantism has so largely lost—prayer from the infancy up as an habitual discipline of the soul, the daily use of the churches for prayer where rich and poor, young and old may come one by one to renew their fellowship with the *surrounding, impinging, friendly,* unseen world of saints and angels." (The italics are mine.)

And in a pleasure-mad world we feel that it is of inestimable value to them to have before their eyes, daily, in the schoolroom the example of men and women who have renounced the world in order to teach the young how to use their minds and talents, and in teaching them strive to make them followers of Jesus who despised the world so that He would not even pray for it!

And again I find corroboration for this feeling in people who are not of our faith. Charles M. Sheldon, writing in *The Atlantic* last October under the title, "Can Religion Be Taught?" says: "Of course I do not need to explain my own position when I say that I think a teacher who is going to teach my children religion ought to be religious." And, further on . . .

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"if we do not teach religion in the schools we deserve to suffer as a nation, and go the way of all those nations that have thought more of accumulating facts than of making life."

What more is left to say about our attitude toward our faith so complicated, seemingly, to an outsider, so simple to those within? That we have a strange rite, confession, which I have not even touched upon, a rite which seems almost an anachronism in this day and age of individualism. A hang-over, as it were, from the Middle Ages.

We find confession anything but an anachronism. It is one of the most useful things our church possesses. We know it, from experience, to be a wholesome discipline, a means of knowing ourselves and our secret failings, a definite means of correcting them, a ladder by which we can mount a step, a stumbling one, perhaps, but a step at least toward perfection. Therefore, having gone to confession hundreds of times ourselves, as soon as our children are old enough to know the difference between right and wrong we send them to confession. We want them to go, to acquire the habit of going often.

Do you suppose that if it were not true that we had found confession good for us, an absolutely certain spiritual help, we would send our children so eagerly? We are no different from other women, and no worse than the majority. Like other women we love our children more than anything else on earth. And every Catholic mother, the world over, is happy and at peace when her sons and daughters go frequently to confession and communion and is disturbed in mind when, for any reason, they give up the practice. This, it seems to me, is the best answer to those who persist in believing that there is something mysterious, almost sinister, about confession; a practice which Catholics have been hoodwinked into believing in, somehow.

And then, we love our church for its beauty. No one can deny us that, whether he be among those who shudder past her doors believing them the doors to a hideous idolatry or among those who toy with her ritual, in spots. All women love beauty and in our church all beauty finds expression. Why not, since God is Beauty?

Since we believe that Christ Himself condescends to dwell with us in our temples, it follows that they cannot be too beautiful for Him. Architecture, painting, music, poetry, all the upward spirallings of men's minds toward the beauty which must be in its essence God Himself, each has its place in the temple which centres about Him, their inspirer.

To sum up, we Catholic women feel that in our church women walk as equals with men. There may be a diversity in office but there is no sex in sainthood. Mary Magdalene's name finds its place on the Calendar as well as St. John the Baptist's.

We feel that the ideal of purity which is held before our eyes from childhood, the ideal that points to the Virgin Mother as the supreme achievement of human virtue is the greatest tribute that any church could pay to woman.

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# A Forgotten Art

BY GEORGE SPRAU
Author of "The Meaning of Literature"

SURELY our popular notions of education and of teaching today and the quality of our much talking and writing about these subjects indicate that our definitions of these terms are not quite the same as they were a generation or more ago. Then we and our immediate forebears were aware of an element in the concepts of education and teaching that we, for the most part, have forgotten. Then there was much discussion of the art of education and the art of teaching; now we seldom hear these phrases, and I am sure that the thought of education or of teaching as an art is very uncommon indeed.

I think we may understand the art of education to mean the calling into action of the higher and nobler faculties of man solely for the joy and delight that come with the consciousness of their full and proper functioning. There is pleasure in knowing, joy in thinking, delight and beauty in the free play of fancy and imagination; and ecstasy, the highest tension of experience, is defined as the obsession of powerful emotions. It is a red-letter day in the life of a young man or young woman when he comes to recognize in his own experience the rare quality of high-mindedness that distinguishes the great of all ages. He comes to feel at home in the regions of their thought, he catches glimpses of their ideals, and feels the thrill of their enthusiasm. He understands the value and pertinence of the problems of being that engaged their attention, and he dedicates his life and efforts to the same high purposes.

"Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues," says the Duke in "Measure for Measure." Brute creation is not endowed with the finer faculties of thought, with reason, imagination, emotion, and from it we do not expect the finer issues of truth and beauty. We train the beast to a life of service and direction, but we say he has no soul. He has no power of creative imagination; he cannot make for himself new worlds and extend his being in range and intensity beyond the narrow limits of the now and here. On man alone is bestowed the gift of creative power, and in the exercise of this power human life may be said to have its true and final definition.

Visions of truth and beauty, a far call unto worlds not yet made actual, the joy and ecstasy that come with a clearer faith and a larger hope—such are the finer issues of life to which the spirits of men are finely touched, and to this end the art of education is always directed.

In other days much was said about this art of education, and students in our schools and colleges were frequently reminded of a larger, richer life that they might share and of a joy to be striven for and attained beyond the common pleasures of the beast. Once, at the end of an undergraduate course in philosophy, the professor, a worthy patriarch of the old school, asked us one after the other what we had gotten from the course. And we sophisticated young men answered him with many high-sounding phrases. He only smiled and said that he had hoped some one might say that through this course he had come to love philosophy. I often think of this in our own day when such hordes of young people throng our schools and colleges, and I cannot help wondering how many of those who teach think it their mission to bring to these young people the joyful experience of the finer issues of human life. How many of the would-be teachers live and are at ease in those far heights of thought, of imagination, of emotion, where they can see beyond the sunset of our little day and the bleak hills that skirt the horizon of our actual world? Are our classrooms and lecture-rooms high



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places of experience where occasionally, at least, the student may see life transfigured and become aware that he has stood on holy ground? Or have we all but forgotten the one jewel of great price?

Yes, there are still such teachers, and there always will be; but in the much talking and writing about education today their voice is seldom heard. We have been overzealous in our attempt to define education as a science, and in directing our efforts and the efforts of our students toward the so-called practical. We pride ourselves on immediate results and estimate values in terms of quick turnover. We are loud in our applause of the spectacular and readily allow ourselves to be deceived by popular jingo. But amid all of our confusion there is still a constant element in education that remains true to human aspiration and to human hope. It is represented by that comparatively small body of teachers and students who study for the delight that comes to them through knowledge and thought, and who seek culture and refinement as ends sufficient in themselves.

As one works with the young people from year to year who come and go in our colleges and universities, and as one tries to aid them in selecting their courses and in planning their programmes of study, one cannot help being aware of the exceedingly large number who are in search of an education, some specific formula of training, not overzealously or confidently undertaken, but yet endured with the expectation and hope that in the not-distant future it may be readily exchanged for or transmuted into something much more to be desired.

For these young people one must have due respect and friendly sympathy. They are honest in their intentions and sincere in their motives. They are trying, perhaps in the best way they know, to improve their manner of living. To be sure, in most cases their aims are not very high, and their purposes and ideals are not of the noblest. They are attracted by the outward show of things, and seek ends not too remote or too costly in time, effort, and money. They are contented with the trappings and the suits of culture that may be bought in whatever market suits their price. Whether they are endowed by nature with no finer quality of mind, or whether they are the innocent victims of those who loudly advertise the sale of education like beans and perfumery, in all cases they must be respected and treated as human beings who as best they can are trying to improve their state of living.

But, on the other hand, one is aware of a quite different group of students, not so large as that just mentioned, but still quite noticeable, who are in pursuit of education. These young people do not belong among the job-hunters and credit-mongers who make up that large union of educators and students who will not work overtime and whose only notion of value is what a thing will bring on the market of the world. But, rather, they belong with those more finely touched in spirit, more richly endowed with the faculties that differentiate man from the brute. To them life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. They define education not as something that may be bought or sold, not as something that may be estimated in units of time service, but as life and states of being. They delight in the consciousness of knowing, find joy in the finer processes of thought, are thrilled with the visions of truth and beauty as they contemplate them ideally perfected through imagination and warmed with the fire of emotion. These students come to school for enlarged experience, for a change in being, for a new life; they would in truth be born again. For them education is art or it is nothing. It must create for them a new heaven and a new earth.

Of education so defined we hear and read very little nowadays, and students so minded do not receive the same recognition and encouragement as in former days. The stress is on educations otherwise variously defined, and our schools are busy with other things than the art of education and the art of teaching. Students who hear the far call to a richer life of thought and knowledge, who seek culture and refinement of soul, must sustain their interest and support their enthusiasm with little or no encouragement from the outside. More and more they are made to feel that the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life is a way of loneli-

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ness, of increasing difficulties, of almost insurmountable obstructions. It is not to be wondered at that such students often wear a look of disappointment and sometimes almost a look of despair. They feel, and sometimes with perfect right, that when they ask for bread they are offered a stone. They are too nimble-witted to be soothed to quiescence by the sweet-sounding but hollow phrases about service, democracy, school spirit, loyalty, and the like that echo loudest from the most thoughtless minds. At every turn on the long road, at every obstruction or point of dispute, the right of way is always given to other interests and to other groups of students.

Popular education, we are told, concerns itself with the slow amelioration of the masses. The public pays for its schools, and the schools must render to the public what the public wants and can use. Human nature is very complex, and now we are living in a very complex and heterogeneous society that makes all kinds of demands upon the individuals that compose it. To survive at all, our needs are many, and it is the business of the schools, of education, to prepare the young to meet these needs. With all of this we have no quarrel. Indeed, we must be fed and clothed, we must organize and maintain some kind of state and government, our health must be cared for, and our charities supported, even our clubs must have their meetings and their speeches; but our interests and efforts should not stop with these needs. It is possible to attend to all of these matters in a perfunctory manner that leaves the real man no different from what he was before. After all of these things do the Gentiles seek, and there is no assurance that through the solution of these problems of material welfare the finer issues of human life will ever be realized.

It may be true enough that moral righteousness, religious reverence, and spiritual beauty cannot come into human life until the body is fed and clothed, and made comfortable, but there is no convincing evidence that, these things having been provided, the higher life will come. The kitchen may be spotless and odorless, and the food immaculate, but it does not follow that therefore either the maid in the kitchen or the lady in the parlor will have a clear vision of heavenly truth and heavenly beauty. A clearer insight always reverses the process to achieve abiding results and expresses its formula for complete living in the solemn advice of Jesus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all of these things will be added unto you." The kingdom of God as used here cannot mean anything other than the region of human experience farthest removed from the beast. If we can have the full consciousness of such experience, the lower needs of man will be sufficiently provided. It has been said, and I believe truly said, that if we could somehow get a vision of truth and beauty into the consciousness of the beast, even the common hog would work itself out of the filth and squalor of the sty; but if we train the beast to sweep and scrub, we have no assurance that eventually it will come to a higher plane of inner life.

But, it may be said, our education does mean all that is here implied. There is still one grand education defined in terms of being, toward which all of our many educations tend. Our educators and administrators of school systems have this high conception ever before them. It is this that guides them, and to this final end their many diverse efforts eventually are directed. No doubt this is true in a large measure. But when we listen to their speaking and when we read their advertising and propaganda, can it be we are so utterly deceived? Their voices sound like the voices of Martha's children, and as they busy themselves with so many things, we wonder if we are not well on the way of forgetting entirely that in the judgment of the Christ, at any rate, it was Mary who had chosen the better part.

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# Triall by Armes

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRIETTE WYETH

VIEWING herself carefully in that stupendous mirror she could yet discover nothing new or illuminating. Her features were not good—her nose, for example—they were not harmonious, and yet together they had not prevented the accomplishment of a very great deal. Really an enormous lot . . . and they seemed to have brought her more than a little trouble. It was the trouble that now concerned her. She turned slowly and faced her father-in-law. He was lighting a cigarette in his precise, despotic manner. "The question is," he said precisely, "if you want such a mirror in your dining-room? Wouldn't it be better in the hall? I think so." The dining-room, repeated in the glass which reached to the far ceiling, filling the wall between two far-removed windows, seemed absolutely endless, like a plain, a whole county, in the French taste.

"It does make it rather huge," she agreed.

But that wasn't important. It was spring, at last a really warm day, but she was oddly cold. She wanted to smoke—it could be a very useful act of defense—but she had left her cigarette-case in another room, and she was incapable just then of searching for it. Even the effort of sending for it was beyond her. She couldn't, at that moment, explain her need to Mr. James Moderan. She was cold, the whole truth was, with fear. She had just recognized it. It was a quality she'd had very little knowledge of and it left her decidedly sick. Like a weight, a cold weight of iron, in her stomach. But she would have to say something. "You're right of course; but then you always are. About things like that. It would be better in the hall."

"About things like that?" he repeated her words in the form of an inquiry. "Aren't you limiting me just a little?" All she could think of in reply was—perhaps. She didn't say it. She was too tired and then it would sound rude. It wasn't easy even for her to be rude to him. He dealt with that very finally and well. Yet God knew there was every reason why she— After all it would be perfectly reasonable if she left the room, his presence, forever. Forever. But, of course, she wasn't like that. She didn't want to be. It was so foolish. Still, something must be done. Purely for herself. And that surprised her. She had done so much for herself in the last year that to have to begin again so soon was disconcerting.

The man beside her was apparently lost in light and pleasant thought. He seemed to be the most remote, the most impersonal, figure in the world. An idiotic impulse seized her to laugh; she wanted to laugh until even that immense room was completely filled with the sound of her scoffing mirth. For one thing she was so very young. So ridiculously young. If she had been older, ten years older, thirty that was, the whole situation would be easier. Unimportant. Then she wouldn't have cared. But now it was harder than hell. Because she wanted something very positively. She wanted that something and not at all the other.

She knew what it was, too, and it was happiness. She had determined when she married—with her husband's feminine voice in her ears—to be happy. She even knew how to bring that about. By simplicity. She'd make her life up out of pleasant details never in conflict with its main accepted fact. In short she had determined to be rather old-fashioned—not because of the implied morality but because she decided that it was intelligent. The way to be happy. It all lay in the region of her mind, she had thought; a part of mere conduct and reason. But now her



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mental security was gone and its place taken by fear.

"I am getting some champagne," her father-in-law said; "I really need it. Will you have a glass? You know that I like you to be cheerful. I mean there is no good reason why you shouldn't." He took her hand casually, quite paternally in fact. For the moment. "No champagne, thanks," she answered clearly. "Somehow I've never liked it in daytime. I think it belongs to dinner, or afterward, but not before." He said seriously that there was a question if champagne, or any other charged wine, was proper at all for dinner. "You never see it in France," he said. "At least you never did. Now you can see anything anywhere."

With that silently she agreed. Anything. It occurred to her that she might speak to him, at length, and carefully explain what was in her mind. Not about champagne. But she gave that idea, that hope, up at once. It would be no good. He'd pay no attention to her. He wouldn't believe her. And then she couldn't tell him what was in her—her heart. It would all sound ridiculously ancient and unconvincing. It was, in view of the rest, even a little unconvincing and ridiculous to her. She wasn't quite the person, her situation wasn't quite the situation, for such feelings. They belonged to a different society. Definitely. She walked to a window. Turned her back on the room:

Below her the formal sunken gardens reached uninterrupted for more than half a mile to James Moderan's great house. At that distance it still showed itself to be immense, a gray immensity, formal and French. Between it and where she lived with Provost there were fountains sheeted in silver spray, broad gravelled walks in geometrical patterns, close-cut turf, walls with urns and flights of steps and statues, and endless stiff bands and circles of flowers. Now mostly tulips. Orderly purple hedges of lilacs. Below her she mechanically counted fourteen gardeners busy setting in boxwood. Four carried each piece, its roots and earth carefully bagged, and put it in the prepared trench.

But it wasn't, she protested to herself, the Moderan money that threatened to overwhelm her. She hoped she wasn't as vulgar as that. And, after all, she had never been poor. Every one in Canton who knew of him allowed her father his million. In reality they were looked on as rich. Only, of course, in the sense of the Moderans, they had no money at all. Simply none. The Moderans had so much that in effect it retired upon itself, it defeated its own bulk and vanished. In connection with it she could discover no sign of sheer possession. It was without limit and without form. It allowed no desires and no acquisitions. The money seemed to create things automatically outside of her wishes or needs. Dinners and dresses and motors and miles of gardens. There were around her boxwood mazes and pools and bowling greens and orchards, wall gardens and herb gardens and meadows just now gay with lambs, fields with brush-and-rail jumps and a track, groves of trees and too many buildings to remember. And against the Moderan money it was all rather less than nothing.

That was what confused her—the damned money was never apparent. It was a power, vague and limitless, rather than a reality. It couldn't be blamed or even talked about. To her, beyond such a formless realization, it had no substance. It meant nothing. It couldn't charm or seduce or reward her. It didn't even influence her. Except in its own strange way. She heard the servant come into the room and put down the tray with the champagne. "You won't change your mind?" her father-in-law suggested.

"Thank you, no. Do you mind very much if I look out the window?" she continued politely. "I have to see as far as possible."

He didn't, naturally. He stood beside her, so close that their shoulders nearly touched, a glass in his hand. "The box will look rather well there," he went on; "although it will have to be kept down to a foot high." Suddenly she asked: "What was your father like? I'm so sorry he died before I could know him. When I look at all this I'm apt to think about him." James Moderan said that his father had been a remarkable man. It wasn't, she thought, a remarkable description. "But I seem to find that you are always a little unfair to me. It's unfair to look at the gardens with my father in your head. He

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had nothing to do with them. He had no need for them.

"He deserves a great deal of credit but not all the credit. You could spare me some, a little, with justice. My dear child, his generation, his opportunities, were different from mine. And I believe it is even a greater responsibility to have money than to make it. Certainly it's more difficult. When he began there was only America, only the American market, to consider. I have the world. Then there is the world of beauty, and no one will deny that I've added to that."

"Of course not," she answered absentmindedly. She was concerned by nothing he had said. The sense of dread was almost a tangible thing in her throat. More than half a mile of sunken gardens. The tulips were like ribbons laid on the grass, against the walls. The fountains wore silver veils like brides. Why, then, had she married Provost? But that wasn't important now. She mustn't get lost in a useless questioning. Perhaps she was wrong to bother. Perhaps her feelings were no better than conventional. The result of a large ignorance of actual life. Why did she bother?

Very well, then, she wouldn't; she'd stop acting like a child out of a Sunday-school book. She would be hard. That was the thing. It was the thing to be hard. Life was like a game, and she must play it as well, as coldly, as possible. She must match what she was against life and in that get as much as possible. Anyhow, she had begun splendidly. Married to Provost Moderan. Even if he had a feminine voice. Hands more flexible, softer, than hers. She could be stiff enough for both. But she must be more practical. For example, she must discover what it was that she was afraid of——

Why, it was herself! Could anything be more absurd. More ridiculous? It wasn't what the Moderans had or were, but just herself. That was, she had a few qualities she knew of, two or three determinations that gave her confidence; but outside of them she was ignorant. There were intimations of things in her that were distantly disturbing. She didn't know them by name, she couldn't single them out and regard them severely. She only realized them in the form of premonitions. Afterthoughts. It was extraordinarily dark inside of her. Against that she had put all she did know. She had backed it to win. And now it struck her sharply that she was in the rotten position of pulling a race.

She was amazed to find such a large and unexplored world within the narrow limits of her own body. She weighed a hundred and fourteen. Why, Columbus and Magellan might easily get lost in her. Never find the safety of the lands they looked for. She had scarcely put a foot into her own being. For that reason she rather hated to let go what she was almost certain of. Rather she wanted to make a good race. She had hardly started and already she was thinking of not riding. "That won't do," she said in a voice so unexpectedly clear and loud that it startled her. It had the sound of a cry for help.

"I don't know what it is that won't do," James Moderan said; "you've grown so secretive with me. But at least there is no doubt in your mind about it." Obviously she could add nothing but a nod to that. Since she couldn't go on with an explanation. The determination to be hard, reasonable, had left her; but whether it had been defeated by a contrary decision or the fear she didn't know. But that, too, was unimportant. At present the fear, the dread of herself, was uppermost. Very well, then, she'd have to meet it. Discover more about it. All that was possible. It wasn't enough simply to realize there were parts of her she was uncertain of. Possibilities she couldn't predict. No, just that couldn't help her. Yet, even to herself, she couldn't put her exact position into words. It was so ugly. Anyhow, yet, it had no reality. It no more than threatened her.

To put it into words would give it too much importance. Too much reality. To put it into words, as a matter of fact, might give it reality. She felt that she didn't want to have it in her head. Pronounced. The thing to do, naturally, was laugh it off. Laugh it all off. If she could only be sure of doing that—of getting away with it—everything would be splendid again. But of course. However, she wasn't certain of succeeding. If she were, there could be no trouble. No fear. But

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she wasn't. And then if it had simply been a situation—like a situation in a book—she felt she could have met it. She would simply say so and so and so and so, and it would be over. But it wasn't clear like that. It was vague like a storm just gathering above the horizon. Like the Moderan money. It might be nothing or it might leave the gardens and the houses in a broken tangle. The worst might pass directly over her, happen to her, and leave her untouched. She didn't know.

"Provost loves beauty too," she said, returning to James Moderan's explanation of himself. He regarded her intently. "Yes," he admitted at last. "But Provost is even farther from the source than I am." That, she recognized, was a devastating remark. Not the sort of thing a parent said. It had the detached air of having been spoken by one man about another. Just two men. It was even a little sharper than that. Instinctively she wanted to combat it, but she didn't know how. He had been so very searching. There was so much truth in what he had said. She could only acknowledge it. But she was a shade impatient. "I know that," she told him. "But he might be farther from the source and nearer beauty, mightn't he? I mean in a sort of scale with you in the middle and your father and Provost at each end." He laughed. "You didn't choose much of a position for my father. And after showing such a great interest in him." He touched her shoulder with his fingers. Very lightly. "Aren't you rather letting yourself get into what, I believe, is called a state? A little crosspatch. You mustn't be that, do you see?"

She turned and gazed intently into his face. Her body was tense with a repressed indignation. There was a pressure of words against her lips, but she kept them tightly closed. Silent. She felt that if she spoke now it would be fatal. Any advantage, any safety, she still had might be lost. Forever. Always. She had an appalling momentary understanding of what always meant. It came and went like lightning and left her numbed. She was so harassed that she smiled at him. A smile like a whispered appeal. Faint. At the same time she moved back. And that left her arms out. In air. A gesture tired like her smile, and not longer in duration.

There were footsteps, and, to her enormous relief, she saw that it was Provost. He came directly up to them. "Anette," he said, in a high-pitched excitement, "I stopped to see the baby, and I don't like the trained nurse we have at all. I really don't. She has hands like God knows what. She's too clumsy. I think we ought to get rid of her." If only he hadn't begun about, chosen, the nurse. "She's very good, as a matter of fact," she replied. "Elinor had her for a year and thinks she couldn't be better. Anyhow, Provost, you mustn't bother about things like that. I can do them. I really can. You'd be surprised." Provost Moderan dropped his hand inside her arm. "I don't doubt it," he assured her; "but I watched this woman and she can't even tie a ribbon. She'll end by tearing everything. Don't you think we could get some one more sensitive?"

"We might but I'm not going to try. I have perfect confidence in the one we have." She pressed his hand against her side. "Don't worry about ribbons." Suddenly she released herself and went out through a convenient door to the terrace. The sunlight was pale but distinctly warm, and yet she was cold. Stone steps led down to the sod and she sat on them with her back definitely to the house. If only Provost hadn't complained about the nurse just then! However, being unfair to Provost would get her nowhere. She returned to herself:

To put it plainly, what was the matter with her? Did she, without realizing it, show some dreadful lack? Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps she had always been wrong. Then it was hopeless. But she didn't quite think so. Not altogether. Very well, on the definite side—what was it, what was the happiness, she wanted? No, she had answered that. How could she get it? How could she be sure of it? At last she had asked herself an intelligent question. In the first place she had taken for granted that every possibility lay within her. She had depended, as usual, upon her own self. Exclusively. She'd had complete confidence in what she had called her character. She wasn't a weak person.

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Now, she sharply realized, that wasn't enough. The truth was that she wanted something outside of herself. She was finding out that she couldn't stand alone. Tremendous discovery. She had always consciously thought of life in the terms of entire independence. And until now it had worked. Certainly it had worked in Canton, Ohio, and on the Maine coast: here and there she had picked out of life what she wanted, what attracted her, and added it to an amusing whole. She had composed her existence in the manner of a landscape-painter, selected the colors and time of day, the background and the figures in the foreground. Specially the figures in the foreground. But it had all been exterior to her. A deliberate canvas. In return she had given a bright attention and uncertain presence. Non-committal. Untouched she had been enormously self-confident. Self-sufficient.

She had been until now entirely successful. But now, in the face of disaster, her confidence was leaving her. Her assurance had almost reached the vanishing-point. She felt horribly lonely. If—for years—she had cried she thought she could cry now. But at least there was no danger of that. I can't go on like this, she said to herself. Anyhow that was something positive. A gain. But if she couldn't, what could she go on with? What was it that would make such a difference to her? A possible answer came into her mind, but it was so absurd, so stupid, that she disregarded it at once. She had thought of Provost.

In times of great difficulty a girl was supposed to turn to her parents. It was held to be the approved, the safe, thing to do. And that, the idea of turning to her mother and father, now made her smile. A long while ago, ten years ago at least, she had stopped doing that. Even then it was useless. A nuisance. Her mother was so utterly different from her. A half of what was in her thoughts would have shocked her mother into a frenzy. Or at least she would have pretended the distress. Gone to bed. Oh, at once. Her mother's attitude toward life was very picturesque and innocent. Although the innocence had a peculiar quality. It wasn't always convincing. But it was maintained on the surface at any cost. With the greatest verbal extravagance. Looking back over their later contact she realized that her mother's attitude toward her affairs, her daughter's affairs, had been dominated by a kind of questionable curiosity. Her mother got, she thought, a vicarious excitement out of her child's beginning experience. For that reason principally she had told her nothing.

Her mother showed the effects of an early and distinctly inferior social level. Life attracted and shocked her at the same time. She contradicted her feelings, her curiosity, by her words. She now talked incessantly about how few clothes women wore. Yes, she was like that. It was the same with regard to what she called society. She read everything the papers printed about, for example, the Moderans, and made sharp remarks about their divorces. The way they lived. But she never missed a notice. Her father was different:

The most evident thing about him was that he was frightfully bored at home. With his wife. But then he managed to be home very little. It was often necessary for him to go to Chicago or New York. He was quite possible-looking, quite young-looking, and she was certain that, away from Canton, he had a big time. The biggest imaginable. She could tell—if her mother couldn't—when he had been drinking. But at home he was conventional and dull and inattentive. He rather liked his younger daughter the best. At least he talked more to her, gave her more money. For example, he practically never had friends for dinner. At his house. The men almost never, and the women, naturally, not at all. When there was a formal dinner, a party, he was well enough; a little too pleasant, a shade too loud, and dull.

But all that, where she was concerned, had changed when she got engaged to Provost Moderan. Actually, her mother had grown afraid of her, and her father polite. He held long, meaningless conversations with her about God knew what. He recited to every one with enormous satisfaction the homely history of the first Moderan to become imposing. "A plain man," he always said. He usually added that he hoped his daughter, in such luxurious circumstances, would keep on in

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the way she had been brought up. Of course he didn't. It was a lie. He wanted her to be continually in the papers. Draped with pearls. In England at a Drawing-Room. Drinking champagne at smart watering-places. That was what he secretly wanted. Perhaps he even hoped she might introduce him to celebrated and very gay ladies.

Her mother, naturally, was worse. She continually referred to Provost and continually mispronounced his name. She had bought for her the most impossible sheer nightgowns. Nightgowns which, at the first opportunity, had gone to servants. Her mother had got for herself an extremely expensive town car and attempted a buffet breakfast, in the manner of the Moderans and England. She was certain that if Provost hadn't wanted to marry her then her mother would not have seriously interfered with a more informal arrangement——

No, she couldn't go there for advice. For help. Perhaps she had been unfair. Too bitter. Her mother and father, actually, were very generally liked. It might be enough to say that they didn't understand her. They could have no idea of the life she had become a part of. They were useless. And with that she dismissed them. But the thought of Provost returned. It had been her intention to be very correct, very patient, with him. She had thought this could be done by an effort of the will. Her will. She had seen their life together entirely as an arrangement of her own tact and determination. It was all to be a result of her own cleverness. This had been when her self-assurance was still unimpaired. When she had been certain of herself. She had really asked for nothing—certainly nothing like help—from Provost.

She had, she realized, accepted him as an obligation. She was intensely grateful to him, she felt she loved him; but all her responsibility had seemed to consist in watching and giving. She was the managing force. When now she was considering going to him for assistance. Admitting that she was insufficient. She had thought of it, but, of course, it couldn't be done. It would be too dreadful. How could she put it in words? Yet she began to see that she had something very definite invested in Provost. He was like a bank where she had put a great deal of money. It wouldn't do for him to fail. This was a new attitude, a new conception of her marriage, and it amazed her. Why, she was married to Provost. He was hers. They'd had a child!

She wanted, she began to see, to admire him. To have a feeling not limited by his voice, the extreme flexibility of his wrists. She wanted, in short, some one other than herself she could depend on. Turn to. Her self-sufficiency, it seemed, had gone with a crash. She wanted to go to Provost! And the great difficulty of her position was that she couldn't. It was impossible. Unthinkable. What engaged her was the further discovery that no one else would do. Not within the terms she had decided for herself. For her life. Some one later, perhaps. It might be a very definite, a very able, some one. But that couldn't happen until what she was, what desperately she wanted to be, had died.

She looked out into the incredible extended beauty of the sunken garden. The fourteen gardeners had finished setting the boxwood hedge and they were walking soberly off. They were followed by trails of smoke from short blackened pipes. Far away, on a terrace, there was a small activity—servants in short white coats with silver buttons arranging the tea-table. Mrs. James Moderan always, in summer, had tea at that spot. At the hour of five. She lived that way, within an intricate timed schedule of events which she never ignored. Her appearances, her movements, were like the advertised, the perfectly planned, appearances of a famous actress. They were as good as that, as effective, and as really meaningless. As James Moderan's wife she was magnificent. But you couldn't go to her. See her informally. She'd give you all the time you needed, listen attentively, with her fixed comprehending smile. What good was that?

A shadow was widening down the length of the garden. Where it fell the sod was quite blue. The red-petalled tulips were like rubies. There was a shadow over the far activity of the tea-table. She could see white dresses. The minute notes of hats. Servants in white and silver. On

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the left there was an impressive grove of oak-trees. Bathed in an amber and still light. Not a leaf stirred. In imagination she felt the thick wetness of the sod. She knew where, in the meadow, there was a pale lavender sweep of quaker-ladies. Buttercups would be along. Watercress in the beds of the streams and mint under the banks. She liked the cool smell of mint and the secret smell of boxwood better than the scent of roses. Oh, infinitely better. She was really very nice and it was too damned bad. To have it lost. Spoiled. She really wanted to do the nicest things. She liked little things—the quaker-ladies, for example.

None of the Moderans knew he had quaker-ladies. They simply never saw them. But then they were just as indifferent to the orchards. To their deer and their rare—and screamingly funny—water-birds. She supposed they couldn't be aware of everything. There was so hideously much. She didn't love Provost, but she wanted to. That, at last, was the truth. She terribly needed to. Love, she discovered, was something you gave. Quite different from admirable conduct. Quite. You gave it, although it was an inseparable part of you, and naturally the giving hurt like hell. You gave yourself. That was it. A present. But you gave to something, some one, that could hold you. A feminine voice! Weak hands weren't so good for that. If she gave herself to Provost, really, could he hold her—against her fear? And could she do it? She meant was it possible against the present circumstances? Could she put it into words . . . to Provost?

It would be too awful. Very well, what else was there to hold her firm—safe—safely to the very little she recognized—the cherished determinations formed in ignorance and trust? Nothing. Simply nothing. It was Provost or nothing. A small quirk of bitterness ran through her. Why didn't Provost do something? Why didn't he demand her—all of her? How feminine, how sufficient without her, was he? An enormous danger was squarely before them and he was sublimely ignorant of it. Or perhaps he wouldn't care. It might be that he had very little pride of that sort. Lord, she hoped he had! And while she might give him her love she couldn't give what she needed from him. That had to be Provost. Like a rope in a swift current. A current too swift for her without help.

How much of his grandfather—a plain man—was in him? James Moderan had intimated that he was far from the source. But was he too far? Wasn't anything left? The trouble was that if she did turn to him and it was a failure it would be all over. Definitely. She could see, then, her following impatience. An impatience soon careless. She didn't like Mrs. James Moderan. She was too perfect. Good-by, Anette, she whispered. It was too bad when she had been so nice. But it wasn't over yet. Not altogether. There was Provost. Was it better to jump and perhaps land on the far, safe bank, or slide slowly into the water—the mud? Her instinct naturally was to jump. If only the details could have been different, there would have been no doubt in her mind. No difficulty. How could she express it? By the truth. But the truth included so much. So many people. Probably they would all regard it as no more than an impertinence. That aspect of the truth they had condemned forever as bad taste.

Some one came up behind her. It was Provost. "Where is your father?" she asked. "He's sending some telegrams. The place here was closed and he had to telephone them to the city." He sat beside her. "Aren't the gardens sweet?" Provost went on. "And I can see that tea is on. As usual. I don't know how mother does it. Everything is so exact, I mean. The truth is, she works like the devil. No rest. I don't see why she does it. Really. And she never makes a mistake—with names and all that—not one little mistake." At least he hadn't said tiny. That was in their favor. "Anette, you're so different. You do what suits you, and if they like it they can come along. If you see what I mean. You couldn't be funnier. I watch you all the time and I'm practically in spasms. The way you won't be influenced. You'll be yourself or absolutely nothing. The liberty bell is nothing."

"That sounds disagreeable," she observed. "As if I didn't realize there was any responsibility except myself. I'm trying to realize that more than anything

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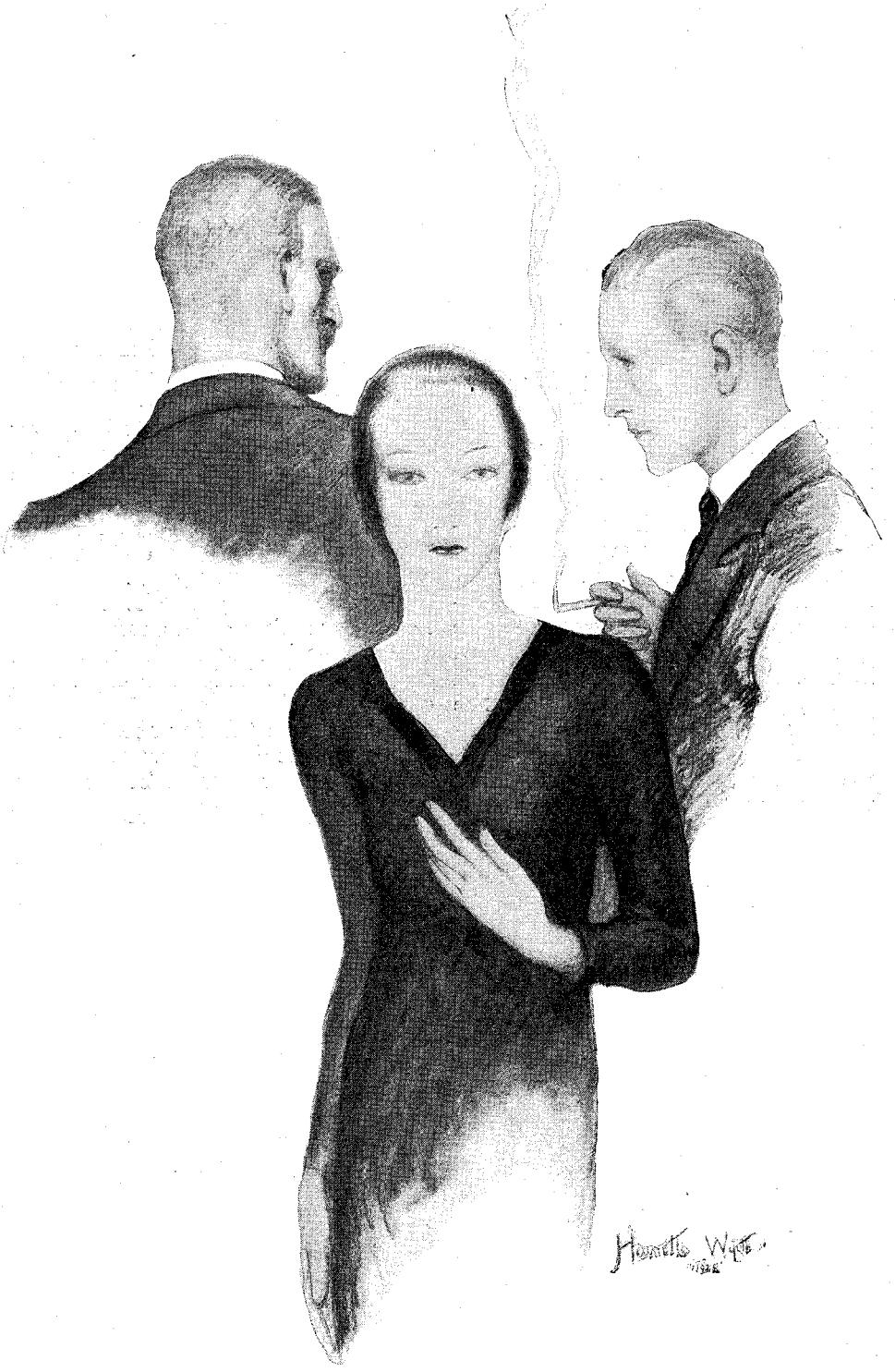


*From a drawing by Henriette Wyeth.*

Just two men.



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else. Just now. I mean I've got to. I hope I will, Provost." She would, of course, he replied. Provost patted her reassuringly on the arm. "Good girl. Every one approves of you. I hear them talking about it, do you see? I think you are quite all right."

"Do you?" she said. "Really. That's a great help. I used to think I didn't need help. But I've changed my mind. I—" She stopped sharply, appalled by what she might say, where it might lead her. All of them. There were no words for what she wanted to tell him. Ask. Why, he might hate her. Oh, but very easily. Leave her. Outraged. When it should be she. But if he might kill the fear in her it would be worth any risk. If he could. Were able. A question returned in a slightly new form. How much did Provost love her? Money, in great amounts, as a matter of fact, came between people. It made other people, more amusing or exciting people, so terribly easy to get. She had watched it with Provost at dinners. Parties. It held so much that it destroyed special, particular, things. Things like love, for example. It substituted simply everything outside for the few doubtful, the obscured, things within. The things within were such a bother. They required so much hard thought. Resolution. Then, too, no one was interested or helped you with them. They were a nuisance to other people.

With money you could take a fast car, or a faster private train, and get away. And you did. Oftener than not. And quite right, too, if you felt like that about it. Love rather stayed around the house. She could see that clearly. You had babies and saw that the windows were washed. The windows behind her were immaculate. But she had nothing to do with it. Nothing in the world. If she went away they would still be immaculate. She didn't even have to speak about it. A housekeeper did that. She could discharge the housekeeper, but she knew she wouldn't. What was the use? There were more amusing things to do than bother about windows. Ordering. All she did now was to say there would be ten for dinner. Or twenty. Or two thousand. That was all. And she liked it that way. But love was different.

"You're pretty quiet," Provost said. "It's rather unnatural."

"I was thinking about money," she admitted.

"I hope you don't want any. I haven't had more than two dollars in my pocket for a week." He found a crumpled dollar bill, two quarters, a nickel and some pennies. He dropped it into her lap. "Just like that. I'm a pretty generous husband, you'll find." She returned it to him. "Don't be foolish. You'll need it for rent or the milk or something. I might waste it on silk stockings." Provost asked how much silk stockings did cost. She had no idea. "Those thick ones for golf were—No, I can't remember."

"How about the ones with the panels of Venise rose-point?"

"Don't, Provost," she begged him.

"There you make me quite a little sick," he replied. "That was a dreadful place you were brought up in. You have an idea it's a disgrace for a man to know about rose-point. It's fearfully robust, of course, but silly. I wish I could get it out of your head."

"Well, I was thinking about money. Rather what it did to you."

"You'll never have to bother about that."

"You're wrong," she said earnestly. Her fear turned into an acute fright. Fright at what she might say. She had a feeling that the situation was getting beyond her control. God, she hoped the rope would hold her. "It wasn't the silk stockings," she continued. "Different from that. A great deal more important. At least for me. I was thinking that after a certain amount money stopped being just money. It was something different. Power, perhaps. Like water changing to steam. Water changing into steam." She repeated that. It was so true. It expressed so exactly what she meant.

"And steam is dangerous," she added gravely. "It blows up things. Money is dangerous. I didn't suppose it was but it is. I thought I could get away with it very nicely. A jump in a paddock. I've been patting myself on the back. The garden is sweet, Provost." He nodded, obviously surprised. "But, do you see, it's getting to be all in shadow? Even the youngest, the reddest, tulips. Yes, I

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thought I was quite able. That it was easy."

"Listen," Provost interrupted, "get somewhere. I don't care what it is, but reach it. In a little, if you keep on, I'll be crazy. I will. You've got a prayer-meeting sort of voice and I haven't an idea what it is you are saying. Have you been buying some bad stock or just some subscription books from a bird at the door?"

"Don't interrupt," she warned him. "It's serious." He could see that, he added. "I'd like to be happy, Provost." Her voice had intimations of a wail. "I don't want to be upset. Changed. Not any. You see, I am now. Or at least I was. And I'd made up my mind how to do it. I thought it out before our wedding. Provost, I didn't marry you for money, but I wouldn't have married you without it. That's as clearly as I can say it. As honest. But I did have a decided feeling about you, too. Or it would have been impossible."

"I think you'd better stop," he told her. "I hate soul-searching. Besides, it's so useless. Specially nonsense like this. Sheer nonsense," he grew shrilly indignant. "You married me and that's enough. After all, I didn't find you outside a café. You didn't need money. You had plenty. And I don't want to listen to this. I know you're honest without it. And if you're getting around to something disagreeable, I wish you wouldn't. You don't want to leave me?" She smiled directly into his eyes. "Well, then, go to hell with it. Will you? And stop reading confession magazines."

He turned a little away from her. Almost sulky. Provost was really very good-looking. Delicate, of course, very fair, but good-looking. She couldn't imagine better clothes. Except for his socks, and they were too fragile a rose. He was young, too. She had forgotten to allow for that. Twenty-five. Perhaps he was too young for complete dependence. Perhaps, wanting to, he wouldn't be able to help her. It would take a great deal of understanding. Balance. The odds against them, against their ages, were frightfully long.

"Sometimes I have the strangest feeling about your father," she said. "He doesn't seem real to me. I mean the way you do. He's like a force instead of a person. He's so perfect where he is. With so much. No one else in the world could do it as well. Your mother is marvellous, of course. But he doesn't make the slightest effort. It's all so easy. So perfect. Do you know, I have never seen him with new clothes on. He must buy them. I can't think how he manages. His riding-breeches. The polish on his boots. It's like preserved quinces. And then his manner, Provost. He takes everything for granted." She fell into a little silence. "Everything," she repeated. Although it was audible, the word was addressed to no one. To herself.

"I know what you mean," he agreed. "Lots of people feel that way about him. The way it affects me, you'll be surprised to know, is that it keeps me away from him. I never get near him. Not really. He won't let me. Or he can't. That's better. Anette, I wouldn't say this to any one else, he's frozen by what he has. Or what he is——"

"Frozen," she interrupted him; "oh, do you think so?"

"I know just what you mean," he reiterated. "He's like the thing that controls an enormous power. A switch. He puts it on and off. Anette, I don't believe he has a particle of feeling. Except perhaps for himself. And I've never seen that. He is always quite calm. Telling people what to do. He never does things himself. I don't mean that. He must. But you'd never guess it. I've seen him drink two quarts of champagne. But no one would have guessed it. It didn't do anybody any good. He was just a little quieter than usual." Provost fell silent. Then, "I wonder," he said. "I wonder?" She asked what he was wondering, but he only shook his head. "Little girls—" he told her, leaving his implication at once suspended and clear. "Damn it, he can't be a Puritan," Provost burst out. "He can't be. But no one, simply no one, gets a thing on him. I've watched him, but it's useless. He likes all the pretty ones. He's perfectly grand to them . . . all. He gives them beautiful presents, you know that, but just because they're a part of the picture."

"You'll remember I met your father before you," she proceeded. "When I

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was at French Lick. And he was divine to me. I almost always had his car, and he was almost never in it. Then when you came with the Fannings he had me to dinner the first night. He put us together. Provost, it was your father who married us! We really had nothing to do with it. I never realized that before, and you can't think how relieved I am. Do you see, I wasn't mercenary. I had nothing to do with it. You had nothing to do with it. Your mother didn't either. Since she wasn't there."

"Very well, then," Provost replied. "Why did he? Can you tell me? A small thing like that might explain him. I mean, Anette, to be perfectly frank, there were other girls you'd think he would back first. Girls near us here. People he's always known. You'd think he'd want an older wife with what was coming. Want me to wait." She said:

"He liked me, Provost."

Provost was impatient. "What's that got to do with it? We were talking about something really important to him."

"He liked me, Provost," she repeated.

There was a long silence. Except, where she was concerned, for the loud beating of her heart. Her fear grew into a sensation of impending calamity. It was no longer a cold weight inside her but the blackness of the storm about her head. I've ruined it all, she thought. I ruined it because I wasn't strong enough to stand alone. I couldn't meet life. I've failed. Suddenly she wasn't sorry for herself but for Provost. She had been only silly to think for a minute he could give up so much for her. Give so much to her. But then she had wanted him, wanted something special from him, so terribly.

In the end she would pay for it. She would lose all, little or big, that she'd had. And the littlest little might have been enough. More than enough. So much more than other women had. But she had wanted the most. He stirred sharply. Then he rose. She gazed up at him and saw that his face was white but composed. Except for his full lower lip. It trembled but his hands were still. Provost put them in the pockets of his jacket and stood looking out over the sunken garden. It was now filled with shadow. The tea on the far terrace was at an end. Only servants, in white and silver, were left. Removing the tea-things.

Provost didn't speak and she couldn't. She had put him beyond the sound, the appeal or help, of her voice. She had made it impossible to help him. He must be lonelier now, more shockingly alone, than she had ever been. And he was younger than she had remembered. She had only thought of him as a man married to her. The man she had married. When the truth was he was hardly more than a boy. With a very special character. He was, to put it as brutally as possible, feminine. His voice was feminine and his hands, his wrists, were weak. In so desperately wanting him to help her she had forgotten his great need to have her help him. She had promised herself to do exactly that. Always.

"You must excuse me." He was, at last, speaking to her. But in a strange voice. A strange manner. His manner was coldly formal, precisely courteous. Like his father. His voice was thin, as usual, but frozen. She looked up questioningly. "But of course," she said. He turned and left her. An enormous weariness settled over her. The shadow left the garden. In its place there was a pure transparent twilight. The amber radiance had faded from the oak-trees. The quaker-ladies were exactly the color of evening, and they would be lost in it. The lambs quiet by their feeding mothers. There were footsteps behind her, but she didn't turn. She couldn't stir. It was Provost. He took the place beside her he had left.

"It was a good thing I went in," he said in his customary pitch. "Father was about to have the mirror taken out of the dining-room. I told him at once that though the ground was his, any house we lived in was our house. I told him the mirror must stay where it was. I liked it there. I liked what it showed me." She laid a hand on his knee. "I told him," Provost Moderan said, "that if he moved it, if he touched it, I would kill him." The very quality of his voice took any bravado from his declaration. It was a literal and profoundly convincing statement. The twilight flowed up from the sunken garden, from under the oak-trees, and made them one.

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Megasse.

# Barbados

## CANE, MOLASSES, AND RUM

BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[ON a trip to the West Indies last winter, George Wright, American artist and illustrator, found on the island of Barbados many subjects for his gifted pencil. His comments on them are as illuminating as his pictures. We present here some of the aspects of life as Mr. Wright saw it.]

### MEGASSE

After the juice is pressed from the cane-stalks the remaining woody part is spread to dry in the sun and wind. This residue is megasse. When dry it is stacked and kept for feeding the fires of the boiling-house.

The old windmill doesn't press the juice of the cane all out. What is left on some plantations is distilled and the product is rum. Flavor is given the raw spirits by the addition of molasses.

The sugar-factory, which has crowded out a number of windmills, grinds the cane almost to a tinder. No drying is necessary. A continual procession of blacks with the big flat baskets of megasse on their heads is moving from the stacks of megasse to the fires all the long day.

### FISHERMEN

In early morning, not too early, the boats put to sea.

A surf heavy enough to keep them ashore is heavy enough.



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Fishermen.

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The crews are friendly in helping each other to get the clumsy boats down to the water. Clothes are shed, convention being acknowledged in various ways, according to the individual.

I saw two men after the fishing seated by their boat and surrounded by the women buyers of their catch. No more covering on them than had Adam before the fall—deep in earnest conversation. Curious to know what matter held such interest, I came close enough to get the drift of the conversation. It was, no less, whether a university education was advisable.

No doubt, thought is easier without restraint.

People at Bath Sheba.

### THE BOILING-HOUSE

Molasses is being made here and it is a hot, sweet job! Most of the houses have negro labor for this operation, as for other stages in the conversion of cane into molasses, sugar, and rum.

Some in the north of the island use the Red-Legs, so called. They are poor whites, descendants of the early Scotch and Scotch-Irish banished by the Duke of Marlborough after the Cromwellian wars; dumped in its most unfavorable part, with nothing, they've hardly improved their conditions after more than two centuries.

They are a proud people, and it is said they have not mixed with the negro, which is more than can be claimed for certain of their conquerors who settled the choice ports of the island to the south.

Evidence of mixing is only too plain in the variety of shades, which run from black to *écru* or even lighter, with blond hair, if you like.

A wonderful drink is made at the boiling-houses if the owner, overseer, or other good-natured person will prepare it. Doesn't this sound like the days of the Spanish Main? Boiling-house bub! That is the name.

We missed it, and I'm sorry. I'd like to tell my grandchildren I had one.

### CANE-FIELDS

After the cane is cut it is carried to the mill by the negro women if the cane-field is near by, otherwise the carts bring it in.

The workers, ranging from girls to old women, are a sturdy, noisy lot. On some of the plantations an older woman is a Simon Legree. A wicked-looking

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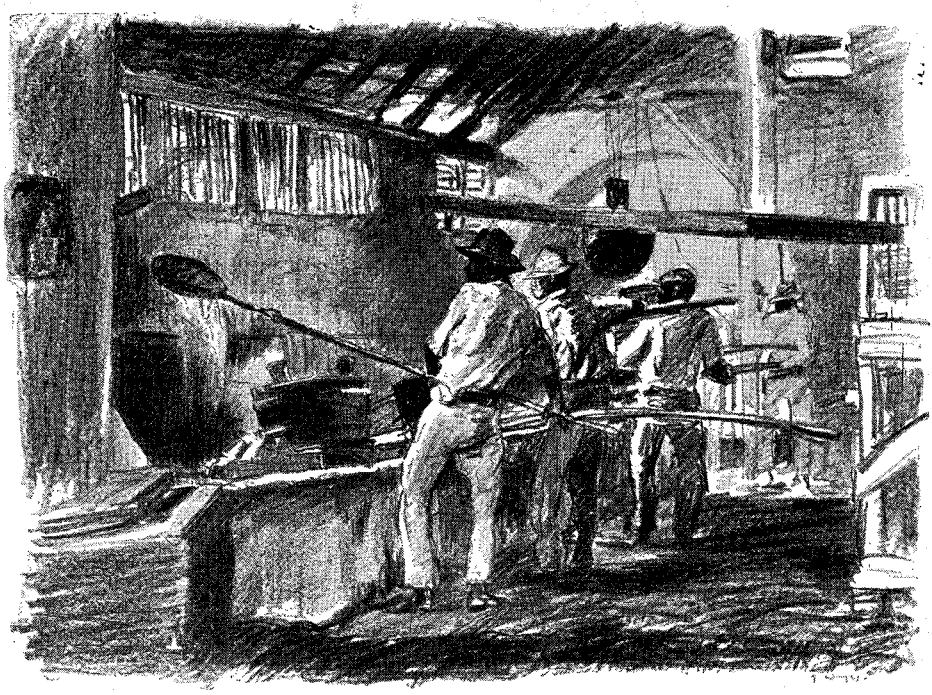
The boiling-house.



At work in the boiling-house.



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Cane-fields.



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bull-whip is her badge of authority, and she often uses it with evident satisfaction, though the recipient seems to accept the attention with good grace.

The interest shown in what I was doing

Carrying cane.

brought the old lady on the run to shake up the loafers who were looking on.

### CARRYING CANE

Whether the bundles of cane consist of a few stalks or are really donkey's loads, the girls (anything is a girl with skirts) carry them on their heads.

The field-hand doesn't seem to run to colors except in head-dress. Any old thing goes as a covering, the tones from black to white.

### THE MILL

These mills are huge affairs.

The wings, or points, to give them the proper Barbadian name, are sometimes over a hundred feet tip to tip. They are framed of heavy timbers and sails that are reefed or shaken out as the wind dictates.

The strong breeze seldom plays false. Stronger some days than others, it comes across the Atlantic uninterrupted by any land, clear from Africa, and makes the island a paradise when climate is considered.

A real gale is welcomed by the mills, as then the rolls can be made tighter and a more thorough job done in the squeezing.

Little time is wasted when the cane is ripe, and the mill is a busy place from morning, early, to late at night. [P. 259.]

### A COOPERAGE

Barrels are always in sight; just as common as donkeys and negroes.

Molasses-barrels are rather crudely made, and are calked with palm-leaf fibre. [P. 259.]

The old stair and railing really attracted me here, and show how good some of the old architecture was. The newer sort doesn't have much rhyme or reason—the effect nevertheless is extremely interesting.

Every house has slat-blinds or jalousies, as they are called, and with the soft colors used on the buildings they make a happy effect.

### COCOA-PALMS

There is an evident intention on the part of these trees to lead an upright life.

Their trunks may be, and most of the time are, marvellously bent this way and that in their struggle against outside influences, but their heads are held stiffly erect. [P. 260.]

Their leaves are always blowing in one direction. The trade-winds from the northeast attend to that.

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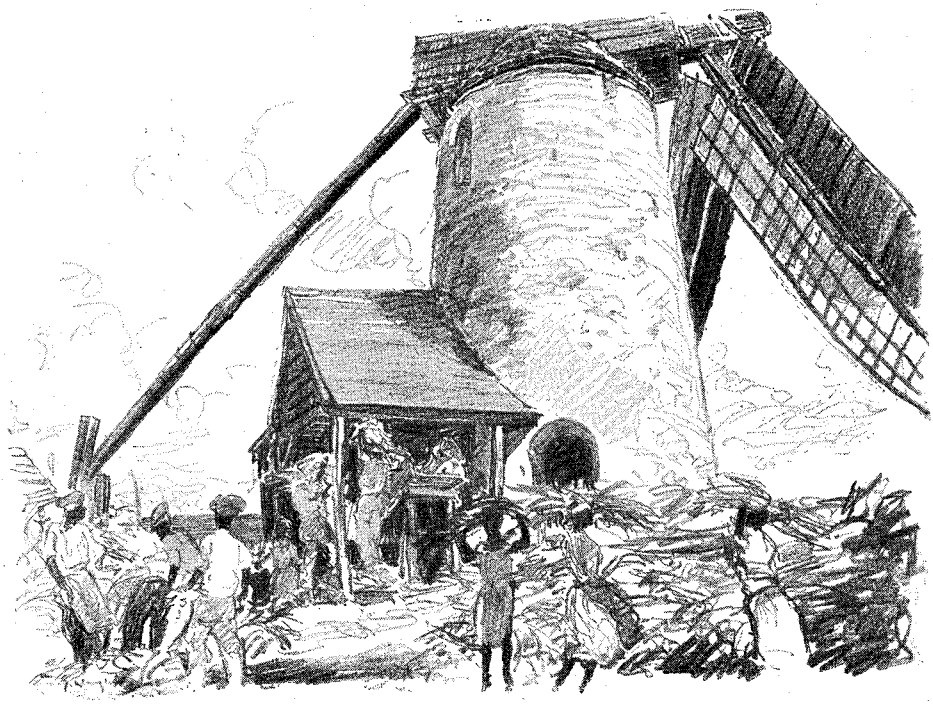

The mill.

A cooperage.



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Cocoa-palms.



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# Those Stupid Policemen

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Smile and Lie," "The Pipe Major," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT FLYNN, ornament of a mid-western city's police department, welcomed his visitor. Lieutenant Flynn is aggressively in charge of the Detective Bureau at night.

"Say, brother"—the big man sat well back in his swivel-chair and bit off the end of a cigar—"you ought-to been with us last night. We was to the swellest racket you ever seen. The fight-club manager thrown it for us detectives. Yeah. He had th' whole brains department up there, an' every burlesque chorus girl in town, too."

Lieutenant Flynn sighed as he remembered the entertainment. "But you'd be surprised," he added as an afterthought. "There wasn't nothin' rough about it. Nope. It was perfectly refined, the kind of a party you could take your wife to. They had two half-barrels of beer on th' table an' all the hard liquor we could drink. Just as soon as a lady or a gent got too tight, we'd put 'em in a taxi an' send 'em home. There wasn't no rough stuff a-tall. It certainly was one swell evenin'."

His recital was interrupted by a telephone report that "some kind of a foreigner," driving a battered Ford roadster, had just held up a gas-station on the boulevard drive that circles the city. The official record of the bandit's exploits appeared in this manner upon the complaint sheets:

7:38 P. M.—Man described as foreigner, driving Ford roadster, license unknown, entered filling-station conducted by Henry Robinson at 378 Grand Boulevard. Bandit compelled Robinson and his helper to lie down on floor, threatening them with large revolver. Bandit took $55 from cash-register, re-entered his car, and escaped. He was not masked.

8:05 P. M.—Same bandit entered filling-station of Martin Buck at 861 Grand Boulevard. He stuck-up owner and three customers with revolver, securing $116.45. He drove away, headed south.

8:18 P. M.—Same bandit stuck-up gas-station at Grand Boulevard and Lincoln Highway. Station leased and occupied by William Easton. Bandit fired two shots at Easton, took $9.85 from cash drawer and escaped. Easton was not injured.

8:27 P. M.—Same bandit entered Homestead Garage at 1728 Grand Boulevard, taking $69 from cash-register and $250 from office safe. All the money was in $1 bills.

8:43 P. M.—Same bandit stuck-up filling-station of Jas. Gould at 2109 Grand Boulevard. Mrs. Gould was in charge. Bandit locked her in stock-room in rear of shop, took $37.20 from cash-register, and drove away.

9:05 P. M.—Patrolmen Murphy and Donovan of the Eighth Precinct report bandit's car found abandoned in alley near Gould filling-station. No trace of bandit. Car had been stolen from parking space at Main and Grove Streets about 6:30 P. M. Car is property of the Schnelling Cut Price Grocery Co. The car was undamaged. Case referred to Detective Bureau for investigation.

From this brief record it may be seen that, between the time when he received the first complaint and the time when the last of the series of robberies was committed, Lieutenant Flynn had more than an hour in which to invent and execute a plan for capturing the bandit. During that hour every one at headquarters expected to hear the robber had killed some resisting gas-station owner. Only the robber's poor marksmanship saved Easton's life.

The next morning Flynn made formal complaint to the police commissioner.

"Listen," said he, "if we don't get some faster autos for this department, we might just as well give up doin' police business. We ought to have cars that will do ninety miles an hour." The commissioner agreed and ordered $30,000 worth of new equipment.

On the other hand, the district attor-



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ney expressed a different opinion when he discussed the case with the police magistrate.

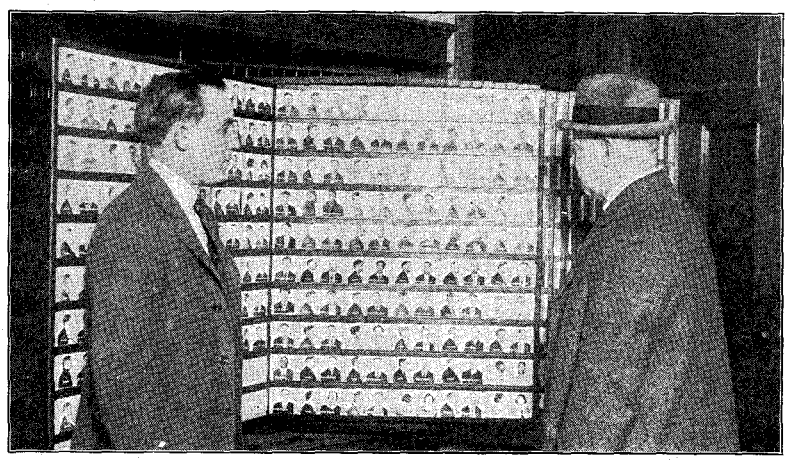
"That damn dumb Flynn gives me a pain," grumbled the prosecuting officer. "He's asking for faster cars for his thick-headed bulls. What he really needs is some one to do his thinking for him. That job was a pipe. Flynn had an hour to work in. Why didn't he take that city map that shows the location of all the filling-stations along the Grand Boulevard, look up the numbers in the classified telephone directory, phone ahead of the bandit, and warn the garage men? He could have prevented all but the first robbery anyhow. The chances are he would have caught the bird as well. Faster cars? Hell! What he needs is a faster think-box."

The magistrate grinned. "Let's see," he replied, "we pay Flynn $2,700 a year and we pay you $7,500. If Flynn was smart enough to think, he'd have your job or a better one."

Flynn is not only a real character but also a typical police-department executive. The filling-station bandit is a fair sample of the modern criminal, with whose apprehension the police are concerned. The odds are heavily in favor of the criminal.

Louis Seibold, writing for the New York *Evening Post*, showed that the criminal has seven chances out of ten of escaping punishment. And, as he pointed out, the greatest contributing factor to this incredible total is the failure of the police to prevent crime, make arrests, and gather sufficient evidence to convict.

We citizens of the United States have abundant reasons for being convinced that the police generally are as stupid, lazy, and incompetent as Detective-Lieutenant Flynn. There is also a well-founded belief that they are dishonest. We have a national grudge against the "cops."



A Rogues' Gallery.

The establishment of these standardized identification bureaus is almost the only progress made by the police during the past twenty years.

In a Pullman smoker it is not unusual to hear some American boasting that his city's police department is "the worst in the world," while the citizens of other nations claim that their police are efficient and capable.

Sent here to trace a stolen government document, a brilliant French detective asked a lawyer for advice. "My friend, the French consul, has warned me to keep away from your police. Your secret-service men do not trust them. I must have help. What the devil shall I do?"

A wealthy woman missed some of her valuable jewelry. She telephoned a newspaper editor. "I'm sorry to trouble you," she explained, "but every one tells me it is worse than useless to report my loss to the police. Can you recommend a good private detective agency?"

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A former head of the British police system, the Scotland Yard, once commented to the writer: "You're the first person in the United States who has a word of praise for the police. Every one else has told me nothing but stories of corruption."

As various distinguished writers have pointed out, the courts and parole boards share with the police the responsibility for existing conditions. But, in the final analysis, even the police must admit that theirs is the greatest responsibility. They are the shock-troops in the war on crime. The work of courts, parole boards, prison heads, and pardoning officials cannot begin unless the police make arrests.

There seem to be three primary causes of badly performed police duty: First, the method of choosing department personnel is wholly inadequate. Second, the real civic conditions are not generally understood by either police magistrates, jurymen, or taxpayers. Third, cheap ward politics balk any attempt at genuine reform.

Our present police system was developed to meet the conditions found in our cities during the 1870's and 1880's. The patrolmen now taken into the city's service are still the type best able to cope with the post Civil War type of criminal —a loud-mouthed drunk who occupied the sidewalk on a Saturday night. Even the number of policemen authorized by law for most municipalities was determined before 1900. This ratio, about one policeman to each 1,000 of population, is still retained in many city charters in spite of the fact that, since 1910, at least one-third of the city's patrolmen have been transferred from regular police duty to traffic regulation.

According to the "one-to-a-thousand" rule, a city with a half-million inhabitants employs five hundred policemen. That means that the department can furnish only one hundred uniformed men to be put on duty for a twenty-four-hour day; for each policeman works eight hours, and provision has to be made for special-duty squads, emergency assignments, days off, vacations, and sick leaves.

But in 1927 at least one hundred and fifty of the five hundred policemen must be assigned to a permanent traffic squad. So the department of five hundred patrolmen, instead of being able to send out seventy-five men during business hours and a hundred and twenty-five at night, when they are most needed, is now able to put out only fifty men during business hours and seventy-five men at night.

One precinct house in an Eastern city now sends out seven patrolmen to walk beats, asking them to replace the twenty-two who were assigned to that same territory in 1900. Some police heads claim to make up for this loss of man-power by sending out motorcycle patrols. A famous burglar laughed about the motorcycle men.

"Sure, the motorcycle cop went by while I was workin'," he remarked after he had been captured by a citizen. "I heard that bull's corn-popper three blocks away. Why don't they send them harness-bulls around behind a band?"

There is no better check upon petty and juvenile crime than the constant presence of a uniformed policeman upon a busy corner or along a beat. Juvenile delinquency, in some instances, is reduced as much as sixty-six per cent by establishing a fixed post where a policeman always stands in a particular neighborhood. In the possession of the writer are exhaustive statistics, collected by precinct captains, that prove this.

The first step then in a police reorganization is a material increase in the number of patrolmen. The old ratio of one policeman to each thousand of inhabitants should be restored, exclusive of the traffic squads. Various cities, including New York and Los Angeles, are making desperate efforts to accomplish this.

The second step is the securing of more intelligent men, those who are capable of adapting themselves to the changing conditions in the crime world. Crime to-day is as different from that found in 1876 as life in an apartment-hotel is different from life in a log cabin. Improvement of police personnel will cost more in taxes than a numerical increase in the department. The money expended to hire brains will, however, pay bigger dividends.

The pay of a policeman in our cities averages about $2,000 a year, varying from $1,500 in a few communities to $2,500 in New York. Detectives and police lieutenants receive from $1,800 to

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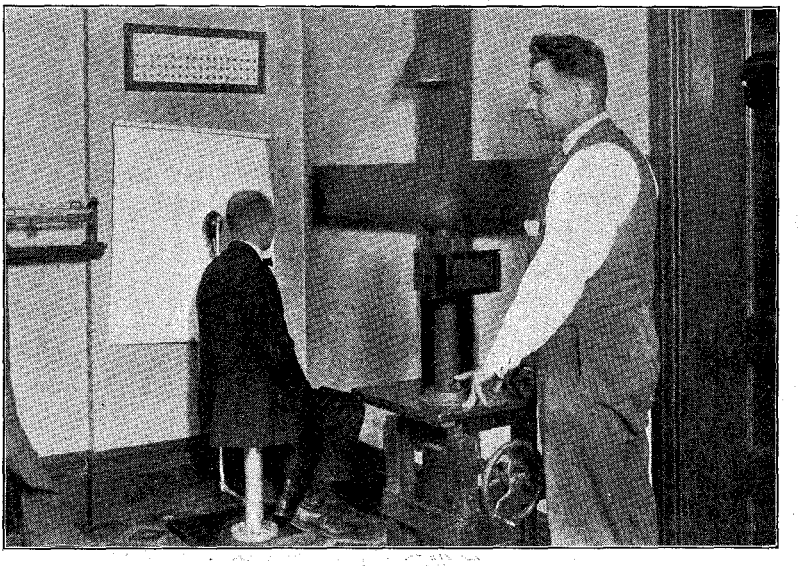
$3,200. Police chiefs' salaries run from $2,500 to $10,000.

In return for these salaries the taxpayers demand four primary qualifications. The policeman should have the necessary physical strength and courage to protect human life and property. He should have sufficient intelligence and self-reliance to detect crime and to act wisely in an emergency. He should be incorruptibly honest, and, lastly, he should be tactful, courteous, patient, and long-suffering, even when annoyed by improper demands upon his time and services.



Photographing a suspect in a police identification bureau.

Bad as our police departments are, the writer believes that the taxpayers now receive as much service as they pay for. Such talents can rarely be hired for the pay given policemen, especially when one considers that the officer's chance of promotion is bound up in political chicanery instead of being a part of a promotion-for-merit scheme.

From no other public employee of the skilled-labor class does the public expect so much in knowledge, skill, experience, and bravery.

Motorcycle-Officer Nolan was one night called into a house where a man had attempted suicide by inhaling illuminating gas. The policeman broke down the door, opened a window, and was giving artificial respiration to the unconscious man, when the wife suddenly went insane. She attempted to carry a lighted lamp into the gas-filled room, and later to light matches there, hoping to destroy her husband, the policeman, and herself in one glorious explosion.

Nolan had no assistance. He alternately worked over the husband, battled with the wife, and nearly dropped unconscious himself from the gas fumes. Eventually he saved the man, sent the woman off to an asylum, and returned to his job of patrolling the street. While his adventure was unusual, he received neither commendation nor promotion for his devotion to his duty. In that one incident he displayed a complete knowledge of his rights and duties, a great deal of common sense, courage in the face of great danger, remarkable self-reliance, and also applied the basic principles of first aid with the skill of an expert.

He was not rewarded, because he did exactly what the public expected him to do. No one saw anything remarkable in it.

The percentage of policemen who possess physical courage is very high. "The missing man has guts and beef" is the classic description of a policeman once posted in a headquarters assembly-room.

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Unfortunately, most policemen's qualifications are limited to courage and brawn.

The army pays over $2,000 a year in food, clothing, equipment, and salary for each infantry private. But perhaps $1,500 a year may be considered the wage of a big, physically able man.

Intelligence and self-reliance cost more. City firemen, army privates, seamen, laborers generally, some skilled artisans and mechanics do not need these characteristics. When working they are always supervised by officers or foremen.

A policeman's most serious problems, however, like Nolan's, confront him when he is separated from his officers and comrades. Like a factory foreman, or one of the higher non-commissioned officers in the army or navy, the policeman must be able to think for himself and to direct others. Construction foremen, without a policeman's physique and courage, are paid $2,200 a year. This, added to $1,500 worth of strength and daring, makes a total of $3,700.

The taxpayers should expect unquestioned honesty. That is a relatively cheap commodity in the labor market. Banks hire it in their messengers and clerks for $1,800. Add this to the $3,700 already appropriated for physique, courage, self-reliance, and intelligence (bank clerks seldom have the physique of a gladiator and the shrewdness of a gang foreman), and the perfect policeman is entitled to a wage of $5,500 a year.

Then comes the question of tact, courtesy, patience, and good nature. The ideal policeman should be as skilful at handling people as are the "trouble men" sent out by the public-service corporations, the adjusters for department stores, insurance investigators, hotel clerks, and restaurant managers. Capable men in these occupations receive at least $4,500 a year.

Added to the other composite salaries, this would raise the lowly "cop's" pay to $10,000 a year. That is about what a really good policeman does receive when he resigns from the department to become an executive in some private detective agency, or to enter the employ of one of the corporations that constantly recruit their personnel from police departments.

The objection may be raised that any large increase in a policeman's pay would make the salary greater than that of many professional men. But a policeman is no longer a city-paid watchman, if he does adequate duty. A policeman should be a high type of professional man. It has been said that a business or trade becomes a profession when its members adopt a real code of ethics.

The United States Secret Service has such an ethical standard, which is recognized by its operatives. They are professional men. The prohibition-enforcement agents, however, although picked by the Anti-Saloon League and hired by the Treasury Department, have no ethics that the public is aware of, and their record has been a continued scandal.

Granted a base pay of $5,000 a year for patrolmen, $7,500 for detectives and police lieutenants, with other salaries in proportion, a department could be built up that would give real service to the community. The ideal recruiting-ground for men to fill the special-duty squads and the detective bureaus is among athletes who are college graduates.

Any detective should be able to speak, read, and understand at least two foreign languages. He should know motors and motor-cars as well as does an expert garage man. He should follow business and trade conditions as carefully as any broker. Insurance and credit agencies, manufacturers and wholesalers are now forced to hire protection from private detective agencies, because they know they can expect no intelligent co-operation from the police.

Besides these academic studies, the modern detective should be skilled in the more complex police duties; know firearms, explosives, handwriting keys, finger-printing and identification measuring, makes of clothing, automobile tires, merchandise and textiles, so as to be able to qualify as an expert in a court-room. Entirely too many failures to convict, now charged off as errors of the courts and juries, are due to the carelessness and ignorance of the police, who searched for and collected the evidence.

City police departments contain a surprising number of first-class men, although their effectiveness is usually nul-



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lified by the deadening influence of local politics, the stupidity of politically appointed chiefs, and the blundering of associates. Then, too, the best men are constantly leaving for better-paying jobs. One man, little short of a genius, reluctantly resigned a shield in Buffalo. His pay was $2,100 a year. As head of a private detective agency he is said to have made $50,000 in the three years following.

A Cleveland detective, paid less than $2,500, was invited to become a credit investigator at $15,000. A metropolitan special-duty man receiving $2,800 was hired as a labor adjuster at $12,000.

These men were perhaps the most valuable in their departments. They might have been retained for $7,500. Their services would surely have been worth as much to the municipality as they are to the private corporations.

Police department officials do not realize the transition in crime types which they themselves have seen. "They don't know what it is all about." The condition which is popularly called a "crime wave" is in reality a change in crime styles and in the methods of the criminals.

There is one chief of police with whom the writer has often discussed crime conditions. This chief was elevated to his post because his brother could "swing votes." In 1927 his great boast is that, fifteen years ago, he ordered his men to "clean up the red-light district."

"Th' old man's still shoutin' about that," remarked one of his subordinates. "He hasn't had another idea since then."

The chief is blissfully unaware that the red-light district would have disappeared without his orders had he left it alone. In most cities, excepting a few port towns, the entire business of prostitution was revolutionized when the taxi became popular. It is no longer possible to find a house of ill fame, because it is no longer profitable to maintain it. A house of ill fame means a certain amount of physical property invested, and upon this the crooked politicians, policemen, property-owners, and even the trade people may levy a "tax" or protection money. Prostitutes now "belong" to taxi-drivers or associates of taxi-chauffeurs. The women are kept in furnished rooms, the taxi brings them their patrons, and frequent moving about from rooming-house to rooming-house enables them to dodge the payment of graft.

"Since we got the autos there's twice as much profit in women as there used to be," testified a white-slaver in a federal court.

"Down our way," a Southern surgeon, a state alienist, told the writer, "we took the red lights off the houses and put them on the back ends of automobiles."

In actual practice this means that much of the graft formerly vested in the "district" is now turned over to the heads of municipal chauffeur and taxi license bureaus, the keepers of "snake holes" (hidden prohibition saloons), rum-runners, drug-peddlers, rooming-house and hotel keepers. A current and profitable form of politician and police graft, one unheard of twenty years ago, is the conducting of abortion hospitals.

All this new-era crime and graft, including as it does the automobile bandits, the cocaine-fed stick-up men, the skilled auto-thief rings, the forging of stamps to place bank certifications upon fraudulent checks, the dope salesmen who place their stock in bank safe-deposit vaults for security, the gangs that cannot be raided because they incorporate their rooms as "clubs," the bootlegging companies that are legally incorporated with a half-million dollars cash capital and own fleets of tank-ships to haul rum instead of oil, the beauty-parlors that mask assignation houses, the bankruptcies that are entirely "rackets" or frauds, the arson rings that levy continual blackmail upon insurance companies—such twentieth-century criminal enterprise is lost upon the chief of police.

He dreams of the days when, after a crime was committed, four detectives could prevent the criminal's escape from the city because four men could watch the railroad and trolley stations.

Policemen of the chief's type are as helpless when confronted by existing conditions as were the Canadian troops on the morning that the Germans let go the first cloud of gas attack.

It is possible for a professional auto thief to walk into any auto-license bureau in New York State, pay down his money, and secure licenses for cars which he intends to steal. He may, and frequently

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does, give a fictitious name to the license clerk, and says his address is a number which subsequently proves to be a vacant lot.

Of course, in a well-ordered community, no license should be issued unless the licensing officer actually saw the car and made sure that the motor numbers had not been altered or "erased." But even if that simple precaution were not taken, much of the trouble could be avoided by mailing the license plates to the man taking them out instead of handing them across the counter. That would halt the alias and false-address practice.

That was once suggested to a group of police-department heads. One of them looked up dully and remarked: "God, that would be a lot of trouble, writin' the addresses out an' everything."

It was in another department that the deputy chief was bedridden, kept on the pay-roll for "old times' sake," although the doctors knew that his disease was incurable. From his bedside he practised the careful departmental economy for which he was famous. He refused to sign vouchers for typewriter-ribbons, delayed five months before ordering a new uniform for a policeman whose clothes had been ruined in an accident while making an arrest, allowed police automobiles and motorcycles to be wrecked because he would not authorize the necessary repairs.

Finally, one motorcycle policeman was permanently crippled by this neglect. A front mud-guard had been reported broken; the deputy refused to authorize the repairs. While the policeman was chasing a speeder the mud-guard dropped down, the machine turned turtle, and the rider was taken to the hospital.

These are not exaggerated cases or exceptional instances but, upon the whole, quite typical of police officials. One department boasted a military instructor who was said to be a war veteran; perhaps of the War of 1812, for he walked with two canes. A police surgeon was so excellent a politician that he refused to sanction a pension claim of a patrolman's widow. The policeman had fallen on a picket fence while chasing a burglar and died as a result of the abscesses that followed the picket punctures. The surgeon's enemies said he refused the pension because the dead man had once "scratched the ticket" and failed to vote for the organization candidates in a municipal election.

Most police-department officials hold office for every reason except their ability to do police duty.

It reminds one of General Burgoyne's celebrated statement that he "would be ashamed to ask for preferment (army promotion) upon any grounds other than his family connections."

The writer once asked a police sergeant why a certain individual had been appointed chief of detectives.

"Didn't you know?" asked the sergeant in surprise. "Why, Jim's one of the greatest judges of motorcycle races in this country. He's got lots of friends among the auto manufacturers, and I suppose they wanted him to have a good job."

August Vollmer, former chief of police of Berkeley, Calif., was "loaned" to the city of Los Angeles to reorganize that department. Chief Vollmer was anxious to learn exactly what material had been given him to work with, so, aided by psychologists from the University of Southern California, he arranged a mental test to be given all members of his department.

The Los Angeles Police Department, as a whole, showed only a slightly higher intelligence level than that of the entire body of army privates. Compared to the entering students at the University of Southern California, the police grade was much lower. About fifty-five per cent of the policemen scored below "B," while only nine per cent of the students were so rated. Of one thousand seven hundred and sixty students tested, only three graded below fifty-five on the first and second army alpha tests, and these three were dropped at the first mid-year examinations. But one hundred and ninety-nine of one thousand seven hundred and twelve policemen graded below fifty-five and are still members of the department.

Police sergeants tested much lower than army corporals and sergeants. The sergeants of the department graded lower than the patrolmen, and the inference is justified that this was caused by the practice of making police promotions for political reasons.

A study of the patrolmen's individual scores shows that a considerable number

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of them tested as high as the best university students. But the average age of the eight men with the highest score was twenty-nine, while the eight men with the lowest scores averaged forty years old. This seems to bear out the writer's theory that the intelligent policemen usually leave the department for better-paying jobs.

According to the tests, the stenographers are the most intelligent members of the department, followed by these groups in order: chief's secretary and statisticians, clerks, chauffeurs, policewomen, captains, detective-lieutenants, lieutenants, motorcycle officers, telephone operators, assistant detective-captains, patrolmen, sergeants, carpenters, chefs, and laborers.

Were one unfamiliar with the result of political meddling with department appointments, it would seem incredible that assistant detective-captains would grade lower than motorcycle officers and telephone operators. But it does prove that no police reform can hope to succeed until the department is completely divorced from city bosses.

The ward leaders are perhaps the greatest contributing cause of police failures. One policeman described the process as "put-and-take politics"—the alderman puts his man in office and takes what he desires.

This is not necessarily a bare-faced corruption of the policemen and the courts; rather it is expressed in an equally effective but insidious propaganda.

Two young bandits completely terrorized an Eastern city. As weeks passed and saw no arrests made, the newspapers, the "mayor's committee" of citizens, the clergy, the club women, in fact, all the associations interested in better government, united to demand a "police shake-up." Of course such tinkering with the police departments, which seldom means more than a few demotions and promotions, can accomplish no lasting benefits. But, under the spur of public disapproval, three young detectives were sent out with instructions to get the bandits or not return themselves.

About midnight, one November night, Detectives Murray, Hogan, and Schultz dragged two prisoners into the detention-room at police headquarters and reported to Detective-Lieutenant Snider. The officers were dripping wet, their clothing soaked by a long vigil in the rain. Their eyes were bloodshot from loss of sleep.

"Well, Lieutenant, we got 'em," announced Murray, pointing to the two young Italians who were handcuffed to Hogan and Schultz. "We've been trailin' them birds since yesterday mornin'. We ain't been to bed since night before last."

"What do you want 'em for?" asked the lieutenant, who had been too lazy to read the assignment-book.

"This one"—Murray pointed to him like a zoo lecturer advertising his best specimens—"is Dago Pete and that one's Tony Scalza. They been doin' all these stick-ups besides a pay-roll job or two. I think we'll hang about forty robberies on them."

Lieutenant Snider rose from his swivel-chair and looked sharply at the two prisoners, who faced him defiantly. "How did he get marked up?" Snider asked, pointing at Scalza's discolored eye and cut cheek.

"He pulled this gun on me." Hogan drew from his pocket a foreign-made, deadly automatic pistol. "If I hadn't give him the boot, he'd have drilled me. He had the safety-catch off when I knocked it out of his hand."

"He's lyin', Mister. I didn't have no gun," Scalza whined. "He planted that on me after he knocked me down." This is the invariable wail of the captured gunman. "He ain't got no witnesses to prove he took it off me. My word is as good as his."

"Murray and Schultz was out in front, gettin' Dago Pete," Hogan explained. "I was behind the house and this bozo run out. I told him to stop, an' he wouldn't, an' then he pulled this cannon an' I clocked him."

"He's lyin', Mister," Scalza protested.

Lieutenant Snider kicked the prisoner's shins. "I wish Hogan had killed you," he growled. "Then the coroner would have found the gun on you an' we wouldn't have had no argument. I remember you now. You live down on Gregory Street an' hang out by that blackhander's club. You never done a day's work in your life and when you ain't got some girl hustlin' for you, you do stick-ups for a livin'. You got a criminal record longer'n all summer, an' th' drug squad is lookin' for you for shovin' dope."

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At this summary of his record, which was very accurate, Scalza wept copiously.

"I want-a see my lawyer," he whined.

"Sure. We got to see a lawyer," echoed Dago Pete.

Lieutenant Snider banished the reporters and visitors from the room. As they left they heard the sound of several hearty kicks and Snider's warning: "Don't mark 'em, boys. The judge don't like it."

Such was act one of the great American comedy "The People *vs.* Dago Pete and Tony Scalza, Defendants." Act two followed twenty minutes later.

Alderman Antony Capello appeared. He wore a large stomach, a checked suit, an eight-dollar claret-colored tie, a silk shirt, a pearl-gray hat, patent-leather shoes, white spats. He is alderman of the ——th ward and also a professional bondsman, private banker, labor padrone, wholesale liquor and wine dealer. It is said of him that he can get a murder done more cheaply than any other man in the State. He first made a hundred thousand dollars by blackmail and labor contracting. During the past five years he has doubled his fortune every twelve months by wholesale bootlegging and hi-jacking.

Alderman Capello distributed fifty-cent cigars with magnificent gestures. He reeked with the mingled scent of garlic and fifteen-dollar-an-ounce perfume. "Two of my boys from th' ward is lock-up," he explained. "How much-a th' bail? I make-a bail, now."

"Hello, alderman." The lieutenant shook hands cordially. The alderman has influence and the lieutenant hopes to become a captain.

"What's th' troub' with my boys?"

"We're chargin' them with robbery first, alderman. They've been identified as them stick-up men from the West Side."

"Al' right. How much-a th' bail?"

"Never mind the bail to-night, alderman. It's midnight. We don't want to get a judge out of bed to sign the bond now."

"Sure," Alderman Capello nodded vigorously. "I get-a judge quick, you bet-ch. Judge'll get up for me any time."

He was quite right about that. A county judge is elected by popular vote, and no judge would risk offending the alderman and party-boss of a large and pivotal ward.

"They're pretty good boys, Lieutenant. They didn't mean nothin'. What you say, Lieutenant? We make-a bail now."

The lieutenant refused. He was anxious to hold the bandits until they could be identified by five or six of their former victims. The lieutenant risked his chances of promotion by flatly refusing to allow Capello or his lawyer to see the prisoners.

Act three was played the next morning. Capello's attorney applied for a writ of habeas corpus, forcing the police to arraign the prisoners and admit them to bail before they had been properly identified by complaining witnesses. Before the magistrate the bandits pleaded not guilty to the charge; Capello furnished $8,000 cash bail for each, and they were released. That very night they resumed their series of robberies. They had to work to earn money to pay their lawyer's fee and to pay Capello his commission, called "slice," for providing bail.

"What in hell is the use of missin' meals an' sleep to lock up two rats like them?" complained Detective Hogan. "Before you can make a case on 'em, some lawyer'll be around to get 'em out on Corpus Christi proceedin's."

By employing every artifice and technicality their attorney delayed their trial for fourteen months, until the fact of the arrest had been forgotten by such citizens as will consent to serve on juries. Then it was found that most of the State's witnesses who could identify them as the bandits had either disappeared, moving away from the city, had been intimidated until their testimony was worthless, or had been "seen," which means being bought off. As a result, the defendants' lawyer was able to raise the "reasonable doubt" in the minds of the trial jurors. Tony and Pete were acquitted and the policemen who arrested them were denounced by the trial judge for their "brutality and arrogance."

Yes, the police are stupid, sometimes. But society gives them no chance to become an intelligent, self-respecting, efficient arm of the government.

As one sits in police headquarters, seeing the hopeless odds placed against the officers, one wonders how and why the machinery creaks along. It is not astonishing that it works badly, but rather it is marvellous that it functions at all.

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# Humor and Sentiment

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Style," "The Spirit of Society," etc.

LEFT to itself, the irresponsible spirit of levity, obviously individualistic, however contagious, inevitably honeycombs our seriousness—itself not generically suggestive of the "high seriousness" preached (at one epoch) to subsequent societies by Greek example. The Puritans and Plato differed temperamentally. And since the day of the Puritans, who individually often, and as "herd" on such occasions as meeting-house raisings, had plenty of the leaven of pure jollity, we have certainly not been prone to solemnity—save perhaps in the varieties of "solemn farce" which our frivolity is as prompt to produce as it is both quick to detect and ready to deride. Mockery of seriousness, indeed, is the staple basis of much of the humor in which—not too humorously, though in the language of "Shakespeare, our contemporary," as Stuart Sherman calls him—we "tell the world" we altogether excel it. Often the world's reply is practically in the austere words of Queen Victoria: "We are not amused." Occasionally, of course, our humorists do amuse it. When our pervasive, preponderant, national, and volatile humor is condensed, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—personified in an occasional personality, it indubitably "gets across" in the land of our ancestry, though, so far as I know, it has not yet invaded North Britain. But, except for its incarnation in these fortunate individuals with whose identity it so happily merges, the impression it leaves on the uncomprehending foreigner—not unnaturally indifferent to us as civilized, by reason of possessing and preferring a civilization of his own, and hence only interested in our exceptional "cases"—is more of a lack of solidity of character, a lack of seriousness of aim and temper, than of the kind of humor consistent with these qualities.

Those of us, in a word, whom foreigners can find "great fun" are generously appreciated—Artemus Ward in the London of his day, Mark Twain in the Oxford of ours—but, in the main, they are apathetic and no doubt sceptical as to the potential seriousness out of which the "great fun" they savor has issued. They would probably agree with Mr. Will Rogers declaring that he writes "for grown-ups with the child-mind," and assure him that in this respect he has among his countrymen no monopoly of the practice. In general, it is unfair to expect spectators to enjoy the game of which they do not know the rules. Nevertheless, national traits ought to be attractive, and, if they are not, those who possess them ought to ponder the fact and the explanation of it. Fitzjames Stephen, who wrote a mordant "examination" of Mill's philosophy with the title "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," a marked book of mid-Victorian polemic, was an ingrained Tory of the kind more easily forgotten than refuted. "We divide on other lines nowadays," as the economists say. But he has this to observe in his section on "Equality," which, at least on the *fas est ab hoste doceri* principle and by way of seeing ourselves as others see us, we might still usefully meditate:

> The success of equality in America is due, I think, mainly to the circumstance that a large number of people who were substantially equal in all the more important matters, recognized that fact and did not set up unfounded distinctions. How far they are equal now, and how long they will continue to be equal when the population becomes dense, is quite another question. It is also a question which I cannot do more than glance at in two words in this place, whether the enormous development of equality in America, the rapid production of an immense multitude of commonplace, self-satisfied and essentially slight people is an exploit which the whole world need fall down and worship.

Plainly the Tory mind—that apparent incongruity, as it seems to-day to many—still has its standing in court. But of course I have quoted this passage for the



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sake of the "two words" to-day most worth our attention. We can find reasons for self-satisfaction in being multitudinous and even, in Tory eyes and considering the Tory alternative, commonplace. But I confess it is difficult to be pleased with being found "essentially slight." Is it only because we are too touchy that we hesitate to acknowledge the modicum of truth there may be in the words—to exclaim *touchés*, so to speak—with candor equal to our critic's? On the whole, I think not. I think our touchiness itself, which is undeniable, is a mark of the immaturity that distinguishes us from older societies, and that if we seem "slight" it is not because we are essentially but because we are socially so. "Socially slight" we ought, perhaps, to own up to, and recognize the fact as a defect of our quality of individualism. With far more fraternity than some other peoples, is it not true that we get less out of our fraternizing?

A people may be considered happy, even fortunate (since the two so often merge), of which the bond consists in a temper so fundamentally sound as to be constitutionally serene, and so habitually unclouded as to devote much of its self-expression, when expressing itself socially, to running the gamut between good nature and high spirits. This at least saves it from the *accidia* detested of Dante—and the misfortune of having eminent Tories like Stephen. But socially speaking, I suppose the trait with which as a people we are best satisfied—to the point of saturation often—would be the humor least savored by others, save in the case of our star performers. We make, however, a radical mistake in conceiving it as intrinsically a social trait at all. We put it very generally and often very successfully (in the absence of other instruments) to social uses, sometimes indeed leaning on it heavily and working it hard. But if we take, as among the most discerning, the definition of Thackeray, "Humor is wit and love," or that of Anne Evans (not George Eliot, who has, however, admirable pages on the subject), "Thinking in fun while we feel in earnest," it is recognizable as first and most of all a personal matter. Wit, no doubt, is intrinsically social. It requires the reciprocity of others viewing the subject, if only for the moment, in the same way and perhaps turning on it a new light. Beside it humor is spectacle; the social humorist plays a lone hand. And he is apt to forget Mr. Tarkington's caution: "There is one trouble with unflagging humor: it never flags."

Writing of his former aid in *The Nation* office of early days, John Richard Dennett, a literary critic of unsurpassed quality, the late E. L. Godkin declared: "He was a man to whom the ball of conversation was really a ball and not an anvil or a barrel of flour." That is, he was eminently a wit and, socially gifted, shared what he shone in and what he was, though quite otherwise than that arch-humorist, Falstaff, the cause of in others. However personally imaged and superscribed, wit is intrinsically current coin. Add love to it and it at once acquires the subjective tinge appropriating it to its author. Hence authorship rather than society is its congenial field. Though love be, in itself, one of the most powerful of social forces, alloyed with wit it singularizes and isolates the humorist—sometimes indeed insulating him if addicted to the anvil-and-barrel-of-flour habit, and to that extent disintegrating the social *entente*. Professional or lay, our humor in general is apt to decline into facetiousness, and facetiousness, though a distinct social force, is commonly exerted on a level too lowly to make very powerfully for distinction. Socially a lubricant rather than a factor, it fraternizes genially without much deepening fraternity or elevating the conversation—oftener perhaps versation—it characterizes. It betrays effort as often as it eases the strain it is, rather crudely, designed to relieve. As persiflage it is apt to be stock rather than spontaneous—in which case it is, to use the terms of trade significantly incorporated with our speech, less a social asset than a social liability.

In its broader social aspects humor is fatally devitalized by frivolity, and seriousness even in humor is impossible without depth of sentiment, real enough to be felt if not stressed enough to be salient. Exceptions if any prove the rule. A community whose humor is insipid might better be humorless, and is especially unfortunate if especially addicted to humorless humor. In our own case, though

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often enough intellectually frivolous, its lack of seriousness oftenest springs from its lack of sentiment. In avoiding the attitude of the owl, it misses the thrill of the nightingale. The "love" that it adds to wit lacks depth—the quality that subtends nobility as elevation crowns it, and that in itself confers distinction. Molière, the incarnation of Meredith's "comic spirit," had, according to Stendhal, "more depth than other poets." In eschewing sentimentality we do not hesitate to weaken sentiment—and not in humor only, but all along the line of thought and expression. If we gain in truth, in good sense, in the disposition to look the facts in the face, in fortitude—and it is perhaps one of our illusions, because it is too unquestioningly one of our convictions, that we do—nevertheless only sentiment can be relied on to rescue us from the literal, æsthetically one of the intrinsic foes of distinction, as indeed it is of the comic spirit—save as, in Labiche, for instance, supplying this with some of its choicest material.

One of our literary worthies whom with the lapse of time desuetude has, not altogether innocuously, retired to the higher and least molested shelves of the libraries is Washington Irving. Perhaps "The Sketch-Book" is no longer quite adapted for bedside, nor "Knickerbocker" for sociable, reading, and their author properly a classic mainly in accordance with Signor Pococurante's characterization. Nevertheless, as Sainte-Beuve said of Lamartine, "he was important to *us*," and it is a pity that, whatever his vitality, it lacked the force adequate to make it viable, for the link with which he attached us to a great humoristic tradition was so evenly welded of both wit and love as could but have a salutary suggestiveness for the literature that begins with him, and now in Dennett's phrase "remembers" him "as forgotten." But in spite of his failure in permanent influence, the memory of his undeniable distinction, and of how well it served his country in his day, remains all the more salient to the reader who is anything of a bookman, and his distinction is largely due to the blend just noted. I suppose no one ever wrote of him without saying that his works were "distinguished by humor and sentiment"—meaning substantially Thackeray's more analytical definition. And if his practice had had the force of his procedure it would doubtless have stimulated in many of our jesters the element of seriousness needed to make them "important to us," as well as amusing, by determining our literary taste in the direction of distinction rather than of relaxation. Too much tickling leaves us helpless. Its "irresistibility" paralyzes response to the elementary invitation familiarly expressed in the time-honored formula: "Brace up and have some style about you." The gods, as we know, laughed inextinguishably, but they extended no such Olympian privilege to mortals, for whom, indeed, as a rule, they arranged but meagre occasion for its exercise, feeling no doubt that they would be prone to abuse it.

However, our humorists can hardly be held altogether responsible for the short life and other shortcomings of our humor. Its irresponsibility, in fact, is largely what we find irresistible in it. It is our social immaturity that insists on confining it to shooting as it flies the folly that does not fly far or long without suggesting to more developed taste the wisdom of the poet's further prescription, to "vindicate the ways of God to man." It is the extravagant—the outré, the rococo—taste of the time that, amply repaying this restricted practice, evokes little of stronger wing; save satire which may be as savage, and burlesque which may be as extravagant, as it likes. And if our humor favors the divorce of those classic inseparables, "laughter and tears," wit with us, not content to banish sentiment, shows a marked disposition to burlesque it. The most distinguished example of this is, of course, Mr. Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—material classic enough, one might contend, to claim more strictly humorous alloy; Molière, for example, rather than Meilhac. And even "La Belle Hélène," though deliciously diverting, is less disillusioning in being more irrational. But we deduce rules from masterpieces rather than the other way round. This one is as brilliantly as—if such a thing ever happens—it is unprecedentedly, successful in applying the terminology of one time to the material of another

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in order to exhibit our own traits by what Master Penrod Schofield would felicitously call "the main and simple" expedient of emptying a time-honored legend of the sentiment that has heretofore made it august. Is "Helen" satire only, or is it also sense? The author leaves it to us to decide. I wish sometimes he hadn't, but that is precisely the effect he is rubbing his hands over so relentlessly producing. And in any case the result is literature, and, in virtue of its contemporary truth, in spite of its burlesque, must rank as comedy—comedy, besides, showing that burlesque may be exquisite as well as broad. Like all original masterpieces, it seems to establish as well as to invent its type—Shaw without perversity, Gilbert Platonized.

In less distinguished hands, it is true, the type is unlikely to be utilized on the same plane. Variants may conceivably vulgarize it. One such has been thought to, Miss Anita Loos's marvel of gaiety, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Being the self-portrait of a "gold-digger," it may be considered to "sink with its subject," as Arnold considered that in the sense in which "a Dutch painter" did, Homer did not. But if talent is to "catch manners as they rise," to cite Pope once more, it is simply dull to confound the material with the method which in Miss Loos's hands is all the more obviously objective for being ostensibly self-revelation. The type of her heroine is certainly an accredited one from the realistic point of view, and if it is treated too lightly for realistic veraciousness, to exact literal realism of farce is literalism. The aptness of baseness for burlesque may be argued, but here the absurdity of the characters' view of baseness is fundamental, as well as dominant in the treatment. The treatment surely is too light to sink with the subject in any case, and, since it would be idiotic to call it misleading, one may concentrate on it as the sole point of the book, and enjoy in enviable relaxation the art of a truly imaginative talent.

It is to be remarked all the same of this delightfully considered trifle, as of Mr. Erskine's really magisterial performance, that its only dealing with sentiment is to deflate it. Both rank with wit rather than with the humor of which sentiment is as normal an ingredient as wit, and, whatever our deficiency in sentiment, no one would say that we overdo wit, or that it would not be an excellent thing if such examples as the foregoing were less exceptional with us. In so far as Thackeray's definition of humor holds, wit is as essential to humor as love. It is, as I said, eminently social, but a mark of a mature rather than an undeveloped society, indeed a development rather than a fundamental force of concert. The anchorite may conceivably be witty but only potentially, though he might often yearn for the society he foregoes. It is possible that we are on the verge of a general efflorescence of wit in consequence of denuding our humor of sentiment. But we may perhaps more reasonably hope to experience a renascence of our native sentiment earlier than the development on any noteworthy scale of an accomplishment that is intrinsically a social plant of slow growth.

Much deeper than the stratum of sentiment associated with either wit or humor, of course, lie the most powerful springs of concerted action. Fundamentally personal as well as human, these have their intimate side and belong in that borderland of thought and feeling where the individual and the social overlap each other. For all their wide-spreading and far-reaching radiation they are, as Thackeray says, "of their nature sacred and secret and not to be spoken of save to Heaven and the one ear alone," the religion, in a word, which is love (and not theology), and the love which is religion (and not Shelley's "sad satiety"). Considered as social forces, they are naturally to be considered strictly as the sentimental springs of action and not in the gross as all the action itself that springs from them; forces to be controlled and utilized to the end of social ideality, and precisely *not* suffered to obsess the individual into the fanatic in the one case, or the sensualist in the other. As such forces they cannot be too intelligently respected. And since we are, as a race, fundamentally and traditionally sentimental, it can hardly be that our sentiment, intelligently reviewed and rationalized, will not ultimately reappear.

Nothing, indeed, marks the present time as a transitional one more than the

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circumstance that it so generally minimizes religion out of its pristine potency as a cultural agency, and magnifies love so extravagantly out of recognition as it does so often, to judge by the mass of our fiction and the criticism whose spirit this fiction quite o'ercrows. Active religion, it is true, must have some theology, that of having very little, however, having long since affirmed itself as the wisest; and love rightly conceived as the leaving of self must at least realize the self as left. In fact, under no secular ministrations so much as those of the spirit of society, in so many ways consonant with those of the churches, being essentially hostile to animality as to other barbarian traits, is this latter result in all its manifestations likely to be attained. Enough of one's neighbors if not always producing altruism is bound to impair the sense of superiority. And altruism *à deux* has always been accounted in a sort a religious variant, exaltation in youth and in age consecration. Pursuit of the subject to its sexual fastnesses may with propriety be left to such cheery prophets of Baal as, perhaps convinced that, in the brave words of Henley's *ballade*,

"Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance,"

are apparently quite as much inclined to study its occult origins in those strongholds as to follow it into the open country of its sentimental development, present and historic, where, more highly differentiated, it deserves even more attention, and where the social influences of sentiment may be remarked by the least observant and most inexpert. Sentiment, indeed—in spite of the unsentimental Napoleon's very natural promotion of the imagination to the position and in spite of current coldness to its claims—may still be regarded as, fundamentally, the ruler of the idealistic section of the world. At any rate, more than any other force, it serves to unite the people that inhabit it. "The mass of common men," says one of the most uncommon, "live and move"

"Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest,"

as well as to themselves,

". . . and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast."

The misfortune is that so many breasts are inhuman, and for this the humanism breathed by the spirit of social sentiment is plainly a fitting remedy. Its office is to introduce these "aliens" to each other and—oh! especially—to themselves.

Little news nowadays escapes the newspapers. One of the least sensational, weighing Victorian values in the same spirit of catholic comprehension that marks, say, Professor Osborn's attitude toward the men of the Old Stone Age, informs its readers that the Victorians "derived a certain cultural value from their religion independent of its dogmas," adding as of equal moment, "their handwriting may have been similarly an influence toward fine thoughts." Evidently there were enough "fine thoughts" around in those days to need accounting for, and at present the sociologist is abroad. But the "cultural value" that the Victorians admittedly "derived from their religion" is, after all, more memorable than their handwriting. Their religion, it need hardly be recalled, so recent is the Victorian epoch, was the Christian religion, an ancient cultus persisting well into our own day. At least it was but a short time ago that "the Fall of Christianity" was casually referred to as a recent event by the college paper of a secular institution originally devoted to the upholding of that faith as yielding the most desirable of "cultural values." Certainly no antiquarian research is needed to discover the fact that the cultural value of Christianity apart from its dogmas did not await our day to receive quite general recognition.

It inspired, indeed, in the seventies of the last century a general cultural and religious "movement." The most spiritually devoted, if not the most poetically polished or the most intellectually vigorous, of English poets of that era, as well as the soundest and most abidingly significant of its English prose-writers, crowned his career by the exposition, in a remarkable series of books, of precisely this gospel. Of these books the author deemed "Literature and Dogma" the most important he had written. Some years after its publication he issued it in

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a cheap edition that it might reach the widest possible public. So clearly did he present and so closely did he argue its attractive thesis as essential at once to the culture and to the religion to the promulgation of which he had devoted his life, that his figure may be regarded as personifying it in the Victorian pantheon. The natural truth of Christianity apart from its formal apologetics, prophetic, miraculous, and metaphysical; the interpretation of the secret and method of its Founder; the disentanglement of its chief apostle from its traditional theology; the religious use and worth of the Bible read as literature, and its rejection as the dogma for which it was in nowise designed; the point of view expressed in his observation that the best part of religion is its unconscious poetry, and his definition of religion as morality touched with emotion—all these tenets of Matthew Arnold's spiritual message to his generation have very largely become the very texture of the religious thinking and feeling of our time. He made his readers feel that to neglect religion was the most fundamental of mistakes, the crudest of blunders, that to be irreligious was not only to lose the finest experiences of which the mind, the heart, the soul were capable, but was also to be secularly uneducated. His religious writings were in fact part, and the culminating part, of the long educational campaign, coextensive with his mature life, and consecrated, as it were, to the service of culture as an element of civilization.

And they are as timely to-day as ever. For among the ironies of the present time, which conceives civilization in other terms, will perhaps hereafter be accounted the loss of spiritual sentiment that has accompanied the appreciable contraction of Christianity within the confines of its own humanitarianism. Through this concentration the religion of the heart, of the broken and contrite heart, which had once melted the world open to the supreme arraignment that "its heart was stone," seems itself losing its hold on the sensibility it had itself evoked. Suffering this to subside into the practical service it can render to its neighbor, it turns once more to the Gentiles, this time not to convert but to merge with them, to dwell in their tents, worship their gods, and participate in their mysteries, satisfying the while its own spiritual needs in augmenting their material welfare.

The poets, perhaps more than ever to-day, still sing, or prose or perorate, of their own, so that even outside the churches the tradition of the soul's existence is still kept alive. But its ecstasies are experienced far from what it used to deem its "home," and expressed more and more perfunctorily—save when complicated with physical phases:

> "Oh! then a longing like despair
> Is to their farthest caverns sent."

And the soul's ascendency has greatly dwindled. The decline of concern as to its future has quite naturally diminished interest in its fate, but it is not due to the liberalizing of theology so much or so specifically as to the decline of religious sentiment that its nourishment, its development, its ennobling, its elevation are neglected. The God of Love, succeeding to the God of Justice, has had a shorter reign and has certainly less compelled attention. Sociologically, we are enjoying the fruits sprung from the seed of its stimulus, but as society in general we know less and less that spiritual communion with the Source which renews through sentiment the sense of duty, the strength of will, the serenity of soul that mark the inner life—the sentiment of a supreme attachment to the good, which vitalizes truth and beauty and which, however mysteriously it steals into the breast, once there and fairly tested, approves itself as the acme of salutary inspiration.

For this communion, as natural and accessible to-day as ever to any reflective mind, one would say that the tradition of Oriental, literary, approximative, poetic terminology might still serve without unduly taxing the powers of the normal imagination, or arousing the hostility of the literal-minded. The text-books of the churches are still usable—by the liberal as well as the literary. Creeds are, very likely, as Sir Leslie Stephen remarked, "expiring of explanation," but why should their associated sentiment vanish with them? What is not expiring is Christianity, which has had a long experience in surviving creeds. Emerson hardily avers,

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"One accent of the Holy Ghost,
The heedless world hath never lost."

Creeds that had expired, of explanation or of anything else, said perhaps as little to Stephen's father-in-law as to himself. Yet who can find artificiality or excess in the sentiment recorded by Doctor John Brown in describing a walk near Edinburgh taken by Thackeray with two friends one winter evening at sunset?

"Corstorphine Hill with its trees and rocks," he says, "lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word 'Calvary.' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

Of course speaking of "divine things" upon such slight provocation as that, or of those particular divine things at all, would occur to few artists in the "finer art" of our modern fiction. They concern very remotely some of the "beautiful happenings" of which, inferentially, Mr. Cabell declares it to be the true artist's ambition "to write perfectly." Thackeray, to be sure, wrote perfectly in the opinion of Carlyle, who wrote otherwise often enough to be deemed an impartial judge. But his feeling for divine things, though he certainly wrote about others, would no doubt have prevented him from following lovingly in the footsteps of the Jurgens of romance, adding, like the wife of the Arabian genie with her string of rings, tokens of beautiful happenings one after the other, till the reader of the perfectly written record becomes haunted by a sense of coming doom, and descries in the distance the avenging figure of the original old crone incompatible with any more beautiful happenings. Thackeray's sentiment, however, even his religious sentiment—not vulgarized, as Doctor John Brown intimates, by being worn on his sleeve—undoubtedly tinges his fiction, and illustrates, one would say, not only the serviceability of sentiment, even the sentiment of divine things, to the art that is in any vital sense "criticism of life" (rather than the circumscribed topography of its Gin Lanes and other fairer though, even realistically considered, scarcely more promising regions), but also the compatibility of this powerful agent of distinction with emancipation from creeds that can be called expiring. As to historicity problems, their history is strewn with failures from failing to recognize what Stuart Sherman sums up in a sentence, pointing out that for every one to-day the Founder of Christianity is "as a spiritual force what 'the Christian ages' have made him."

Why, to recur to our anecdote, need taking the "exemplary" rather than either the "sacrificial" or a "scientific" view of the Life that closed on Calvary, impair the sentiment which unites those who feel its force? What better serves the cause of distinction in common than the fervor that inspires action from the point of view of action at its best? All right conduct, in fact,—in "scientific fact," indeed, if psychology is still a science according to which the will is energized only by the susceptibility—is dependent upon sentiment. And, in the vivid and veracious words of Froude, "the moral life of man is like the flight of a bird in the air. He is sustained only by effort and when he ceases to exert himself he falls." Does he no longer "fall"? Does he no longer know, or sense, what "falling" is? Has the point of view, on which in all fields so much depends as to be practically everything, shifted radically, fundamentally? Has the counsel to sinners "not to look too much at their own sins," much in vogue with exponents of the "miracle of grace," proved imprudent? Is all such elementary spiritual enlightenment bound up with belief in Mosaic cosmology and the legendary element in Christian apologetics? Does the eternally repeated failure of mankind to systematize the phenomena of man's clearest consciousness, his highest thought and deepest feeling, impeach the phenomena themselves as unreal?

At all events the ineradicable sentiment, the enduring power of which is amply attested by these successive, however unsuccessful, efforts themselves, is too profound an influence, too prodigious a power, to be at the mercy of the phases of speculation, metaphysical or scientific,

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regarding its historic dogma and doctrine. The inexperienced in the things of the spirit, unsteeped in the elevated tradition in which spiritual things are involved —and which they endue with a special dignity among the elements of universal history—may break with the tradition's substance as they come to perceive the unsoundness of its incrustations. But only a mind empty and swept, no doubt, and quite ready for the seven other devils worse than the first, but surely not garnished in the best of taste, could contest the supremacy of the soul; an Italian old master has painted Santa Maria dei Pazzi with a convincing countenance, in which the vacant mind in nowise veils the shining saintliness of the saint. Why should culture cool toward the essence of the Christian tradition, and civilization forego its cementing power, because its formularies are discovered to have been perforce figuration? There is nothing figurative, it is true, about science, but if some day it gives us the new God that it has been suggested it possibly may, the more scientific he—or it—proves to be, the more finite he must be also. The infinite can be but one of our adumbrations, but the soul can feel it—has indeed always known it as felt and felt it as real. Miss Rebecca West, whose gospel is inspiringly irenic, thinks that to "let people do what they like" may ultimately result in "saving the next Christ from crucifixion." "The next Christ" will doubtless in common gratitude take advantage of the system which is to spare him Calvary to avoid Gethsemane also, as well as much else in the experience of the Predecessor assigned him. He will hardly echo Emerson's belief that

> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe
> When for the truth he ought to die,"

but should he follow Emerson's further suggestion for "the crisis of existence," "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect," he will certainly neither speak nor think of himself in the terms of Miss West's characterization. Indeed, if he arrives at his eminence *via* the road she specifies, he will perhaps prove to be the reincarnation of Doctor Pangloss and think unimprovable a world which, able to do what it likes as he finds it, can need little done for its redemption. Otherwise, he will probably agree with the hard-headed Huxley that, "It is when a man can do as he pleases that his troubles begin," and may compassionately suggest a few "inhibitions."

The subsidence of sin in the contemporary consciousness has been noted with professional competence by Dean Inge, as doubtless by others, but is obvious enough to laic observation. The general consciousness is now no longer made cowardly by conscience but vigorously supported by a conviction of self-righteousness deeper if less distressing than the "conviction" experience of the erstwhile camp-meeting victim. But the acquisition of our conscienceless sinlessness must have been attended by a less exacting conception of sinlessness itself. Naturally this would not have been the last to go of our yesterday's ideals so conspicuously flown, automatically leaving confidence in their stead in taking, as alleged, hypocrisy with them. Other ideals must have atrophied one of which the sentiment has been submerged if indeed the idea has not been destroyed: the ideal of perfection "in thought, word, and deed," sounds now as priggish as it always appeared unattainable—though as an ideal losing none of its sanctions for that, and remaining the "mark" of a "high calling" in which "not failure but low aim is crime."

In the secular field, to be sure, its insufficiency in connection with "low aim" was sometimes felt even in Victorian times. A half-century ago the sentimentality of the painter Bouguereau was odious to many, in spite of a technical "pattern" whose "rhythm" should endear it to to-day and may yet place Bouguereau beside the resuscitated Ingres. In a French skit of the time he was prefigured as an applicant at the gate of Paradise, announced by Saint Peter and his name inquired by the Père Eternel. "*Seigneur*," replied the celestial Cerberus, "he gives no name. He says he is *la perfection même*." "Oh!" rejoined the Père Eternel, "*ça doit être cet animal de Bouguereau*. He must come in, I suppose." But the moral field was felt to have different standards. Smugness there had more misgivings and aroused more

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distrust. And if there was more of it than at present, its self-satisfaction was the reward of more of such effort as conformity calls for—at worst even the effort of sustained humbug—and less of feeling superior through no effort at all. "Our fallen human nature" is doubtless at the bottom of both these equivalent states, but the Victorians knew what to do about that. They could depend on "the miracle of grace," which was no delusion. But it involved a "cleansing" of the heart more drastic than the spontaneous smugness of to-day feels it needful to undertake.

The sense of sin depends ultimately on sentiment—powerfully aided by the intelligence and more specifically by a good memory. Nothing could be more intellectually serious or more deeply serious, more truly "high seriousness." How the antique world got around its accountability for incurring the divine displeasure which it seems to have confined itself so largely to placating, remains to the Christian a standing if enviable mystery. The sense of sin has been lacking in modern times, too, of course, in very salient examples, though until lately not generally replaced by the sense of righteousness. It is disastrously lacking in Voltaire, for instance, whose intelligence else a miracle, lacking it, led him as a historian to despise without comprehending the one ancient people who eminently possessed it, as well as in his own case to be complacently content with what Scherer, grounded himself in "Hebraism," calls "a pitiful character." Were it not for our deficiency in sentiment, it would be curious that even the term sin should be so closely associated with the theology of a former day—curious that morality should have, so to say, lost touch with emotion, elsewhere so much vaunted; that social ethics should have so largely replaced personal morality; and that, accordingly, sin must be transformed into crime to receive the attention it could once so safely count on.

No doubt theology—based on a mythology which, after its primitive fashion, materialized the soul's experience, as the Greek mythology did that of the mind—has played a large part in both developing and distorting the sense in question. But it requires no very subtle scrutiny to discern in its terms the expression belonging to their time of truths still to be experientially attested as amply by reflection as heretofore deemed to be by revelation. Such expression, moreover, was manifestly charged with and appealed to that shade of emotion which, become permanent, we call sentiment, and which led the soul to confess its imperfections and feel the need of a forgiveness for its errors that, if fairly fastidious, it found it hard itself to supply. Endless renewals of this alternation kept it, in Goethe's words, "tenderly unmanned," and through a continuously exerted force of feeling sustained its level of aspiration as a lasting condition. The theology of the camp-meeting was certainly more sketchy, and the "conviction of sin" that it secured less abiding, largely because the emotion it evoked was not sentiment but ecstasy—now much to the fore in other fields of "life and art." Excitement is no friend to piety, which, though often called fervent, is eminently not fever. The "Revival of Religion" that President Eliot found in the aftermath of the war probably differs advantageously from many that have preceded it, and one might wish there were more of it, or indeed more evidence of it. On the whole, from the purely secular point of view it is singular that so much religion should have been swept away with the altogether reasonable, even if minimizing, liberalizing of theology; and, fundamentally, it can only be ascribed to the minimizing of sentiment characteristic of a pragmatic age which, thus losing its religion with its theology, relies on custom and wont for its standards of personal morality. Personal morality becomes, accordingly, an affair of conduct guided by such social requirements as, whatever different success they achieve, leave the soul to wither. Such an attitude, moreover, however unimpeachably secular, cannot be described as intelligently detached, save by those sufficiently complacent to be satisfied with a soulless civilization.

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She looked across the sweeping pastures to where a long stone house showed through the autumn foliage. —Page 280.

# Man's Estate

BY MORRIS GRAY, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

A SMART country costume of green knitted stuff, narrow brown shoes, highly polished, and her hat was right. Nora Wynne regarded her reflection with approval. Sons noticed these things, she knew. They liked to have their mothers well turned out—a credit to them. Smiling, she looked down at the photograph on her dressing-table, a small boy in an Eton collar, with dark curly hair. It had stood there ever since the time, so soon after her husband's death, when she had taken Peter to the school for the first time and left him, with such a horrible empty feeling, to the abstract justice of men and strange hard-eyed little boys. She had been lonely, of course. But he was in the sixth form now. Next year he would be in college and coming home for the week-ends, and perhaps later they could travel for a year before he settled down to business or the law.

As she looked out at the bright sky above the housetops, Nora Wynne felt very content. Captain of the team, and a perfect day for him—his day, the day of the big game. And they would have a little time together afterward. Jim would not hurry her off. Jim Edgerton. . . . It would be pleasant to motor out with Jim. It was his old school, too, and perhaps for her sake and Peter's he had professed for it a reawakened enthusiasm. He was such a good fellow, Jim, so simple and direct. What a bulwark he had been when Gordon died. And ever since so stanch—always the same. Why couldn't she—? But what was the use of going over that again and again. Simply, she didn't want to.

The bell sounded down-stairs, a loud sharp ring, and Mrs. Wynne gathered up her gloves and a heavy coat. Edger-



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ton was in the little room by the front door. A tall, powerful man, very fit-looking, with candid blue eyes. He had not taken off his heavy coonskin coat, and his hat was still in his hand. He smiled down at her.

"Are we off?" he said.

"We're off, my dear Jim," she replied gayly. "I'm thankful it's such a good day."

At the door of the vestibule he paused and looked her over.

"Got a warm coat?"

"Oh, yes, this is quite enough."

He seemed doubtful.

"I've an extra one in the motor."

Edgerton drove the big open car himself, drove fast; and within an hour they were in open country. Low white farmhouses, sagging a little, with an elm or two in front and, beyond, rows of apple-trees just plucked of their fruit. Barns, open-doored, showing full hay-lofts; pumpkins, like gigantic nuggets of gold, piled on the grass. In the sunshine the scarred earth smoked and seemed to pant a little after the travail of the harvest.

They breasted a long slope, and the fields fell away about them, little patches of ruffled blue water showing in the coarse grass. Edgerton slowed down.

"There's my house over there," he said. "The gray roof at the head of the valley."

She looked across the sweeping pastures to where a long stone house showed through the autumn foliage.

"It's a lovely place, Jim," she said. "The beeches and the meadow leading down to the river."

"You haven't been there this year."

"Haven't been asked."

"No? Well, we'll make up a week-end party some time, if you like. . . . Party!" he repeated with vehemence.

He thrust the car forward, and they had driven on for a mile or so before his hand dropped from the wheel and closed on hers.

"Nora, my dear," he said tersely. "Won't you ever get any sense? You're not the kind to live alone. Not by a long shot. . . . You've got Peter, you'll say. But Peter's growing up; almost a man. One of these days he'll be flitting. God knows I don't expect you to care for me in the same way you cared for Gordon. One doesn't care for any two people in quite the same way. Can't—no two are alike. But we *are* happy together. . . . Why not? *Why not?* WHY NOT?"

She squeezed his arm.

"Jim, you're a dear. I'm frightfully fond of you. You know that. But I just don't want to. That's all. I like things as they are."

He stepped on the accelerator.

They were nearing the town now, the town from which the school took its name. A motor-car tore by them—boys from college going out to watch the game in which a year ago some of them had been taking part. They entered the wide shaded street lined with substantial wooden dwellings, passed the low rambling inn, before which many cars were drawn up.

"I've got some luncheon and a thermos bottle," Edgerton said. "We'll stop on the road somewhere this side of the school."

They lunched and chatted, sitting on a stone wall, and waved to friends who drove by.

"Genial gathering this," Edgerton remarked. "No fringes. All of 'em out of the top drawer—or think they are. No socialists and no poets. Just friendly, healthy, fairly well-disciplined people, owners of sound securities reproducing themselves. Rather ornamental, too, by George!"

The game was called for two o'clock. Within the school grounds cars were parked on the smooth turf among vine-covered brick buildings already getting a little mellow. Boys were running in and out of the dormitories, leaning from windows and calling down to others below. Fathers and mothers with a recaptured son walked together in the ripe October sunshine. Boys who had graduated a year ago greeted sixth formers casually, showing even to masters a hint of patronage. . . . An atmosphere of substance—of cleanness and ease and health and friendly give and take.

But Nora took little interest in the greetings of friends and acquaintances. The thought of the game troubled her a little. Boys were hurt playing football. She wished she could see Peter for a mo-

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ment. But he would be in the gymnasium, Edgerton assured her.

Every one was moving toward the field now; the stands were slowly filling. People laughed and waved to one another until a burst of cheering and clapping broke from the end of the stand, and the two squads ran on the field. Nora felt a clutch at her throat. Peter! How handsome he was with his dark curly hair and lithe figure. Through clouded eyes she watched him, wondering if he thought of her, if for a moment he remembered she was there.

Both teams ran through practice plays, footballs were punted overhead, and then Peter and the opposing captain were standing together with the umpire.

"Peter's won the toss," Nora heard a voice say.

A young girl was sitting almost directly in front, beside her a small boy, obviously a member of the school.

Nora felt a curious indignation. Who was this girl who spoke so readily of Peter? She leaned to one side to catch a glimpse of her face. But no, she had never seen her.

The teams lined up, and as young Clayton, one of Peter's friends, kicked off, every one craned after the ball. Nora, who had never been able to grasp the intricacies of the game, kept her eyes constantly on Peter whenever she could find him. She saw him run with the ball, saw him tackled and come down with three or four boys on top of him. But there were few stirring plays, and when at the end of the second period the teams went off the field, neither side had scored.

Nora's eyes turned back to the girl in front and the small boy. The name Peter had passed many times between them. On the other side of the boy sat a man who appeared to be with them—their father, perhaps. Nora turned to Edgerton.

"Archie," she cried, "run down and see if Peter's hurt."
—Page 282.

"Do you know that man?" she asked.

Edgerton followed her glance.

"That's Morton Sherwood," he replied. "Young Clayton's uncle, isn't he?"

Of course. Sherwood. . . . She remembered now. Peter had stayed at his house in the holidays with Clayton, whose father was in the diplomatic service somewhere. . . . Then the girl was Clayton's



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cousin. Why had Peter never mentioned her? He had been there several times.

When the teams came back on the field, the girl jumped up. Pretty, remarkably pretty, in fact. Crisp bobbed hair under a very smart and very small hat; a coat of gray unfastened, showing a dove-colored dress; sheer silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes with delicate straps across the instep. Charming—and Nora knew about these things. But for a girl of that age, for she could scarcely be more than sixteen. And surely there was a touch of artificial color on her lips.

At the end of the third period there was still no score, and amidst great enthusiasm on both sides of the field the teams ran out for the final quarter. Again and again each school cheered its team, and often individual players. With beating heart Nora heard the name "Wynne, Wynne, Wynne," shouted from a hundred young throats. And play had scarcely begun when there came another seething cheer. Every one stood up. Nora grasped Edgerton's arm. Peter was running with the ball, close to the side-lines. For a moment he had an open space about him and was outstripping the men behind, but three opposing players closed in on him. He was tackled savagely and brought down almost in front of them. When his adversaries had disengaged themselves, he didn't move. Nora felt a wave of dizziness and horror. The school doctor ran out from the side-lines, and two boys carrying a pail of water. Edgerton gave her hand a squeeze.

"Just had his wind knocked out, probably. I'll go down and see."

He ran down the steps and out on the field. Peter was still lying flat, Clayton and the doctor bending over him. Nora, watching in suspense, suddenly found her view blocked. The girl in front was on her feet, standing very tense. She stooped and seized her brother by the shoulder.

"Archie," she cried, "run down and see if Peter's hurt."

"Me?" the boy exclaimed. "I guess not. They don't want any kids on that field. They'd throw me off. He isn't hurt."

"Don't be a fool," she said sharply. "Go now—this minute. Tell Roger I want to know."

Very reluctantly the youngster picked his way through the crowded seats and slouched down to the side-lines. At this moment, however, Peter sat up, then pulled himself to his feet. He took a few paces back and forth with Clayton at his side, then the two moved a little apart and stood talking with the quarter-back. The teams lined up again, and Edgerton, after a final word with the doctor, made his way up the stand.

"Peter's all right," he said to Nora. "Just shaken up a bit."

At the sound of the name the girl in front glanced up, first at Edgerton, then at Nora. She turned away quickly, and when her young brother took his place a moment later she asked him no questions.

Two plays brought the ball to the thirty-yard line, but there the opposing team held, and amidst a sudden hush Peter dropped back to try for a goal from the field. For an interminable time he stood with his arms outstretched, but he caught the ball deftly, and with a slow, effortless swing made a drop-kick which carried it soaring over the goal. A roar broke from the stand of the home team as boys and masters leaped to their feet.

"Won the game, by Jove!" Edgerton shouted, grasping Nora by the shoulder. "Won the game!"

But Nora sank back, content just to watch Peter. And in a few minutes the whistle blew—the game was over. From the side-lines scores of boys ran out, and people began to step down from the stands. The girl in front was moving toward the aisle, but at the end of the row she turned and glanced quickly at Nora, a glance conscious and faintly hostile. Nora watched her tuck her arm through her father's, watched them stroll off with the crowd. She should have had Edgerton bring Mr. Sherwood to her, so that she could thank him for his hospitality to Peter, but somehow——

"We'll have some tea," Edgerton said. "Peter'll be out in a few minutes."

As they made their way across the grass, many friends stopped her to speak of Peter, and in the dining-hall several of the masters, and even the rector himself, came over to her. But Peter did not turn up.

"I think I'll go out and sit in the car,"

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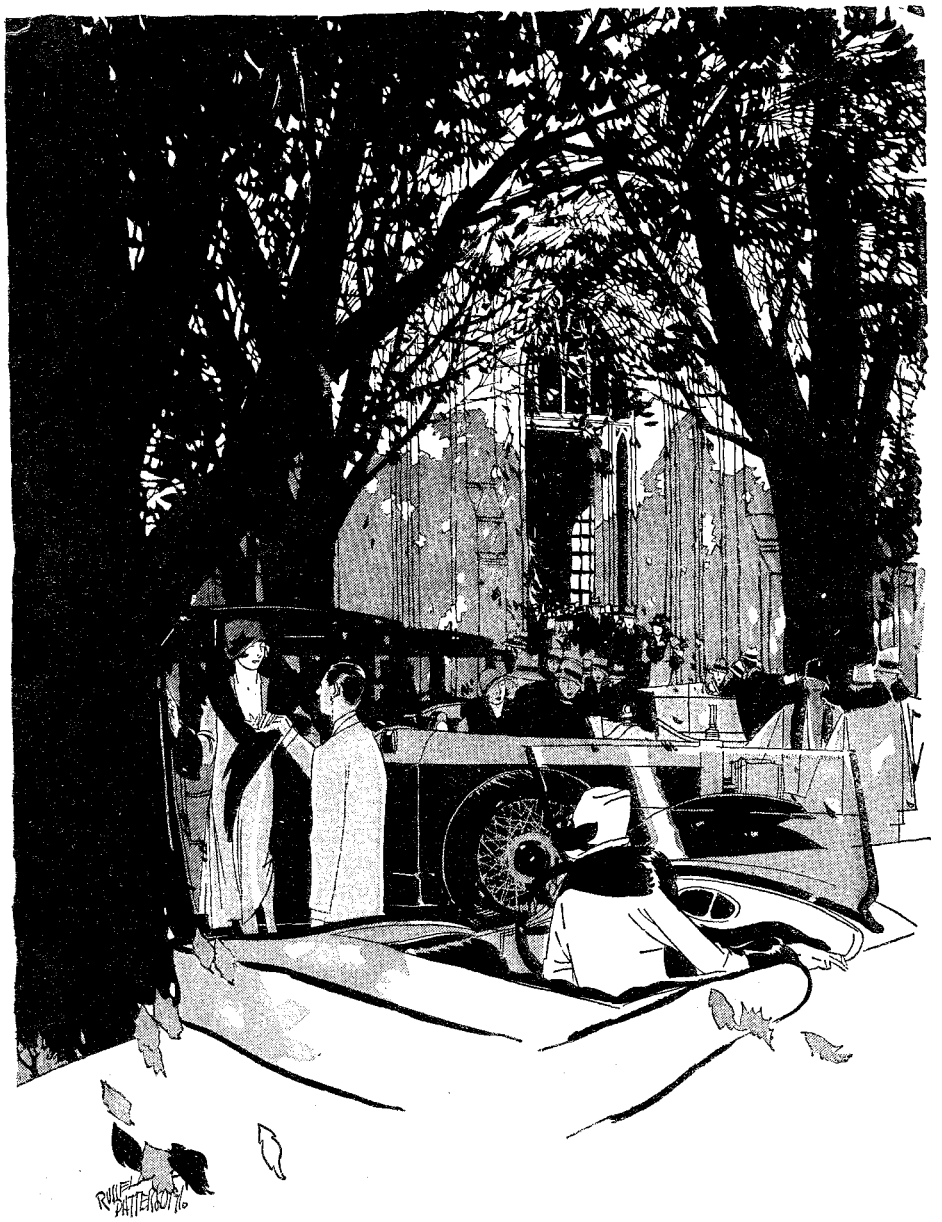

The crowd had thinned out now, only a few motors remained. She saw Peter and the girl step down from the car.—Page 284.

she said to Edgertôn. "Tell Peter where to find me."

She sank back and pulled a rug over her. It was twilight now, with a cloudless glow above the darkening line of hills. She looked out, waiting expectantly. People were moving by amidst the din of racing motors, the flare of headlights. Two cars which had been standing close by pulled out and glided away, and beyond stood a closed motor. She straightened up. . . . Peter! He was talking to a girl—that girl. As she looked they stepped inside the car.

Nora was dazed. She couldn't understand—he hadn't come to find her. Why hadn't he come! . . . The girl. She must have waylaid him as he came from the



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gymnasium. Couldn't he—? In a glare of light from somewhere behind she saw them sitting there in the back of the car. Her first impulse of indignation gave way to bewilderment. Had Peter forgotten she was there? A chill loneliness crept over her. . . . This girl—? Why, he'd never paid the slightest attention to girls.

The crowd had thinned out now, only a few motors remained. She saw Peter and the girl step down from the car, saw him take her arm as they moved toward the dining-hall. She leaned back again to wait, pulling the robe more closely about her.

"Hullo, mother." His voice reached her before she was aware of him, and he leaped in and kissed her.

"Well, Mummy, we won the game. . . . Bit of luck."

She smoothed back his hair, still wet from the shower-bath, touched with solicitous fingers a bruise on his forehead.

"That was an awful fall you had, dear, when those boys tackled you. Do you feel all right now?"

"Lord, yes. May be a bit stiff tomorrow."

"How's Clayton?" she asked. Perhaps he'd speak of the girl. She was Clayton's cousin.

"Oh, he's all right. He wants me to stay with him in the Christmas vacation —just for a few days."

Nora didn't answer at once. It was the girl again. They'd probably just arranged it. She pulled herself together.

"That will be nice," she said lightly. "Of course you must go."

Edgerton's big figure loomed up beside them.

"I'm right here whenever you want to start," he said. "No hurry, though." He moved off, lighting a cigar.

"Perhaps we ought to start now," Nora said.

"Don't go yet, Mummy." And her heart warmed a little.

They talked of things at home and summer plans, but his eyes wandered toward the other car, and once he leaned out and looked toward the dining-hall.

"I'm afraid we must go now, dear."

He jumped out at once.

"Hi! Mr. Edgerton," he called. "Mother's ready to start."

As they glided away, he jumped on the running-board and gave her arm a little squeeze. She looked around to wave to him. . . . But he was running at full speed toward the dining-hall. Turning back, she settled into her seat.

"Pretty good day," Edgerton remarked as they swung through the school gates.

She didn't answer, and silently they glided along the quiet, empty street, by the white-spired meeting-house with its gilt clock. At the crossroads beyond the town, he turned to the right.

"We'll take the other road."

He drove fast, with a sure, sweeping precision. Through the reach of their headlights the trees and massed underbrush slid by into a barrier of darkness. But in the open, above the rolling pastures, the chill scattered stars were paling a little, and to the east a hilltop, flattened against a brightening sky, foretold the rising moon. Steadily they rushed on through the crisp night air. From a low-lying farmhouse came the fragrance of wood smoke; a dog barked, and in the flicker of a swinging lantern a man's heavy-shod feet moved toward an open doorway which cast a beam of yellow light across the grass and framed a woman's figure.

The car passed and swung on. Amidst the valleys they swept by a dusky woodland lake, its western shore just touched with shadowy lustre by the first low shafts of moonlight. Nora looked up at Edgerton. He had said nothing since they left the town. She touched his arm.

"Jim."

He leaned toward her. But for a moment she was silent.

"Hullo?" he said.

"I've something I want to say to you."

He slowed up a bit.

"I— You'd better stop the car."

Leisurely he brought the car to a standstill.

"Well?"

"Jim! Do you—? I . . . I've changed my mind," she finished suddenly.

"What about?"

"About? About you, of course."

"What!"

He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her gently.

"You mean it?" he demanded.

"Yes." And she burst into tears.

He took her in his arms.

"Well, I'm damned," he said softly.

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# The One-Night Stand

SOME MEMORIES OF A LOCAL MANAGER

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EARLY PROGRAMMES

THE typical "one-night stand" of the old days is practically a thing of the past.

I had neglected to appreciate it until I chanced to glance over the "routes" and the "correspondence" in a dramatic publication the other day. I mean the "one-night stand" of the funny "cracks," the "one-night stand" of tradition; the village hall, "opera" house, or Memorial Theatre in the town of 4,500 to 7,000 population of the latter part of the recent century, its management and the travelling combinations which paused for an evening to furnish the weekly thrill.

The moving pictures, the high railroad fares, and the excessive expense of everything connected with the outfitting of an attraction which can compete with the moving picture as an evening's entertainment for the people of the moderate-sized town have entirely changed the business, and the "one-night stand" of humorous memory is no more.

For twenty years, from 1890 until 1910, I was one of the managers of a typical "one-night-stand" theatre; I fancy that I was pretty nearly, also, a typical manager. I remember our start. The management of the "opera-house" had been relinquished because the local manager's beautiful bass voice had attracted the attention of a comic-opera director, who had offered a salary which seemed princely in comparison with the precarious income and risks incident to "one-night-stand" management, so my chum and I "hired the hall." I was working in my father's shoe-store, my chum was working in *his* father's grocery-store, but our incomes from these efforts were so far below our desires that we had decided to take up, as a firm, and as "side-lines," so to speak, everything which did not require capital or undivided attention.

Local correspondence for city dailies was our first venture, then we secured the agency for several insurance companies, fire, life, and accident, and then we assumed the management of the "opera-house."

Our opening attraction was Estelle Clayton in "On the Hudson"—the one adventure into the legitimate of Hi Henry, the minstrel man. The gross receipts were $226.72. Our share, at 75 per cent and 25 per cent, was $56.68. Our expenses were $28.50, and we were promptly wedded to the management for many years. Subsequently we bought out the local bill-poster and his billboards and hired him to work for us, managed the local lyceum courses, started a modest daily paper, and otherwise made ourselves more and more typical local managers of the time.

I knew a lot of local managers in those days. Two of them were editors of local weekly papers, one was a clothing merchant, another was the landlord of a village hotel, another was the lessee of the "opry-houses" in four towns, and let that suffice to keep him engaged, and a lot of them were head officers of their villages, and so, ex officio, were obligated to deal with the troupers that played "The Town Hall To-night," and so on.

The end of the "one-night stand" came into sight when, in villages all over the land, proprietors of feed-stores and the like who were not doing too well and had heard what had happened at Salamanca, N. Y. (where the first permanent moving-picture "store show" was established and proved a paying venture), closed out their stocks, bought some undertaker's chairs, a white sheet, and a projecting-machine, and began collecting dime admissions.



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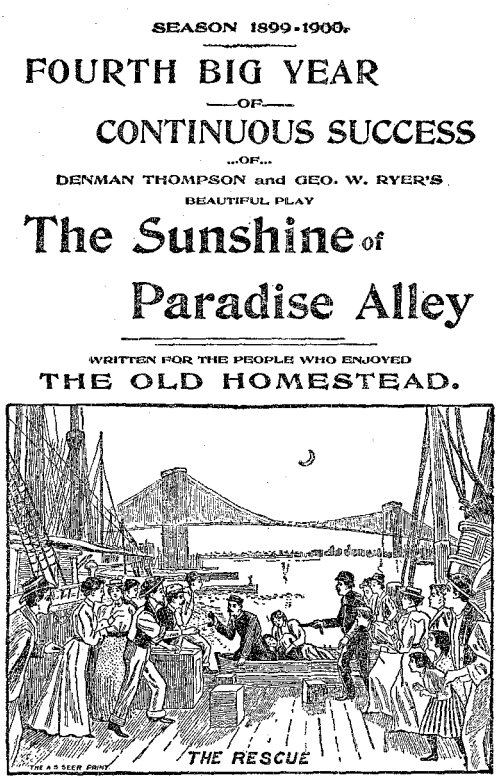
Anybody became a manager, and it was a business by itself and not a side-line. "Previous experience unnecessary." In a little while the picture business had prospered and big first-floor theatres replaced the converted feed-stores, and the old town halls on second and third floors




THE GREAT EAST RIVER DOCK SCENE,
With the Illuminated Painting of Brooklyn Bridge.

were left unused or remodelled for storage or business.

Whether the villages have been the gainers I hardly want to say. I fancy that they have, on the whole, as I look over the list of attractions which we played in those twenty years, but it was an interesting period in many ways. About one show a week was considered perfect booking in a town of 4,500 to 7,000. Our town was 5,500. The towns of this size would stand one a week, but not more, profitably, and the bookings had to be pretty well spaced at that. The greatest care had to be taken that the weekly booking did not conflict with some other big local attraction—a large dance, a church fair, or a rival entertainment by local talent.

The evening of the week when the stores were open and trading was general and the merchants and their employees engaged must be avoided, and a successful revival meeting would almost invariably knock business. One of the drawbacks and yet one of the beauties of the show business is that at ten o'clock every night the manager knows whether he has made or lost and how much. There are no goods left on the shelves, which may be worked off successfully another day, and every admission paid after the expenses are met is clear profit. And when you stop to think that we had to appeal in one theatre to all of the various tastes which required, even in a moderate-sized city, at least three or four houses catering to different patronage, our booking problems were not our smallest.

In those days there were certain attractions which came to the same towns every year. (Our house was in a New York State town.) Howorth's "Hibernica" was one of them. A panorama of painted pictures of Ireland, on a huge strip of canvas, which was passed from roll to roll, across the back of the stage, while a lecturer described the scenes. "I will now take you on a tour through the Lakes of Killarney—upper, middle, and lower lakes." He would snap his fingers, the assistants would turn the cranks, the orchestra would play "Killarney," and many in the audience would be enjoying the old scenes for the eighth or tenth time. Occasionally, between scenes, dancers of Irish jigs and various other "specialties," as they were called in those days, would be introduced, and, altogether, it was a pretty satisfactory show and always drew a good house in the smaller-sized towns.

Tony Farrell in "The Irish Corporal" was another regular, the drama being frequently changed, but it always had about the same plot. Then there were Gorman Brothers' and Hi Henry's Minstrels and always from one to three "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, with band and orchestra and a parade. It was amazing how

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"Tom shows" never seemed to fail of business. I suppose that in those twenty years I played in our house not less than forty "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, and we never lost money on an engagement.

One "Uncle Tom" show came to us without a Little Eva. The child was sick and could not work and could not be replaced on short notice.

"What can you do?" I asked. "You can't play Tom without a Little Eva any more than you could without an Uncle Tom or a Topsy."

"Easiest thing in the world," announced the manager. "Just watch me. You never can stump a Tom manager." And this is what he did. He simply slipped over to a neighboring town and borrowed a little girl who was of the right age and, of course, unknown to our people, dressed her up in the clothes of the missing child actress, coached her in keeping her lips more or less in motion when she was supposed to be speaking, and the show went on.

When Little Eva was on the stage she was always stationed rather close to the wings, and a woman actor offstage spoke her lines in a loud pitched voice, while the child, always with some other actor near her, merely made her lips move, when she didn't forget it. It was amazing how the subterfuge got away with the situation. In the death-scene of Little Eva, the child merely lay on the cot, which had draperies reaching to the floor, and the actress who was literally her "under-study" had crawled under the cot before the curtain went up, and the touching lines of the death-scene were delivered with even more than the usual effect.

In the scene where Uncle Tom talks to Little Eva about her angelic visions, earlier in the play, as she stands leaning against his knees, the dialogue goes something like this: "I see angels bright and fair, Uncle Tom."

"Whar, Miss Eva? I don' see dem."

"Why, up there, Uncle Tom, can't you see them, up there?" Which would have been beautifully pathetic if the voiceless and considerably embarrassed little girl had not been nervously exploring one of her nostrils, at the moment, with an investigative little finger.

In those simple days when the best prices that we could get were "25, 35 *and* 50 *cents, with a few extra choice seats at* 75 *cts., Positively none higher*," it was absolutely necessary that all expenses be kept at the minimum, and one of the most perplexing expenses was the orchestra. For a time we solved this by paying the leader one dollar per performance, and

**Bent's Opera House**

COOPER & HOOD, Managers

**Wednesday Oct. 22, 1902**

Vance, Sullivan Co. Present

**HER MARRIAGE VOW**

By Owen Davis

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ned Benton, a telegraph operator.....Gray B. Towler
Bill Walters, engineer of No, 7.....Wm. Finney
John Carlton, son of the railroad supe'd't....Harold Mordaunt
Larry Leary, fireman of No. 7.....Arthur Snyder
Daffy Dan, not such a fool as he looks.....Raymond Capp
Eben Chubb, postmaster and storekeeper.....James T. Malone
Bull Burke, a loafer .....James M. Terence
Jencks, keeper of the asylum.....James Briggs
Kate Walters, Bill's daughter.....Anna Laying
Hester Norton, a woman of society.....Katharn Stanton
Almira Walters, Bill's sister.....Ada Sherman
Maggie Claire, her niece.....Madeline Clark

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

Bill Walter's Home.

ACT II.

Kate's apartment in Boston. Six months later.

ACT III.

The railroad crossing at Highhead.

ACT IV.

Scene 1—Same as Act 1.

(One minute wait)

Scene 2—Same as Act 3.

**Election Night.**

FULL RETURNS and a BIG SHOW.

Col. C. H. Rose's Comedians. Large company of High Class Artists giving the best Specialty Show on the road.

Full election returns, by special wires, read from the stage as fast as received.

Come and have a good time and hear the result.

Admission 25 cents.

D. J. Benson, Printer, 544 Main

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allowing him to recruit as large an orchestra as he liked with the privilege of seeing the show free from the orchestra pit, in return for their best efforts. Sometimes, for a particularly good show we would have ten or twelve in the orchestra, most of them doing their best—at least none of them was ever shot—but we strongly suspected that some close, but non-musical, friends of the leader were allowed to borrow brass instruments and help as much as they could with corks in the mouthpieces. In fact, the story of how one overture was spoiled by corks slipping out of a trombone and a tuba is tradition among the members of that old orchestra.

One of our bill-posters played a cornet in the local band and on show nights he helped out in the orchestra. That season McLean and Prescott were playing a Shakespeare repertoire and filled in an open date at our house, giving "Richard III." Of course, being a company playing pretty big city time, they were good sports, and put up with our meagre facilities, as high-class people always do in every profession.

"We need," said the stage-director, "a trumpeter in the last act, scene IV, for a flourish. Have you a cornet-player in the orchestra who could handle it?"

"Why, yes," I said. "I think so, if you can make him understand what a 'flourish' is." So I called the bill-poster.

"We want," said the stage-manager, "something that sounds like a flourish of trumpets, just before the last scene of the last act, but I guess we can get along with one trumpet, and a cornet will do for that. Do you understand?"

"Why, no. Not exactly."

"What we want is for you to blow a 'flourish.' The scene opens, you know, with 'alarums and excursions,' something to give a martial touch."

"Oh, yes, I understand. Sure I can do it."

"You're sure that you understand?"

"Certainly. I've done it before, back of the scenes."

The play went pretty well and Mr. McLean and Miss Prescott were very much pleased. The cornetist duly appeared behind the scenes and McLean as Richard was ready, in the wings, for the "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," lines. The drop changed. "Now!" exclaimed the nervous stage-manager. "Quick, something martial!" The trumpeter raised the cornet to his lips, and Richard strode out onto fateful Bosworth Field to the strains of "Marching through Georgia," faultlessly played on a b-flat cornet by the best bill-poster who ever mismatched a twenty-four-sheet stand.

Occasionally in the old days what were called "Medicine Shows" would rent the theatre for one or two week stands. They had fanciful Indian names like the Katonka Comedy Company, the Kickapoo Dramatic Company, and the like, the Indian name being also the name of the medicine, and derived from the tribe which discovered the remedy. Admission was free. There would be several versatile, hard-working specialty people who could "*change their act nightly for one or two weeks if necessary*," a long-distance piano-player, and sometimes a small band and orchestra, in which case the most of the stage people would be expected to "double in brass" for the band concert on the four corners at noon and as the doors opened.

Sandwiched between the acts, Doctor Charlie, or Doctor Wankipoo, the long-haired manager of the outfit, would give a short lecture on health and medicine, particularly the nostrum the company had to sell. Sometimes he would draw a few teeth on the stage, free of charge. It was amazing how really expert some of these men became at this art. They had their reputations at this in the "profession" the same as a song-and-dance man or a "glass-eater." I have seen one of them draw as many as forty-five teeth in one evening—more than all the dentists in the village would have a chance at in a week. Then, for "exactly five minutes, no more, gentlemenly young men will pass through the audience" with the medicine, the doctor standing on the stage and holding the watch. It was amazing, at least after the first night, what gallons of the stuff would be sold.

I don't hear anything of these outfits of late years, at least in the East. A funny thing happened at one of these entertainments. I have printed this

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once before, a good many years ago, in *Puck*, but it is funny enough to repeat, and true. One of the poor, hard-working specialty men had gotten pretty well out of gags by the latter part of the second week and he was grinding, frequently with water which had passed several times. One evening after springing some jokes which had become too familiar to the regular patrons, somebody hissed. The actor promptly stepped out of his part and down to the footlights. "When I come before this audience this evening, I supposed that it was composed of ladies and gentlemen—but I see there's *one man* here that ain't."

The thing, next to the orchestra and the free list, which caused us more annoyance than anything else was the "Property List." Now, there are two sorts of properties for stage productions, "perishable" and "imperishable." The "perishable properties" are such things as:

1 bottle sarsaparilla (for use as wine, Act III).
Glass pitcher and three plates (to break).
Loaf of bread (Scene 1, Act II).
Plate of crackers.

Possibly these last were for the refined comedian to fill his mouth with and then be seized with a spasm of coughing.

All of these should, properly, be furnished by the company, although sharp road managers in the old days used to have both sorts loaded on the local manager in the fine print of the contract, and it was before we learned to erase "perishable" that the stranded road company which walked in (of which I have also told in print a good many years ago) interpolated a modest banquet scene, in the first act, which called for crackers, cheese, pickles, sardines, "practical" milk, etc., all of which we furnished, the entire strength of the company appearing in the scene. It was the most realistic banquet I ever saw on the stage.

"Imperishable properties" are things like

2 old-fashioned muskets, Sc. 2, Act 4 (very important).
1 fancy centre-table with spread.
Bundle of newspapers.

JOSHUA SIMPKINS
Companion Play to "The Old Homestead."
NO DULL MOMENTS!
Something Entertaining Going On All The While.
A fitting finish to four acts of Good, Clean, Comedy is the
FUNNY COUNTRY DANCE
Which brings the performance to an end and sends Big Laughing Crowds away Happy.
ENJOY YOURSELF WHILE ALIVE!
YOU WILL BE A LONG TIME DEAD.
OPERA HOUSE
MEDINA
ONE NIGHT
WEDNS., JAN. 21
Prices 25, 35, 50cts.

Cabinet organ, off stage (to imitate church organ, Act 1, Sc. 3).
Several legal documents.
Pile of paper boxes.
2 prs. handcuffs (practical).
1 tinsmith's charcoal furnace (practical).
Bass drum and thunder sheet and glass crash. Last act.

It may be imagined that the property boy's day was a miserable one. We used to give regular passes to a furniture store,

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a hardware and a second-hand shop for favors rendered, and even then the town had to be scoured for something unusual every show day.

Once, one of the property boys came to me and said: "I got most of the stuff. The heavy port-i-er-rias for the centre door fancy I'll have to get up to your house, and the liveryman wants three passes for the 'two buggy cushions and the three whips for musket-fire, Act II,' but I've hunted all over town for this here brickbrack and I can't find one. I don't believe there's one in the hull village. They'll have to get along with just a plain brick."

Early in our experience we were offered, for a flat fee of fifty dollars, a concert of chamber-music by the New York Philharmonic Club, a rather well-known quartet of high-class musicians. Already I had begun to know the possibilities in a business way of my town, and I couldn't see the chance for a profit. My partner, George Cooper, was very much interested in music. He played the flute pretty well and was always talking about opuses, and *allegros* and *andantes* and things like that, and he was for giving the town a treat and incidentally hearing the concert himself. So I had an inspiration and I said: "I'll tell you how to fix it. I don't take much interest in attractions of this sort, but I'll turn the house over to you for the night and you can have all that you can make for yourself, besides the prestige of bringing such a high-class thing here. Bill it 'Mr. George E. Cooper presents, etc.,' and make it an event."

So that was the way it happened. The gross receipts were $48.50, and as the expenses of opening the house, advertising, etc., were $25, Cooper's personal admission was costing him $26.50, and he had to enjoy the concert quite a lot. And it *was* a good concert. One of those affairs with two violins, a cello, and a flute, where two artists sit facing two other artists, with their edges toward the audience, and sail into the classical stuff for about seventeen minutes at a time. Most of those who were in the audience knew what they went for and liked it, but one patron, who never missed a show at the "opry-house," had picked in the dark. "Misery" Masury had paid his money willingly, had taken a front seat and desired amusement.

He lasted through the first number pretty well, a little dazed but game, but when the chamber-musicians had gotten about ninety bars into the next selection, a nocturne, or a second movement, or something, with a whole lot of *pizzicato* stuff and toddle-leedle, toddle-leedle, toddle-leedle—*twee*—and tremolos, etc., "Misery" decided that the joke was on him, and arose noisily and stamped down the centre aisle and out of the door right in the midst of an especially *pp* passage.

I never saw Cooper so really furious. I was acting as door-tender. Cooper followed "Misery" out into the lobby and shouted: "Don't, on any account, let that man back!"

"Misery" turned around and there was a look upon his face as of a man misjudged, misused, and then insulted. "Back!" he exclaimed. "Back!" And then he uttered, with heart-broken emphasis, a single word, the title of the Saviour of all mankind. Not profanely. There was no irreverence in his tone, simply the hopeless expression of a man of small vocabulary who knew that any language at his command would fail of the proper retort, and shaking his head sadly he went down the stairs.

One of our economic perplexities was the question of stage-hands. It was long before the days of the stage-mechanic's unions, and our plan was to pay one man one dollar per night, give him the title of stage-manager, and allow him to select his assistants from among those of his friends who were willing to work gratis, for the sense of importance it gave them being "back stage" and the privilege of seeing the show from the wings, or roosting in various locations in the fly-galleries, etc. Of course this plan was abused, and on nights of especially good shows it was somewhat difficult for the actors to crowd their way on and off the stage.

I remember once Hi Henry remarked, whimsically, that he supposed we did need a good many stage-hands for a show which had only three changes of scene, but we really oughtn't to have as many

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helpers as he had minstrels, just for the looks of the thing.

It was the aspiration of many a village youngster to be taken on as a property boy, or something, and when he was, his superior airs were histrionic efforts of real merit. Once Denman Thompson put out a show, as a business venture, in which he did not appear, called "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley." It didn't have much plot, but was a series of interesting character sketches of metropolitan life most artistically done, but it was not very thrilling. At that time a village youngster of about ten or twelve years, very serious-minded, had just succeeded in being taken on as a prop runner. He had been at it about three weeks and of course was a hero among his fellows. The morning after the "Paradise Alley" show he stood, with folded arms, posing in front of the opera-house. Just as I came up behind him a little friend of his, who hadn't succeeded in getting into the show by any hook or crook, came up and asked: "Say, Henry, how was the show?" Henry thought deeply for a moment, and then replied slowly and gravely: "In all my experence on the American stage, it was the very worst I ever saw."

In some of those early years of the "one-night stand," money was not very plentiful, and we adopted many schemes to stir up interest. Occasionally we threw 500 envelopes from the opera-house roof at noon on the day of the opening of the advance sale, in ten of which were orders for free seats. At another time we discharged rockets in various parts of the village, each stick having passes attached. One attraction was advertised by sending up hot-air balloons daily, for a week ahead of the show, with passes enclosed in asbestos envelopes, and each ascension was followed by "chases" of youngsters that would have delighted the heart of an old-fashioned moving-picture director.

The "opry-house" was frequently leased for affairs of every sort, from the annual commencement exercises of the high school to political meetings and local-talent entertainments. Once it was rented for a wrestling-match which nicked the rolls of the sports of a neighboring village shockingly. Bobby Reakes, and he was a mighty clever man on the mat, had taken up his residence as an athletic instructor in the neighboring town and

BENT'S OPERA HOUSE.

Tuesday Evening, March 8, '98.

STOWE'S BIG SPECTACULAR.

# UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY

Cast of Characters:

| | |
|---|---|
| Uncle Tom | Geo. Dorsey |
| Marks, a Lawyer, | W. H. Davidson |
| Mr. St. Clair, | Joe Rith |
| George Harris, | Harry Howard |
| Simon Legree, | C. L. Jackson |
| Phineas Fletcher. | John Reeves |
| Haley, | James S. Barrett |
| George Shelby, | Will Parker |
| Skeggs, | W. B. Owen |
| Sambo, | Joe Jackson |
| Quimbo. | Dude Kelley |
| Adolph, | Joe Davis |
| Harry Harris, | Master Harry |
| Eliza, | Miss Emma Harrison |
| Marie St. Clair, | Miss May Johnson |
| Eva, the angel child, | Little May Dickinson |
| Aunt Ophelia. | Kate Large Davidson |
| Cassy, | Miss Minnie Oliver |
| Aunt Chloe, | Mrs. M. Terry |
| Emeline, | Miss E. Davis |
| Topsy, | Miss Florence Ackerman |

Synopsis:

ACT I—Scene 1. Eliza and Tom Scene 2. "Good bye, my dear old home." Scene 3. Arrival of Phineas: Tableau. Scene 4 The bloodhounds on the trail. Escape of Eliza on the ice.

Between First and Second Acts "Lone Star Quartette

ACT II—Scene 1. Phineas and George Harris. Scene 2 Eliza and George united. Scene 3. The rocky pass.

Between Second and Third Acts "Grand Cake Walk"

ACT III—Arrival of St Clair. Eva, Aunt Ophelia and Tom. Scene 2. Topsy and Eva. Scene 3—Eva and Tom. St. Clair and Eva. Scene 4. Tom waiting for the bridegroom. Scene 5. Death of Eva.

Overture.

ACT IV—Auction sale of St. Clair's slaves. Scene 2. Farewell chorus of slaves. Scene 3. Home of Simon Legree. Whipping of Uncle Tom. Cassy defends Emeline. Marks on Legree's track. Scene 4. George Shelby in search of Uncle Tom. Scene 5. Meeting of Legree and Shelby. Death of Legree by Marks. Scene 7 Grand transformation, Eva in Heaven.

MARCH 11--EDWARD H. FRYE

...IN...

# Rip Van Winkle

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built up a large following. He had thrown every man he had met and the local sports were backing him to a finish. Finally a match was made with an "unknown," and the bout was pulled off at our theatre as a neutral town. Reakes lost on a foul, or something like that, and his backers lost a lot of money, all of which is a separate story, and is only incidentally connected with this one.

Early in the afternoon Reakes, himself, came up to my insurance office to pay the rental of the opera-house in advance and stayed for a little chat. He was a rather interesting fellow with a million dollars' worth of picturesque language, and I was enjoying it, when who should drop in but the Reverend Mr. Macfarlane, the rector of my church, a most godly man and one of the most punctilious gentlemen I ever knew. I was a little at a loss for a moment, as I didn't want anything awkward, so I hastened to introduce Bobby as a wrestling champion and Doctor Macfarlane as the rector of St. John's Church, so as to have everybody posted right at the start. The doctor spoke gracefully of his admiration for physical training, and the like, chatted for a few moments, finally stating his errand, which was for a slight contribution toward the expense of some Sunday-school affair. I needn't have worried about Bobby. He sat as quiet as a mouse during the call, and rose with much dignity when the rector took his departure. I was curious as to what his comment would be. After the doctor had gone, he stretched himself, as though he had been under something of a strain, yawned slightly, and remarked: "Well, we're all out for the stuff." That was all, and we passed to further discussion of sporting matters.

The funniest performance I ever saw on any stage was a presentation of "Rip Van Winkle" by the Larsen Stock Company, which once played a week stand of rep. at our house. There was a matinée for ladies and children on Saturday. The play was "Rip." Just before curtain time the manager, W. H. Wright, came to me and said: "We can't have 'Rip' played to that house." I looked in and saw nearly 400 children, mostly under ten years of age, and a very, very few ladies. No men at all. It was too late to change the bill, so Wright simply gave orders to change the immortal comedy into a farce. And the actors did it. They surely played horse with it. "Rip" did a song and dance with the gnomes, substituted a popgun for the decayed shotgun, and the whole company lost no opportunity to burlesque every line and situation, including the forcing of "Rip" to really eat a "cold potato." Specialties of the most incongruous sort were introduced at every opportunity. The children went into ecstasies of merriment. I remember that in the scene of Rip's return he had pasted his whiskers under his chin, Rube fashion. They seated the old man in a patent rocker, which was in itself a little out of character, and the other actors sought every occasion to tip him suddenly backward in the midst of his most effective speeches with his heels flying in the air, and before that act was over the entire cast joined with Rip in a wild Virginia reel. I have often wondered if, later, when some of those children saw Jefferson, they did not feel that, some way, Joe's version lacked something.

The "opry-house" piano was a tradition in most one-night stands, but I confess that ours was even a little worse than the average. I recall that it was rented, at first, for one dollar and two passes for each performance in which it was used. This ran into so much money at the end of the second season that we bought it outright for twenty-five dollars. So, you see, that was the sort of piano it was, an instrument of some individuality, and was criticised, picturesquely, by some of the best "piano leaders" who visited our town.

One season Marshall P. Wilder and Companion Entertainers toured the country for one of the Lyceum bureaus, and our village was on the route. The advance instructions said, "Piano on the stage," so we combined eight men and eight passes, and got the old box out of the orchestra pit and landed up where the stars shine. Among the "companion entertainers" was John Gilder, quite a wonderful pianist. I believe he was a brother of Richard Watson Gilder. Early in the evening little Wilder came to me

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and said: "What are we going to do? When Gilder sees that piano he'll go right up in the air. I'm sure he'll refuse to play on it." "Well," I said, "it's too late to do anything about it now. I think I'll see him before he sees the piano."

When Mr. Gilder arrived at the theatre, I sought him out at once. "Mr. Gilder," I said, with all the horror I could pack into my voice, "I had not noticed early enough that it was a soloist of your prominence who was to play here to-night, and I feel very much cut up about the piano we have to offer for your use, and it is too late now to secure another. Everybody in town is very anxious to hear you play, I find, but I don't know how we can ask you to use such a poor instrument, although I suppose an artist of your skill can do things with instruments which would be impossible to a musician of less ability."

"Let me see the piano," he said.

I led him out behind the curtain to where the veteran was placed on the stage, and he struck one chord on the old box. If you have ever seen the picture called "The False Note," in which an old music-master is giving a piano lesson to an earnest little girl, the expression upon the music-master's face is exactly the same as was the expression shown by Mr. Gilder.

"I don't suppose," I remarked sadly, "that even *you* can do anything with *that*." He was a game sport. I've got to give it to him. "I'll have to play mostly with my fists," he said; "*but we'll not disappoint your people*." And he didn't. "In all my experience on the American stage," I never listened to a more wonderful demonstration of what a real artist can do, even under handicaps, and I remembered the old story of Ole Bull taking the cheap fiddle out of the blind street-musician's hands and performing miracles with it.

The advance agents were not the least of the compensations for running a "one-night stand." They were of every sort and grade of intelligence, education, and ability, but there was hardly one of them who did not furnish us with a little entertainment in our dull and prosy "one-night-stand" lives. I remember the courtly gentleman who was in advance of one of the "Alabama" companies who had never heard of the Keeley Cure, then a new thing, and when I explained that it was to take away a person's appetite for liquor, he raised his hands, aghast. "Horrible! Horrible!" he exclaimed. "When there is so little joy in the world, anyway. Why, I wouldn't have my appetite and appreciation of good liquor taken away from me, for— Why! Shocking! Horrible!" And the funny thing about it was that he wasn't joking. He really *was* in earnest, and he really *was* aghast. I have often wondered how he is doing under the 18th Commandment.

Another little agent, a mere youth, the "second man" ahead of a rep. company, was one of the brightest and yet most ignorant little fellows that I ever met. He was a Boston boy and had been brought up in the streets, and into the theatrical business by the way of the "bill rooms" of Boston theatres. There was little about one-night-stand advance work that anybody could tell him, but beyond that his ignorance was sublime. As a little diversion I took him along with me to a matinée of one of the earlier picture shows which was featuring the life of Christ, and, do you know, that lad was absolutely ignorant of every item of Bible history. *Every item!* All that he knew of the Bible was a few expletives which have been culled from it from time to time, and his comments as the picture proceeded were terrifying.

I did my best to explain things as well as I could. In the first reel was a series of allegorical pictures intended to typify the Immaculate Conception, and he asked what they meant. "The Saviour," I tried to explain, in the simplest language I knew, "was born of Mary; but he had no earthly father."

"Go on! ! Go on! !" was his only comment. He was deeply interested in the miracle of the changing of water into wine. "I knew a fellow in Boston, once, who could do that." I did my best to be a missionary, but I am afraid I made no impression.

As advance agent of a negro musical show which afterward became quite famous was a dapper little colored man who had been educated at Tuskegee. He

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was a bright mulatto, but he hadn't a particle of the usual negro humor in his make-up. Born and brought up in Charleston, he was such a contrast to the average Northern nigger that we enjoyed drawing him out.

He took himself very seriously. "One thing," he said, "has been a handicap to me all mah life, and that is the way ah hold a grudge. It makes me unconfortable and unhappy, but I cain't help it. Now, down in Cha'l'ston when ah was a youngstah, there was a boy I grew up with that was the meanest fellow I evah knew. He was always doing dirty things to me, and when ah resented it (he was biggah than ah was) he'd lick me, best ah could do, an' rub mah nose in the di't, an' humiliate me in ev'y way he could. I kept a ex'cising, an' practising with mah fists, an' then I'd try him again, but he'd always get the best of me, an' lick me worse'n he needed to, yes, sah, an' especially before girls, an' like that. Then I moved away and I didn't go back for quite a good many years, but I never forgot my grudge, an' I hated that man worse'n evah, until aftah the great Cha'l'ston earthquake, I went back there visitin' for a few days, and I heard that my old enemy, 'Rastus, had got te'bly injured when his house fell on him in the earthquake.

"Well, I walked down there where he lived—he hadn't got ve'y fur, as you'd know he wouldn', a nigger like that, and there was 'Rastus sittin' out on the po'ch in front of his cottage, in a armchair, all wrapped up, an' bandaged up, an' he had a li'l table, like, for his ahms to rest on, an' they was all fixed up with splints an' things, an' so I opened the gate an' went up the walk, an' I said, 'Hello, 'Rastus,' an' he replied, 'Hello, Earnest,' kind of faint-like an' sick, an' I says: 'I hear you got pretty bad bunged up in the earthquake.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'Earnest, I did.'

"'Legs broke?'

"'Yes. One of 'em twice.'

"'Ahms hu't?'

"'One broke an' the othah fraxioned wrist.'

"'Perfec'ly helpless, ain't you, 'Rastus?'

"'Yes, Earnest, I is. Perfec'ly helpless.'

"'Cain't move hand or foot?'

"'No. Cain't move noway. An' worse'n that.'

"An' then it all come ovah me, how many years I'd held a grudge against that poor niggah, an' how many times he'd licked me 'cause he was biggah an' strongah an' I was, an' how he'd humil'ated me, an' rubbed mah nose in the dust, an' ev'ythin', an' here he was all bunged up an' helpless, an' I tried to forget mah grudge an' be forgivin' an' ev'ythin', but even then it hung to me an' I hauled off an' I banged him *good*, on both sides the mouth, an' then I did it again an' bunged his nose, an' then I found my grudge was all gone, an' I'd forgiven 'Rastus, an' I nevah haven't had no ha'd feelings against him since.

"No, sah. I nevah ain't been back to Cha'l'ston. I came away that day. They won't be anything calling me theah for a long time."

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# Epitaph on a Sailor

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

To that wind-blown, salt-bitten soul of his,
All ports were merely ends for voyages,
The stars were set as guides for such as he
And Earth was but a cup to hold the sea.

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# Interlude

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS
Author of "Tides" and "Prelude to Supper"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

MAY was annoyed with him for coming this way, for he had once vowed that after she married Max he would never see her again; why couldn't he stay away? Small, dark, thoughtful, she sat with her feet folded under her on the window-seat looking out at the white cement walk leading up through a row of palm-trees, their sword-like leaves silvery in the warm mid-afternoon sun. He had telephoned her half an hour ago (she recognized his voice at once) and said that he was stopping off at Santa Barbara on his way South. She could have told him she was going out to-day, and thus avoid this meeting. Even now she could leave a note on the door (why had she let Zena off this afternoon after she knew he was coming?) and go out into the back garden until he had gone away. She was glad she was leaving Santa Barbara to-morrow for two whole weeks (it would be Max's vacation trip); that would settle everything. She looked out the window once more. On the coast highway, beyond the low hedge, shiny cars, like hurrying beetles, slid by with a droning hum. Some people were playing tennis on the courts of Miramar at the other side of the honeysuckle fence; she could hear the dull "thup" of the ball against the racquet. Slowly she twisted the curtain-string around her left hand and began lazily to swing her arm, which was bare and white, back and forth as she rested her head against the cool glass. Lawrence Turner would be coming soon; and she wondered if he had changed much in the last three years. . . .

He came in slowly, holding his soft gray hat in his left hand and bowed to her in his somewhat formal manner.

"Hello, Lorry," May said as casually as she could, "so glad you could come out."

He smiled and held out his hand. "May!" Then, with his gentle voice which was almost apologetic, "I couldn't go through Santa Barbara without seeing you. Do you mind?"

May smiled and felt his warm hand tighten for an instant. He looked at her; his eyes, which were a green-gray, shifted from her head to her body, and for a second May knew he was thinking of Max. She had often wondered what would happen if she ever saw Lorry again. And now he was here.

She took his hat from him and placed it upon the stiff little hall table with a silver card-tray and a pair of Max's driving-gloves; the hat looked worn and sloppy beside them.

"And this is your home, May?" Lorry said, looking around him with a little awe and timidity. "It is awfully nice."

"We like it," May heard herself say. To herself she was thinking: 'He's grown thinner—and older.'

As he followed her into the living-room she knew he was swiftly taking in the house with his observing, darting eyes, and for the first time since she married Max she was embarrassed with her comfortable and settled state. Lorry had been, and probably was still, the scoffer of what he called "contented homes."

"My, you must be happy here," she heard him say behind her, and she thought she found a trace of satire in his voice.

As she sat down on the window-seat, drawing her legs under her, she indicated that he should pull up the heavy leather armchair. She was wishing by now she had really left the note on the door. Once more she felt annoyed with him for coming this way.

He leaned back, crossing his legs, and dropped his long, white hands along the



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chair-arm, his fingers gently stroking it as if he was pleased with the texture. May noticed that he was paler than when she had last seen him and wondered if he was still working in his father's department store in New York. (How he had hated that job!) Then swiftly she recalled their old room on Charles Street in Greenwich Village and the young blond landlady who was supposed to be a dope fiend. And May tried to imagine with whom Lorry was now living. She was pleased with herself that she could be as cold as that (simultaneously, in a corner of her mind, she was sure there was no one). "Poor Lorry," she said to herself as she watched him reach in his pockets for a cigarette and noticed on the lapel of his shining blue serge suit two gray spots of grease. "Poor Lorry," and she enjoyed feeling sorry for him. Aloud she asked: "When did you come out, Lorry?"

"Last week," he said. He offered her a cigarette from the crumpled green-and-red package. She took one and smoothed it out. "I've quit the store," he went on, his voice slow and even. "I bummed my way out from New York to San Francisco and got a lift down here yesterday in a car. I am going to paint stage scenery in Los Angeles. That will make enough money to keep me alive while I am doing my own painting. But I will be here in Santa Barbara two or three weeks before I go."

(May thought of telling him then that she was not going to be here during that time.)

He seemed unenthusiastic about this sudden change in his life, but May knew how he liked the pose of indifference to worldly affairs.

"That's wonderful, Lorry," she said, and she tried to show how interested she was by leaning forward and staring at him. "I'm so glad you left; you hated that job so."

He laughed, his eyes twinkling. "May," he cried, his voice louder and the indifferent manner gone, "do you remember the day you said I'd never have the courage to leave the store, that was the day we had the long argument about your solo dance with the Oukranski company?"

May nodded. How vividly she remembered the gray New York sky, the dirty sheets on the floor, and the smell of Lorry's cigarette burning in the ash-tray—how disgusting it all seemed now—so sloppy, so sordid.

"Well," Lorry went on, "a month later, about the time you married Max Dahlgren, I got a raise. Then followed another and father congratulated me upon settling down. About two months ago he made me head of the furniture department—it's a pretty big job, you know. He told me that he was glad I had given up my painting and that I had forgotten to be temperamental. He looked so damn solid and comfortable that I laughed in his face and went back to the rooms and never saw the office or him again." He paused a moment and folded his arms. "I had the courage, May."

She had listened, smoking her cigarette with quick puffs, and there grew, as Lorry talked, a comforting feeling of complacency. After all, what he had done was merely to sidestep work, but had *she* not attained a position superior to Lorry's? She was inclined to agree with Max, who said of Lorry: "Oh, he's all right as long as he keeps his feet on the ground."

"Good for you, Lorry," she said, and then, not feeling that sufficient, she added: "That's splendid."

He looked at her eagerly from the big chair, his hands still slowly rubbing the soft leather arm. "Do you really think so?" he asked. "But then, I knew you would. Good old May, you *do* understand."

She smiled at him and felt a little pang of shame which quickly left as she thought of Lorry's chance now to do the work he had been so set on doing—his painting—and the courage he showed in doing it. (She admitted it took courage to face Mr. Turner and throw down a position offered by him—courage or fool-heartedness.) But May was glad she had found safety in Max.

Then Lorry leaned farther back and his hands stopped rubbing the chair and as his eyes caught hers he smiled. "I like the way you are wearing your hair now, May, so black and wavy and careless." May was annoyed at Lorry's flattery—and she wondered why, she had once liked it so—but now it seemed so obvious.

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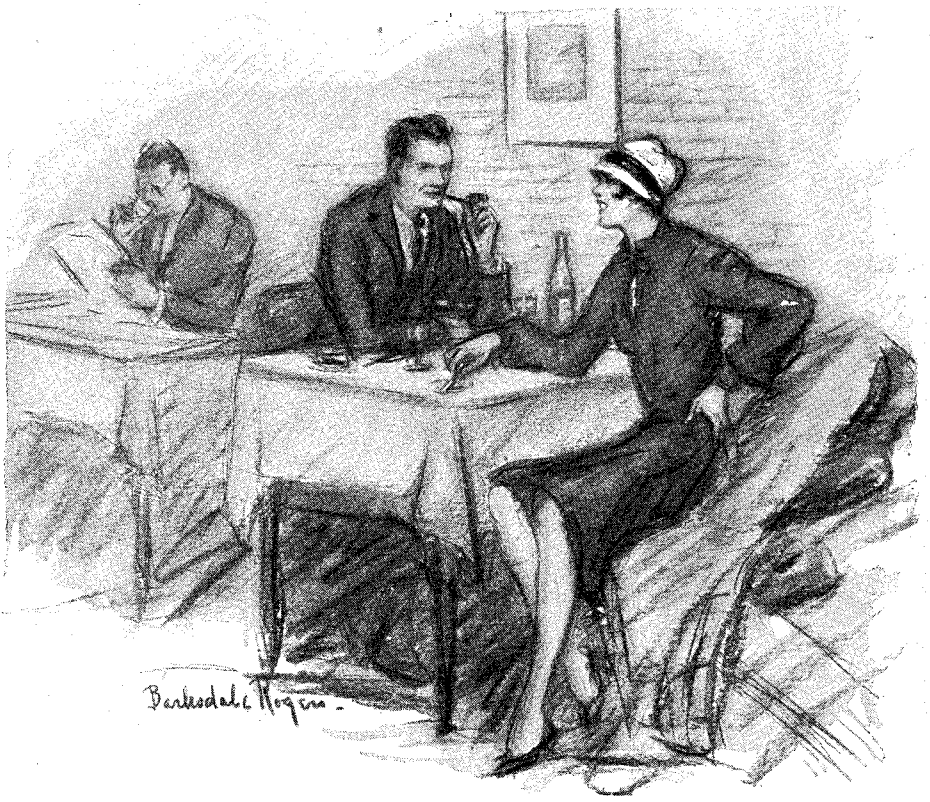
"Thank you, Lorry," she said; then she added as an unfortunate afterthought: "Max made me change it."

She saw Lorry start to smile and it made her angry that he should take it that way. "The fool," she said to herself; "does he think Max bosses me?"



Then Lorry recalled the places in which they ate heavy Italian meals with a bottle of wine on a stained table-cloth.—Page 298.

Lorry then asked about Santa Barbara and Max's business, and she answered his questions rather curtly. "We like it here. . . . Yes, Max is still with Rathbun, Starr and Boyd. He is manager of the Santa Barbara office. . . . No, we haven't seen any of them—Max doesn't like them very well. . . . No, we'll probably be here for three more years—Max wants to build up a bigger and more social trade with the Montecito crowd. . . . Yes—I gave up dancing, Max thought . . ."

Max, Max, Max. Suddenly May began to hate Lorry for asking so many questions; at the same time she realized something that she had not thought of for a long time. It made her still more angry that Lorry had recalled it—by that start of a smile. Once, sitting on the edge of the bed in their room in New York Lorry, with his black hair unbrushed, a cigarette dripping ashes on his bare legs, his lips quivering with the stimulation of coffee, and whiskey the night before, had said, his voice almost in a whisper: "May, you are the type that invariably submerges its individuality under the various surfaces of a more dominant character. You have done it with me. You speak of us—not yourself. You make your ideas sound original, because you can act, whereas they are mere echoes of my words. I, the man, love it—for it makes me feel powerful—but I, your friend, hate it." Then, with a characteristic gesture of his, he spread his hand, palm down, and



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pushed the air aside: "Cut it out, dear." How true it was; and now how deeply she was hidden under Max's likes and dislikes!

Lorry was looking about the room. She could almost hear him say: "There—that table—perfectly squared off and symmetrically balanced with little German trinkets! Your idea, May?"

She looked at Lorry's face and noticed that the lines, like parentheses, on either side of his large mouth, were deeper. He used to call them lines of character—she thought she saw for the first time the weakness they really represented.

"What have you been reading?" he asked, without looking at her.

May again felt that strange resentment at his obtruding himself this way—why didn't he leave her alone, comfortably settled and unworried? "Oh, a lot," she answered, and tried to recall the name of a novel she had seen lately.

"Good," Lorry said, still looking away, his hands now pressed together before him. "But I cannot understand why you have given up your dancing." Then he quickly looked at her, his black brows drawn closer, and it reminded her of the time he had caught her in a lie.

May thought: 'Now he's trying to look dominant.' Aloud she said: "There is no reason why I should keep up the work here, is there? I used to dance to support myself—Max does that now, and rather well."

"But, your body," Lorry said. "Have you stopped your practice? You'll get soft."

"I know—that would be true if I were ever going to dance again—but I am not. I—I am through, Lorry. Max has made certain sacrifices and I must too." May rather liked the idea—sacrifices. Of course, that's what she was doing—sacrificing her career for her husband! She felt old and tired and indulged in the feeling of superior wisdom over Lorry.

But she noticed the old discontent come up in Lorry's face, the gauntness under his eyes darkening and his sensitive mouth dropping at the corners. And she remembered how ruthless he was when it came to her work and his painting. Nothing must interfere—nothing. It was Lorry who believed so strongly against a compromise—it was Lorry whose strength she felt again and again when she wanted to stop her work and go away—to hide, to give up.

Lorry suddenly threw his cigarette into the fireplace and straightened up in the chair. She saw his eyes brighten, become almost fierce, and his white hand with the long fingers sweep through his hair.

"For God's sake, May!" he cried. "Where are you going? What are you doing? I can't bear to see you rot away here—you with so much."

This was what May wanted to avoid. She knew that Lorry would feel this way and it made her cringe to remember how she had so often looked upon women such as she now was, growing dull and dependent, and had laughed without pity. She answered Lorry's question indifferently, with a shrug of the shoulders—she had become sane—and settled—and content. Thank God for that!

Then Lorry recalled the days in New York; the long, endless walks they took (always talking of their work) up Riverside Drive, all shiny with cars, and the Hudson, a dirty blue, on the left; the places in which they ate heavy Italian meals with a bottle of wine on a stained table-cloth; the long discussions of life (all in such a very serious mood) indulged in when a few congenial friends had gathered within the bright yellow walls of their apartment; the work—the joyousness of working together; and May listened without enthusiasm and noticed that Lorry had neglected, as usual, to shave that hollow portion of his neck under his big jaw. She wondered why she had ever let herself in with Lorry; and she remembered other men who had almost come as close to her as he had, and might have, if he had not come just then. And as she heard Lorry's voice droning on she thought of Max's vacation which started to-morrow (he was to telephone her this afternoon to let her know the exact arrangements at the office); and that they had planned to take their car into the desert for several weeks' camping. Again she thought she was glad of this chance to avoid Lorry during his stay in Santa Barbara.

Lorry had stopped talking and was looking at her. There was a familiar light in his eyes; a soft blurry glow, as if

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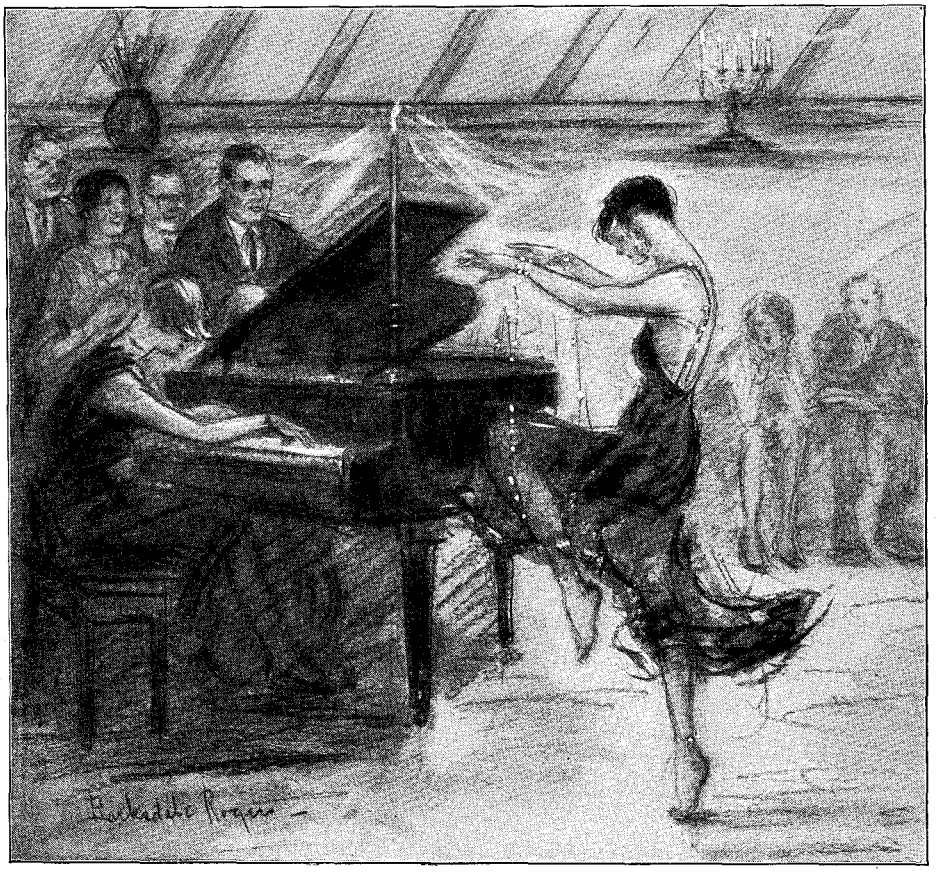
he were drunk. For a moment they were silent in the sun-warmed room; and the lazy rattle of a lawn-mower drifted in the open window with the smell of cut grass; and May became aware for the first time that she and Lorry were alone in the house together.

Lorry turned his eyes away with a strange, half-reminiscent, half-cynical smile quivering on his lips. He glanced at the piano (she hadn't used it for a long time) and then at the deer's head in the hallway (it was Max's prompter and strength whenever the conversation of an evening fell upon subjects which did not interest him), and back upon her again. She felt uncomfortable, but no longer defensive at Lorry's suggested criticisms (she probably imagined most of them), and caught herself actually thinking, during a lax moment, of the probability, when she returned through Los Angeles from the desert, of seeing Lorry again.

Then Lorry said, with his soft voice in almost a whisper (she had always liked his voice), and those long fingers stroking the lapel of his coat: "Have you ever forgotten that wonderful night when Olive Sterns played for you and you danced, and we all sat around, on the floor, or on the low bedsprings in the corner of Peggy's big living-room on Perry Street? You danced beautifully, May!" And Lorry dropped his hand and placed his elbows on his knees and let his chin rest on the knuckles.

May was now content that Lorry was no longer satirically probing into her new life by reflections of her old one, as she had hitherto thought; but was more or less



"Have you ever forgotten that wonderful night when Olive Sterns played for you and you danced?"

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pleasing himself (and her) with the picture of the past; or maybe he was doing it for the purpose of awakening again within her the old emotions of their previ-

May held the receiver away from her, and looked out onto the green lawn.—Page 302.

ous relationship. This thought, troubling her for a moment, because of its incongruity with her present environment and her marriage, soon worked its way, little by little, to a complete possession of her mind. The more she tried to press it out by thinking of her daily functions as Max's wife and her position as a young and fast-becoming-popular hostess of the care-free group of people connected with the Community Arts and by planning her programme in Santa Barbara for the next three years, the more she became aware of Lorry and all he had meant to her.

"I suppose," Lorry was saying, "you are laughing at me because I came here after my vowing that I'd never see you again if you married Max. The vow was stupid, I guess." He paused and leaned

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his head back against the chair and stared up at the ceiling. "Stupid? Maybe it was stupid of me to come." And he smiled as if there were pleasing clouds painted on the stucco ceiling. His throat contracted and May saw the Adam's apple slide up and down, like a mechanical toy on a string.

She wanted to cry out: "Lorry! I wanted you to come!" Instead she said, noting a coolness in her voice that surprised her: "No, Lorry, it was very nice of you to let me know you had come to town."

She wondered if she should tell him that she was leaving to-morrow for the desert. If she did, now that she had put it off so long, he might think it was a hastily formed excuse to avoid any further meetings on account of Max. On the other hand, how could she ever explain to him, if she saw him again (by this time she was sure she would, either here or somewhere else), why she had left without any word. Somehow the latter course seemed best, probably only because it would be putting off the explanation. So again she said nothing to him about it.

With a nervous gesture, which she remembered so well, Lorry got up and began pacing the floor of the living-room, his hands dug into the pockets of his coat, examining without interest the gate-legged table, the encyclopædia bookcase, the music-stand with its too orderly stacked sheets of music, and the polar-bear rug hanging head down on the wall in back of the piano.

"I wrote to you once," he said, stopping in front of a heavy silver-framed picture of Max in a riding-costume placed at an angle on the green velvet cloth covering part of the table; "you never answered me."

May had received the letter and had, in a moment of contented security, calmly thrown it into the fire—unopened.

"Why, I never received any letter, Lorry. Surely it must have gone astray," May said, looking at the frayed cuffs of his trousers.

"I sent it here," Lorry turned upon her, "and in it I said something—well. . . ." And he softened. "It is just as well it did not come."

He walked over to the window-seat and looked down upon her. And during that moment, with Lorry standing tense, dark, and masculine before her, she felt that she could put everything aside—deliberately—and wait for him to speak, letting him quietly force her to a decision she had already reached. Again he could, as before, possess her, here, now, in Max's house, on this window-seat, with the warm sun's rays beating down on her.

The moment passed and Lorry (she never knew until later that he had been fully aware of it all the time) walked back to the leather armchair—silent and sombre.

"Maybe the letter went astray," Lorry said. "I probably addressed it incorrectly."

"You never could remember addresses and such things, dear," May heard herself say, and at the same time she was thinking: "Can I let him go again? Can I ever forget him? I must! My whole life is different. My duty (she had once loathed that word) is here with Max."

"You are right," Lorry laughed. "Do you remember the time when we first moved into 52 Charles Street, how I forgot where we lived?"

'He's acting,' May thought, and it made her tremble to know that he was trying to hide his emotions. She felt her body suddenly grow warm and her clothes grow tight and useless.

"That was typical of you," she said aloud, and then her mind flashed back, like a sharp sword catching the sunlight, to Max. She must stop this. She must send Lorry away—now—now. . . . Then she thought of the trip into the desert and she was thankful for it; but at the same time resented it—resented it because it would not let her make her own decision. It represented Max and all his careful planning, leaving nothing for her to work out. Would she work this out herself? Could she, if the trip had not done it for her?

She looked at Lorry, and as their eyes met he arose from his chair and came to her. "May!" His voice was high. "May——"

From the hallway there came the loud, hard ring of the telephone. It burst into the room; and May got up, quickly, startled, as if some one had suddenly

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come in upon them. Without saying anything to Lorry, she went out of the room and picked up the receiver. It was Max; and she felt as if she had been caught . . . stealing. His voice, however, was calm and, as usual from the office, terse and businesslike.

"May? Max. I have just been informed that some plans have been changed. We don't have to take the vacation now unless you want to. We can go in four weeks. It is up to you. When do you want to go?"

May held the receiver away from her ear, looked out the open door onto the green lawn, shadows already forming across its coolness, and thought (which later puzzled her) how she would love to roll and play in its softness—like a child. Then she turned and saw Lorry's face—tired, sad; and said into the hard mouthpiece:

"If it suits you just as well, I'd rather go in four weeks. The weather will not be so hot then."

"Good," came over the phone; and she pictured Max already jotting it down on his little desk-calendar. "I'll be home later. Good-by, dear." And the phone clicked.

As May walked back into the living-room she smiled at Lorry, a queer, self-conscious smile which irritated her.

"It was Max," she said.

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# His Widow

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THE wreaths shrivelled and froze upon his grave.
She sat before the fire and warmed her knees
And yawned with relief and thought how black would please
The white of her skin; then softly trilled a stave
Of the new popular air, "Life Isn't So Bad!"

A horrid day for a funeral! . . . But grief
Had certainly been becoming to her; she
Had raised her veil at the prettiest time to see
Eyes bent upon her—men's eyes—ardent if brief.
She would be wealthy too . . . "Life isn't so bad."

She must reduce her hips though; and be brave
And sad: a second husband likes to take
A widow's weeds off—for a great new love's sake.
She knew just how she would let him—sweet and grave.
He should be very proud . . . "Life isn't so bad."

She brushed her hair and tended to her nails,
And ate a chocolate cream—the wreaths were freezing . . .
She cried a little; two or three tears came squeezing;
But told herself that true strength never fails
The deepest hearts, and ceased . . . "Life isn't so bad."

She went to bed. Her head upon the pillow
Would have looked very lovely, she was sure,
Had there been any to see. . . . A year to endure!
She sighed, and felt as sad as wind in a willow,
And slept—and snored a little . . . Life isn't so bad.

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# Who Killed Rutherford?

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS
Author of "The End of the Tow-Path"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DE ALTON VALENTINE

"WHAT I would like to know," remarked Denslow, when discussion of the early frost had palled—"what I would like to know is who killed old Rutherford—if anybody."

The fat woman, who was Solomon Tinkle's cook on the *Maud Merrick*, raised her folded chin over her glass and nodded her head until the ribbons of her bonnet quivered and the leaden yellow cherries rattled like dice.

"Ah," she said, "that's it—who did?"

The three others lifted their lips from the rims of their glasses and stared at the two. All five of them drew slightly closer to the stove, as if to get their backs as far as possible from the black window-panes on which the frost was already marking gray lines. For the sake of economy, and because of the smallness of the company, only one lamp had been left upon the bar, and it sent its light horizontally over the wood, just touching the long rows of glasses with orange half-moons, and falling squarely on the face of the fat woman who sat with her back to the wall. Bolt upright on her chair, she seemed to be enjoying her conspicuousness, for she smoothed her plaid woollen skirt over her knees and opened the red-centred paisley shawl about her shoulders to let the light fall on the gold locket she wore at her breast. Her immense weight diminished the breadth of her shoulders and her height, and had it not been for the bow-legged diminutiveness of Solomon Tinkle beside her, one might have thought her squat. She arched her bosom and patted her dyed red hair.

"Who did it?" she repeated.

Solomon Tinkle wound his legs intricately through the rungs of his chair. He leaned forward impressively, his right hand on the door of the stove, which he held open.

"If Rutherford was murdered,"—he turned from the Judd brothers and spat neatly into the coals,—"somebody must have done it."

And he closed the door of the stove with a clank.

"Eanh," said the younger Judd; "that's right."

His brother let his sombre eyes wander over the faces of the others and return to the spots of light in the bottles behind the bar. He pulled at the stem of his pipe with pursed lips.

"Eanh," he said slowly; "that's right."

The fat woman held out her glass, her little finger curled pudgily.

"Will I make it another of gin, Mrs. Gurget?" asked Denslow.

"Eanh. On the luke side of hot with a squirt of lemon to cultivate the air with."

Denslow returned with the glass, and the fat woman spread her nostrils over the tingling odor of lemon.

"Well," said Denslow, as he resumed his seat and crossed his legs, "here we be, real sociable, and the last time afore winter, probably. I didn't even expect your boats comin' down so late . . ."—he sipped his gin leisurely—"it comes hard to think of old Rutherford lyin' by and cold, and him with such a taste in whiskeys. He was a good man, too, by his lights; easy on a loan, and friendly when in liquor, but not when drunk. He'd made a load of money with his line of bars 'tween Utica and Syracuse. Made more out of his post-houses. I wonder who got it."

"We was in Boonville the night it happened," said Mrs. Gurget. "But the will wasn't read yet when Solomon let on as how he'd got to get through with them potatoes before the frost got too heavy."



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"I said we'd wait a while," interposed the little man. . . .

"Eanh," said the fat woman, looking fixedly at him in a manner unobserved by the rest, "but you was so anxious about 'em, I thought we'd better come."

"You was very sweet, my dear," said Solomon, returning his nose to the rim of his tumbler.

"We stayed there," said the younger Judd. "Joe, here, was barkeep at Bentley's oyster booth and bar in Uticy, when Rutherford had it on his line; and Joe'd done a lot of work for him, so we thought we'd ought to wait, maybe."

"What was into it, in the will?" asked Denslow.

"Nothin'."

"Nothin'?"

"There wasn't any— Not as you could call a will, anyways."

"No?"

"Eanh. There was a paper by his bed, though, in the up-stairs front bedroom."

"What of it?" asked Solomon Tinkle.

Sam Judd wriggled his shoulders and glanced at the fat woman.

"I let on we was cousins of Rutherford, and Williams (he was the old man's lawyer), he took us along that mornin' to cast last eyes at the corp'e. It was a very unpleasant thing to see."

He paused, but seeing Mrs. Gurget's snapping gray eyes fixed on his own watery ones, and being encouraged by Denslow with a tumbler on the house, he took up his narrative.

"Well," he said, after a close reference to the replenished glass; "well, Mr. Williams he took us along with him up to the front bedroom on the second floor, where the old man was layed out in his city clothes and a waistcoat red enough to keep any livin' man warm and his top hat set down orderly on the chair, which was nice enough as far as it went. 'Well,' says Mr. Williams, a-rubbin' his hands and lookin' round the room, which was swept out partic'lar—it bein' Sunday, and a death in the house— 'Well,' he says, 'what a pleasant sight Mr. Bilberry has made of the remains. They look very handsome.' 'Uncommon,' says Joe, 'not to mention this here.' He puts his hand on a knife-handle, which was stickin' so close to the old man it might have been druv' in back'ards from the other side of him. It was that dark in the room—bein' only one candle, and that on the dresser, and the mirror with a crape bow onto it—that I hadn't seen it."

Here Sam paused to refresh his depressed feelings with the tumbler on the house, and to glance at Joe for corroboration, which was given with a lugubrious nod.

"Eanh," he went on. "It was uncommon dark there, and cold, too, so early in the mornin'. 'Very curious, that knife, Mr. Judd,' says Williams; 'we couldn't pull it out at all, though Mr. Bilberry used his feet tryin'. It took a very strong man to put that knife where it is, Mr. Judd.'"

"Man?" cried Denslow. "Then it was a man—and he *was* murdered!"

"No doubt of it, and a strong man at that. 'It took weight skilful applied, Mr. Judd, power, I might say,' the lawyer says to me. 'He was lyin' like that when we found him. He hadn't stirred, sir.' 'Well, Mr. Williams,' says I, 'though the sheriff don't know who done it—nor never will, most likely—you and me and Sam can see he's dead. That bein' so, there's property to be got rid of; and such bein' the case, there must be a will.' 'There wasn't,' says the lawyer, without a blink. 'What's more, there's no more money left than what's needed to bury him and pay my bill for clearin' the estate.' 'No!' says I. 'I am afraid so,' says the lawyer. 'The old man was takin' a long time to die—if somebody hadn't 've touched him off, he might still be dyin'—but he went willin', I might say, he went meek.' 'No doubt of it,' says Joe, lookin' at the old feller's legs which was very stiff under the blankets. 'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'he invested his money in charity and telled me he hoped the interest, which he'd heard was uncommon big in that line, would help him into heaven. "And anyways," he'd say, "there's somebody I don't want to get it." So he invested it in charity, which is a mighty tight investment so far as gettin' your money back is concerned—whatever the interest.'"

"Jeepers!" exclaimed Denslow. "Who'd have thunk it? He was such a snortin' old boar-hog for hell and high-livin' when he was on the canal."

They all looked at the stove, the walls of which were gradually growing red.

"I've heard tell," said the fat woman,

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"What I would like to know is who killed old Rutherford—if anybody."—Page 303.

drawing a harsh breath, "he could be meaner than a Baptist."

"So he could," said Sam. "He was a mean man with a horse. . . . But he's dead, and givin' the worms what he took out of the horses."

"So he was stabbed, was he?" mused Denslow.



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"Uncommon," said Joe Judd.

"Heart, liver, or lungs?" asked Solomon Tinkle, fogging his glass with a long breath.

"They'd shifted the third button on his waistcoat to let out the handle," said Sam.

The fat woman appeared to be growing nervous over the general interest in Judd's story. She bridled forward in her chair and leaned toward Sam, her hands folded loosely about the empty glass which lay in her lap. The mellow lamplight lent the movement a reminiscence of grace which Solomon Tinkle drank in with staring eyes. She smiled and arched her brows.

"You said there wasn't any will, Mr. Judd. But you did say there was a paper beside the bed, didn't you?"

"So I did, mam, and a queer paper it was, at that. Eh, Joe?"

Joe lifted his eyes to the fat woman's.

"Uncommon queer," he said, and looked away.

"It must have been," said Mrs. Gurget. "What was in it?"

"Why," said Sam, rubbing his hands a little diffidently, "I ain't much in the readin' line; but Lawyer Williams give us a copy, seein' as how we was relations like I told him—*he, he, he!* And here it is. Perhaps you'd like to read it, Mrs. Gurget."

"Eanh, Lucy," said Solomon, reclining himself against the back of his chair and looking on her proudly, "take a shot at it, do. You read real nice."

Mrs. Gurget fluttered the paper carelessly about in her lap, and her mouth made inaudible words in a hesitating manner. She laughed nervously and looked up.

"The light's so bad here, and the writin' ain't very good. Mr. Denslow, would you be so kind? You've a better light where you set."

Denslow leaned forward for the paper and leaned back with an air of importance. After a moment's close scrutiny, he cleared his throat and read slowly:

"*This is to say, not that I care particular, that Rutherford ain't my real name. I ain't tellin my real name. There's only One person knows it anyhow and I've telled her she wont get none of my money which is bound hard in charities for soul's rest* (X) *if it can help him which I dont think it will seein as how he was such a mortal mean man. for which and other things I done this to him so he could not collect interest, on his damned charities.*"

"It is queer," said Denslow, looking up and clearing his throat again.

"It doesn't make sense," said Solomon Tinkle. "It's all mixed up with 'I' and 'him.'"

"If it was any other man," said Mrs. Gurget, caressing her bosom with her left hand, "I would call it tragical."

She straightened up with a small sidewise shake of her back that set the cherries clicking on her bonnet.

"If you'd seen the paper it was copied from," said Sam Judd, taking the note back from Denslow, "you'd 've seen it was clear by the writin'. It changed after the word 'rest,' where I've marked a cross. It was quite different from there, wasn't it, Joe?"

"Changed radical," his brother agreed, sombrely.

"The writin' of both parts was uncommon bad, but the second was worse. Lawyer Williams said it would have looked like a woman's hand, only he didn't see as how a woman could have got there after the old feller was killed, him bein' still warm when the cook found him. She must 've been spry and delicate footed for the cook not to have heard her at that, for the stairs creaked real dismal and loud."

"Well," said Denslow, "it don't figger anyhow. You said it must 've took a strong man to put the knife there."

"Eanh," said Sam, "that's right."

They sat silent for a time. The cupola top of the stove had been pushed aside on its pivot to make room for a kettle from which the company might add hot water to their chosen liquor; and, in the stillness, it began suddenly to spout a wisp of steam and to murmur with the boiling water. Now and then the lid lifted and fell back into position with a light clink. The red spots on the wall of the stove had spread and merged until they formed a glowing band; and, as the light of the lamp grew fainter, this glow began to touch the knees of the fat woman and reflect in the rings on her fingers.

Quite suddenly, she took up her opinion of the dead man.

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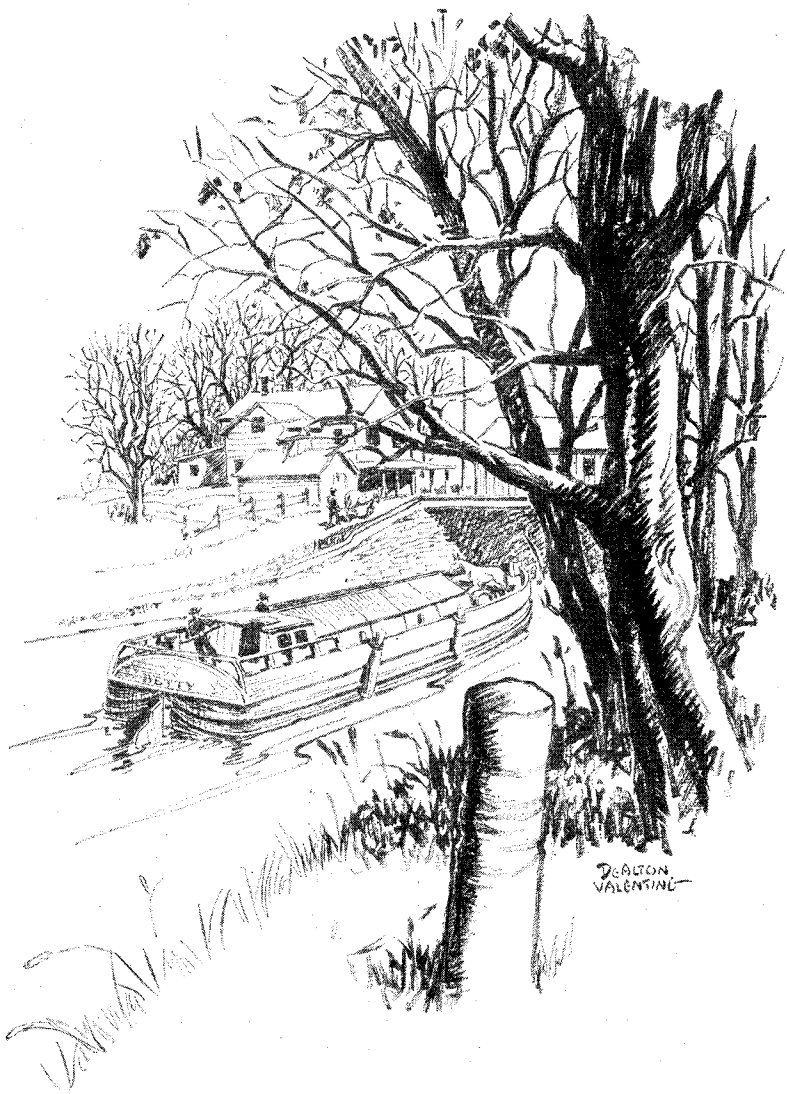


"Solomon let on as how he'd got to get through with them potatoes before the frost got too heavy."—Page 303.

"A mean man," she said.

"Well, I've seen worse," said Denslow.

"He was all right with men, perhaps, but you said he was mean with horses—he probably was with all animals."

"Dogs didn't like him," Solomon Tinkle broke in, "nor any animal I ever see on his place. Once he owned a horse or a dog, they didn't have a show."

"There's lots of men like that," said Sam.

"I wonder who killed him," mused Denslow. "He'd been off the canal so long, and he kept so quiet, you'd think nobody'd have thought of him up there. That old brick house of his'n stood outside of town and off the canal, quite a ways."

"Eanh," said Solomon, "about half a mile, but it wasn't so far from the Watertown branch. You could walk up to it from the first lock in ten minutes."

"Did the sheriff find anything round the house?" asked Denslow.

"Nothin' to point to murder," said Sam. "There was pictures of pretty nigh all his post-houses set into frames in his parlor. But they don't count.



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And there was calendar pictures which he got for his tradin'."

"Lots of 'em," said Joe. "There was one in his bedroom on the second floor."

"That's right," said Sam, "there was at that. Picture of a woman, taken off a lithograph, and real pretty. Queer thing for him to have."

"He'd an eye for a gal," said Denslow.

"What was it like?" asked Mrs. Gurget, over her glass.

"Real pretty girl, with a yellow skirt, kind of full, and a red shawl, drawed down tight in front of her, with a geranium into her hair. She looked like she was dancing. It was a perfumery calendar, with something about odors made individual to suit the taste, with a special bottle of *Nancy Haskins Perfume* for postage-received, as a tryer."

"Nancy Haskins!" exclaimed Denslow. "There was a girl! I wonder what happened to her."

"She was a good-looker by the picture," said Sam. "I wish I'd 've seen her."

"She was afore your time, young man," said Mrs. Gurget, folding her hands and smiling at him in a patronizing way.

"I've heard tell of her," said Sam. "She used to be at Bentley's oyster-booth in Uticy, didn't she?"

"Yes, she was Bentley's niece afore Rutherford forced him to sell and took over the place. All the boaters knew her. She used to do a dance with red-heeled shoes on, which took 'em all in their Sunday throats and left 'em thirsty. She was good trade for Bentley."

"Dance!" cried Solomon Tinkle, rubbing his palms over the calves of his legs. "She could dance! She'd put a geranium into her mouth, and then she'd stomp her heels on the floor and swing round to every man partic'lar till they was nigh crazy, and they'd stomp to keep her time, and she'd laugh with her head way back and her neck naked in the light, and smile to a man, and whirl till her skirts came up and brushed his legs!"

The fat woman stroked her throat.

"That must 've been when you was workin' the roads, Sol, and afore you settled down respectable."

"So it was," exclaimed Solomon, stiffening up on his chair and planting his feet on the floor. "People knowed me then! Me and Gentleman Jo worked the beat from Syracuse to Utica, and there was good pickin's from the stage and boats for our trade."

He brushed the thin hair from his forehead.

"But you ought to've seen Nancy dancin'," he said, turning to the Judd brothers. "I wonder what ever become of her."

"She wasn't ever seen no more after Bentley sold out," said Denslow.

"That was a thing to see, that last night, I've heard tell. They made a clock round of it, the strong drinkers; and they saw the second mornin' in."

"That they did," said the fat woman.

"Was you there?"

"Eanh. Old Bentley put his head under the spigot of his number one-eight-seven Jamaicy rum, which he kept partic'lar, at the second three o'clock, and the swamper found him there at nine."

"I've heard there was a row about Nancy," said Solomon. "They says she was real riled at Rutherford. And when old Bentley went out broke, she didn't have nobody to keep her."

"It wasn't that," said the fat woman, settling her bonnet a little more over her eyes. "There wasn't a man who wouldn't have turned out his cook with a month's pay ahead and taken on Nancy Haskins. They was all cryin' for her."

"Then what did she take on so for?" asked Sam Judd.

"Well," said the fat woman, "she was kind of young, I reckon, and gals has notions in their heads. She'd always set up above the boat cooks, and she must've thought she was about to make a come-down in society. Gals is notional, that's why men like 'em and lick 'em. She was ashamed, I guess, and she wanted to be ashamed right up to the notch. That's how I figure it."

"She auctioned herself," said Denslow.

"That's right," exclaimed Solomon, "and they says as how she was right smart about it; played the filly and the auctioneer to oncet. And she showed her paces with a dance she done (keepin' up her patter all the while), till the room was bellerin' and the smoke was shook clear to the ceilin'. Knocked herself down for three hundred dollars, owned and broke,

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to Jotham Klore, who said he was biddin' for somebody else."

"Eanh," said the fat woman, "and then he took her out—cold as a razor—with the money in her fist."

"Cold and straight," said Solomon. so the drops looked red and yeller when they passed a window; and the rain run down her chin and neck, but she didn't take no notice. She was such an uncommon good-looker he said he'd take her for himself, if she'd come, any wages and a

"She used to do a dance with red-heeled shoes on, which took 'em all in their Sunday throats and left 'em thirsty."—Page 308.

"Her skirt was hangin' quiet over her legs, she walked that stiff."

"And they said she didn't look back oncet," added Denslow.

"I wonder who it was bought her," said Sam.

"Klore never telled who."

"He said he never seen her after. She walked with him along in the rain, he says, and never pulled the shawl over her head at all; and the rain wetted her hair free bill of ladin' for anything she wanted to take aboard. But she looked at him kind of queer—and she says she's made a bargain and been bought square, and she'd stick to the man as bought her. So Klore left her in a room at Bagg's Hotel after tellin' her the man that bought her'd come for her there, and he left the number of the room at the desk; and nobody saw her again."

The pause that followed drew out to

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the ticking of a clock out of sight behind the bar until the sound of measured seconds fell upon their ears with the sharpness of axe-strokes. Solomon Tinkle wiped his eyes with a blue handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.

"I suppose," said Sam Judd, "that Rutherford took hold of Bentley's then."

"Not personal," said Denslow. "But he put in Klore for a barkeep, and quite a come-down it was after seein' Nancy there. But they left the old sign. Bentley wasn't seen afterwards, and Rutherford didn't come down from Boonville for a year or two, only for a trip he made once every six months to see how things was going on. He was real jokin' them days, a good man to take a drink with. But not long after he commenced to sour some, and he got nasty, they say, with men as well as animals."

"I guess," said the fat woman, "he was rich enough then to own some. He was a mean man to the animals he owned. —Mr. Denslow, would you make kind with another glass? With a squirt from the other half of that lemon?"

"Surely," said Denslow, getting up and going to the bar. He turned up the lamp and rummaged about.

"Jeepers!" said Solomon Tinkle, all at once. "Jeepers! Nancy was a pretty gal! Outside of you, Lucy, she was the only gal I ever wanted to live with."

Mrs. Gurget patted out her skirt and made eyes at him so brightly that he caught his breath. She tilted her chin to a laugh.

"Go along," she said.

"I wonder who it was bought Nancy Haskins," said Sam Judd. "Nor why she never come back."

Denslow called to them from behind the bar.

"Say," he cried excitedly, "I got one of them perfumery calendars right here."

He held up a thin cardboard and a glint of yellow flashed under the lamp.

"Let's see it," said Mrs. Gurget, rising from her chair and going over to the lamp. The others crowded behind her.

"She must have been right pretty," exclaimed Sam, looking over the heavy shoulder.

"No wonder they bid high for her," said Denslow.

"Three hundred dollars is a lot of cash," said Sam. "It seems strange that anybody'd've had it there. He must have been rich."

"Nobody, only me," said Solomon Tinkle, "could have showed that all to once; and me, I was up the Rome road gettin' it. Nancy'd said the day before she was goin' to auction herself. But the mail-guard winged me as I was gettin' away"—he pressed his trouser-leg tight over his knotted right knee—"and I got back too slow. There couldn't have been no one else. . . . Only Rutherford."

"Jeepers!" said Denslow, half under his breath.

"He's dead now," said Sam Judd.

"Uncommon," said Joe.

"You ought to have seen her," said Solomon Tinkle, with a whine in his voice. "You ought to've seen her dance. She was the prettiest gal I ever see. . . ."

The fat woman whirled round on her heels, and her skirt fluttered slightly, flirting with her ankles. She held the picture of the girl in red and yellow in front of her for him to see, and looked down over the top at him.

"She was real pretty," she said, glancing at the dancer's face. "Look at her hair, kind of soft and yeller. And the smile to her mouth."

The little man leaned forward, one hand resting on the bar to steady his bowed legs, his thin nose drooping in reminiscence, and gazed for several seconds. The others watched him silently.

"She was a real pretty gal," said Mrs. Gurget, and her broad mouth curved miraculously between her fat cheeks. Solomon looked up at her.

"Prettiest gal I ever see," he said, the whine in his voice pronounced. "There won't none of us see the like of her again."

The fat woman laid the perfumery calendar face down upon the bar. Denslow handed her her glass of gin with a touch of water from the kettle, and she spread her nostrils over the sharp odor of lemon.

"What I would like to know," he said, "is who killed old Rutherford, anyhow?"

"That's it," said Mrs. Gurget, as they all sat down again, "who did?"

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# Prudes and Pictures

BY WILLIAM DEMILLE
Author of "Bigoted and Bettered Pictures"

IS the motion-picture debasing the public taste, or is public taste debasing the motion-picture? Does the child need protection from the cinema, or the cinema from the child? Is the film a villain, a victim, or just a moron? Opinions differ.

In any case, the motion-picture exists. Grown to a degree which makes it as much a part of modern life as is the daily press, of more national importance than the legitimate stage, it even compares with the church in the number of its devotees; and more than the church it stimulates public interest in its personnel and the details of its management. Foreign nations are worrying about the influence of American pictures upon their innocent populations, and if their complaints are justified, it would seem that the American movie is destined to upset the world as much as our part in the late war has upset Europe.

Whether the movie may yet be called an art is a question still under discussion. Those who are busy perfecting the craft have little time for academic argument; the point in which they are most interested is whether the motion-picture will be allowed to develop under conditions which will insure its becoming an art, or whether it is to be arbitrarily limited within such narrow boundaries as to drive from it those men and women of true creative force, without whose efforts there is little chance of the screen ever growing beyond its well-known and much-advertised infancy.

To-day the condition of the world in general, and of the United States in particular, marks a crisis in the age-old struggle between honest thought and prescribed belief; radicals tend to become too radical and those who would restrain them too tyrannous. Laws are passed by minorities, or by bare majorities, which half the people resent, and the tendency of the more advanced group to cast aside certain early Victorian ideals is bitterly opposed by those safe, sane conservatives who dedicate their lives to making illegal any departure from their own personal standards of truth and morality.

History, as we know it, is largely a matter of patriotic propaganda; but the student who looks a bit beneath the surface begins to doubt that the world has made its best progress when its thought was legally dominated by its "upper classes."

It has taken us some centuries to break away from chivalry; a system which found it desirable to put woman upon a pedestal rather than grant her equal social rights. We have not yet discarded economic theories which permit the chosen few to own the earth and charge the rest of the human race for its use. Many voices are interpreting the word of God, each claiming to possess the only authentic version; and throughout the land proper authority must pass upon all published thought to certify that it is the same kind which mother used to make.

Into a world so constituted enters a new art under the guise of entertainment; an art so broad in its appeal, so potentially powerful in its effect upon the mass, that it is at once recognized as a social force, then feared as such, and immediately harnessed to the chariot of convention lest it be dangerously stimulating to new ideas.

Much has been said and written of the effect the motion-picture has upon our national life. The movie has been accused of debauching the young and has been held largely accountable for whatever criminal tendencies any of us may possess. The very idea upon which censorship is based is that an audience cannot see upon the screen anything illegal, immoral, or disgusting without being them-



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selves irresistibly drawn toward immorality or vice.

But to hold this view is to confuse cause and effect; for, like the stage, the screen can only influence public thought if it is in basic agreement with popular ideals.

Drama, on the screen or on the stage, is primarily an effect of public thought rather than a cause of it. A picture to succeed must reflect the life and ideals of its audience; it must formulate public opinion before it can form public thought. That is why the screen can never be a menace to the righteousness of the nation. The public is not easily influenced away from its ideals. This is not to say that the American people as a whole is quite as prudish as its leading bigots, though it is content to accept a somewhat narrow conception of what is "proper" or "improper," and tends to put its faith in blanket rules by which every individual must be judged. America sees its moral values in black and white, so whatever is not pure white is, necessarily, jet black.

This point of view, however, is intrinsic in the public. It is not the result of any law or regulation; it represents the native decency of the race. Even the efforts of the puritanical, through blue laws, have not been able to drive this race into any great degree of immorality. The American people is a clean people and will never tolerate anything really indecent in its theatres or on its screens.

It has always been futile to tell the public what it may or may not have in the theatre. The people have always demanded what they wanted—and have always got what they demanded—and they have never wanted drama which disagreed too much with their own sense of life's values. It has always been most unprofitable to present plays whose ideals varied from those of the audience. Even the so-called "indecent" plays on the New York stage, if really indecent, die quickly. Big cities may furnish for a few weeks an audience of the morbidly curious, largely people from out of town who vote for censorship at home and come to Broadway for moral relaxation. But the country as a whole does not like these plays. And this is even more true of the screen, whose larger audience is, in proportion, more characteristically American and much simpler in its tastes.

This larger public needs no protection other than its own power to reject pictures which it disapproves. Yet it is this public itself which has caused the motion-picture to be bound by all those limitations and restrictions which are making development of the art so difficult.

The operation of censorship, important as it is in itself, has even greater significance when we realize that censorship is in fact the delegation of public taste to a small committee; the voluntary abandonment by the public of its right to approve or disapprove its own entertainment. It robs the producer of the personal audience-reaction to his picture, which is the only compass by which he can safely steer.

It is useless for makers of pictures to complain of the censors' arbitrary acts as long as the public consents that these few men and women shall stand as an artificial barrier between producer and audience; and it must be admitted that censorship exists largely because the public is too lazy to chaperon its own children, and because it is content to have its thinking predigested and stamped with an official seal. Food for thought, like food for the body, must be examined by the proper authorities and found pure before it can be sold.

Under such safeguards as these it is idle to speak of any evil effect of the motion-picture upon the public mind. To the student, indeed, it would seem that the boot is on the other foot; that it is rather the influence of the public upon the motion-picture which is to be deplored. If there *is* any answer to that much-agitated question, "What's wrong with the movies?" let us not condemn too hastily the rash soul who ventures to suggest that the fault may lie with the public. When we consider the outside pressure brought to bear upon those who make pictures—the enforced limitations; the legal, moral, social, and political inhibitions; the rules, regulations, and restrictions under which producers are forced to work—we can hardly blame the producer who cries despairingly that instead of the motion-picture making criminals of the public, it is the public which is making an artistic criminal of the motion-picture.

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Many people are willing, even eager, to cure the motion-picture of its ills; they have various operations to suggest, which might be entirely successful except that the patient would undoubtedly die. For the cultured layman, in considering the situation, does not see that the problem has its roots in the fact that motion-pictures *must* be popular if they are to live. The more an art depends upon public approval, the more it has to reflect the ideas and ideals of the public which supports it, and not the ideas of the intellectuals who know what the public *should* think rather than what it *does* think.

The theatre has never been a good place in which to introduce new problems or new philosophies. Not until the public is already thinking about a subject can it be successfully used as a major motive in the theatre, and this is even more true of the screen. Neither is this the fault of the dramatist nor of the picture-producer; it is the will of the people, and makers of motion-pictures are servants of the people and must give satisfaction or take their notice.

And the public gives picture-makers only one general order—that it be entertained. It does not demand to be educated, neither does it clamor to be improved; least of all does it desire to be reformed. But it does want to be interested and amused, appealed to through the emotions and not through the intellect.

This order, simple as it is, gives the producer plenty of latitude; for entertainment may be vulgar or refined, coarse or exquisite, humorous or merely funny. Commentators on the films are frequently misled by the success of a crude picture into thinking that crudity is the cause of its success. But an equal success may be scored by a beautifully delicate piece of work; which is fair ground for the conclusion that if the entertainment values are there, if a picture is humanly interesting or amusing, it will succeed either with or without artistic treatment. It is well to note, however, that the greatest successes of the screen have been among its most artistic efforts.

But the producer, though limited by the imagination of the majority, is prevented from stimulating that imagination because of various rules and regulations whfch the public itself has sanctioned in order to eliminate the danger of new thought. The world seems terribly afraid to think—it is so much easier, so much safer, to believe.

Thus it is that the artist is hampered by limitation of theme and of treatment. He is constantly tempted to produce a story in which he sees great values, and then, having to meet the limitations which the public imposes, he is forced to spoil the very story he delighted in; to rob it of its major values, and put upon the screen an empty husk, having certain superficial points of similarity with the original subject, but with its very soul removed. This is tragic, because the picture is frequently worse than if the producer had chosen an inferior story in which such value as it had could be retained upon the screen.

In the case of that excellent German film, "Variety," the original version showed a man, fascinated by a siren, leaving his wife and child and devoting his life to the alluring charmer, who in turn betrays him. He reaps the reward of his infidelity and is punished for deserting a faithful wife to follow an unworthy paramour.

In order to make this story offend American sensibilities as little as possible, the wife and child are eliminated from the story; the siren is shown at the beginning firmly bound to the hero in lawful wedlock, and the poor hero has to suffer for resenting the unfaithfulness of his wife. This distortion is for the purpose of legalizing love scenes between the man and the woman; scenes which could not well be omitted if there were to be any picture at all. The world is full of people who think it is more delicate to use perfume instead of soap.

The frequently demanded "motion-picture for the few" is no answer to the problem. Motion-pictures "for the few" would probably be even more unimportant than drama for the few. For drama at least may have a value as literature which, up to now, the motion-picture has not. Indeed, the problem lies in the very fact that the motion-picture, to be important, must be considered in terms of the mass—or not at all. Motion-pictures



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for the few would be easy to make but highly unprofitable. Nothing is easier than to please the discerning few; nothing more difficult than to satisfy the unthinking many.

As if it were not enough that the producer be bound by the prejudices, convictions, and conventions of the adult mass, he is also compelled to confine his vision within the mental boundaries of the child. For the American child is the ball and chain on the leg of the American movie. His is the velvet hand in the iron glove. His interests are watched by groups of earnest souls like those who are striving so valiantly to prevent such works as "An American Tragedy" from reaching the screen in any form. Through these guardians the child imposes a tyranny of innocence upon an art which yearns to talk to grown-ups. And the general public seems not to care that the tender fingers of youth have grasped the windpipe of the cinema and are slowly choking it to death.

"Except ye be as little children," say these self-appointed arbiters of public morality, "ye may not enter the kingdom of the movies."

The effort to keep all motion-pictures suitable for childish consumption is depriving the fledgling art of its life-blood. It closes the door to consideration of adult aspects of life and denies artists the right to use virile, or even mature, treatments of situations in which the laws of human nature might conflict with those of good behavior. In dealing with elemental facts the lion and the lamb are indeed forced to lie down together so that a little child may lead them.

Under this system of adapting life to the infant mind, few masterpieces of world literature can be shown in those proportions which made them masterpieces. And possible masterworks, which might be created for the cinema, are inhibited before their creation by the knowledge that any deviation from the beaten track is forbidden. Right must be one hundred per cent right, and wrong one hundred per cent wrong, and that's *that*.

The philosopher, as well as the artist, may wonder whether childhood is really made more beautiful by surrounding it with lies; whether the child must be taught a set of false values in order to make him like the world. Granted that there are some subjects with which his immature brain is not ready to cope, it still may be doubted that the best way to make him appreciate truth is to start him off on false premises, idiotic falsehood, and maudlin sentimentalism. It should be possible to withhold some of life's facts from the young without having to fill their minds with "applesauce."

In such bondage, how can the art of the motion-picture develop? How could any art have developed under similar conditions?

Modern music had to throw off the strict laws of old-fashioned harmony before new harmonic values could appear, and create the need for new instruments which in turn produced even newer harmonic values.

What would the art of painting have become had the painter been prevented by law from depicting anything which could jar the propriety of the prude?

The motion-picture to-day is giving the people what most of them want, but the creative artist is forbidden to show them things which might help them to want something more advanced. The screen is forbidden to inquire into life—to seek truth. It is condemned to use its full power to substantiate a given hypothesis; it is forced to argue toward the fixed conclusion that whatever is right—is; that our laws are perfect; our social system beyond reproach; that, from President to policeman, all officers of the law are without fault or flaw, and that to question the justice, or even the wisdom, of any accepted tradition is to align oneself with those "Reds" of which no mention whatever is to be tolerated.

The screen is entirely closed to the subjects of politics, religion, sociology, and economics; it is held strictly to the obvious and forced to iterate and reiterate old thoughts, old opinions, old ideas. And for this the blame must be placed squarely upon the shoulders of the public itself, for censorship could not last a month except by popular approval or through public apathy.

The alleged danger of a free screen is more imaginary than real. Naturally normal laws of public decency are neces-

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sary to prevent abuses; but these laws are broad enough to protect the screen from the autocracy of the puritan. And the normal pressure of its vast audience is quite sufficient to guarantee that the makers of motion-pictures cannot stray too far from popular ideals without dire failure as a result. It is quite unnecessary to entrust public ideals to a committee who may interpret them as expounded by the firesides of their own prophylactic homes. It is far better that an occasional nuisance be seen and then eliminated than that the whole subject-matter of the screen, its mentality and its artistry, should be forced down to a common level of obvious mediocrity.

It is true that freedom of thought upon the screen may be dangerous. Any force which can have such enormous resultant effects upon the world is dangerous if misapplied. But Nature has provided a safeguard in the mental inertia of the mass. It is hard enough to make people think at all, and it is quite possible that the world might progress farther through a period of wrong thinking than it would through an equal period of no thinking.

The public is very slow to depart from its mental moulds. It has always regarded any new idea or philosophy with the utmost suspicion; and it needs no protection from those who might use the screen in an attempt to tamper with its beliefs or its morals.

Meanwhile the path of the new art is being made extremely difficult by those into whose regulating hands the public has delivered it.

One flaw in democracy is that bureaucratic government is frequently more tyrannous than government by tyrants who are experts. Democracy fosters the idea that official position implies qualification, instead of making qualification the reason of official position. It becomes an easy step from legislating matters of right or wrong to legislating matters of good or bad taste.

How much the screen could be used as a force to help people think, if it were only allowed to do so! What other medium has such power to reveal the races of the world to one another; to express the greatest of all international truths, that mothers are mothers, fathers are fathers, and children are children all the world over; that mankind is essentially one race of many colors, and that all human beings are alike emotionally, humanly?

What good might be accomplished were the screen made an attractive medium of expression for men and women of ideas! How little the damage done by an occasional vulgar film can be compared to the harm of limiting the whole field to moss-covered tradition and moralistic platitude!

Why not let the public become familiar with new points of view, new ideas, even new aspects of accepted morals?

If the motion-picture can ever mean to the larger audience what the stage means to its smaller public, we must do away with the bondage which keeps forcing pictures down to a common level of thought.

No art can develop in bondage, least of all an art so dependent upon public support as the motion-picture. It is a democratic art and can only grow in freedom, and freedom means the right to be wrong, to make its own mistakes, suffer from them, and grow through them.

The motion-picture has too many friends who desire to regulate it—to reform it. They are largely of two kinds: those who call themselves "the civilized minority," who believe that nothing can be art which is popular; and those who consider an art's only justification to be education or moral uplift. They mean well, but even with the backing of various clubs, societies, and associations they are quite powerless to dictate or even to influence the taste of the general public, and it is the taste of the general public which is really the "big boss" of the screen. There is no appeal from its decision and no success without its approval. Picture-makers know this, and the producers themselves, if freed from bigoted bondage, would do more to improve their pictures than all the organized efforts of those "little groups of serious thinkers" who are striving so hard to make the screen safe for all who agree with their opinions.

The best way to help the movie is to let it alone. At present it is in the position of a child with too many nurses. Every one seems to know what should be done to the pictures, but no one seems able to tell us what should be done to the public.

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Whatever is wrong with the movies is not primarily the fault of those who make them; the picture-makers are doing their best to obey orders, orders issued by the general public, which knows pretty well what it wants and insists on having it. The minority may scream, but its cries are drowned by the rattle of half-dollars on the glass of the box-office window.

For pictures must follow public taste if they are to lead it; they must agree basically with public ideals before they can successfully suggest new angles of thought.

The service which the cinema is trying to give the public can be made truly valuable by freedom alone.

The American movie reflects the spirit of its people; it must be given liberty—or death.

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# Must We Send Our Doctors to the Almshouse?

BY FREDERIC DAMRAU, M.D.

ONE of the greatest of public misconceptions is that the practice of medicine is a highly profitable vocation. The average doctor lives in a house of respectable appearance, owns an automobile, and usually wears clothes of good quality. It therefore seems reasonable to assume that he is well-to-do.

The tradesman with the shifting scale of prices thoroughly understands how to handle the doctor who comes into his shop. He treats him as a man who can afford to pay. "Doctors make easy money, so here's my chance," is his slogan.

I have a friend whose wife takes great pride in introducing him socially as "doctor"; but when he accompanies her to purchase a fur coat or an evening gown, the astute little lady tells the salesman that her husband is a waiter. Then she is able to negotiate a substantial reduction below the asking price.

Few persons realize what actually takes place within the walls of the average doctor's home. They see him only in a professional connection, when his office must be showy, when his automobile must be pretentious, and when his tailoring must be perfect. These qualities are all essential to the physician's success. If he is deficient in them, his patients soon lose sight of his professional prowess and patronize a doctor in whose waiting-room they may be seen without jeopardizing their social prestige.

To obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine is a costly undertaking; to maintain the establishment necessary to practise medicine is still more expensive. After graduation from high school, two college years are required to qualify the candidate for entrance to the medical college. Then follow the four years or more of grind and hard work, to be finished off by a hospital internship of from one to two years.

Full of ambition, the youthful follower of Hippocrates fills his waiting-room with superfluous chairs; they are seldom needed. The long vigil for the first patient begins. One morning a sickly looking man strays into the office, but he is only trying to sell the doctor an expensive system of medical volumes. On the next, a young lady enters and tries to obtain his subscription for some worthy charity.

In the meantime expenses accumulate, as they have a habit of doing. How are they met? Some doctors inherit money; others marry it; but the average doctor borrows it during the first five years of his practice.

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### EIGHT MILLION PATIENTS ON THE FREE LIST

Various factors contribute to make the practice of medicine most unprofitable. The most important is the large free list. So many free dispensaries have been opened within recent years that the average person feels that where poverty is bliss 'tis folly to be rich.

According to an authentic report issued by the American Medical Association, there were about 4,000 dispensaries in the United States in 1922. In these institutions there were treated during one year no less than 8,000,000 patients, who made a total of approximately 29,500,000 visits.

Assuming that each dispensary visit would call for the average minimal charge of two dollars, the value of the gratuitous medical service given at the dispensaries during this one year was $59,000,000. Apportioned among the 150,000 physicians of the country, these figures would indicate an average annual loss of almost $400 to each individual doctor as a result of free dispensary service.

It is difficult to believe that there are 8,000,000 persons in the United States so poor that they cannot afford to pay the minimal medical fee. It is hard to reconcile this conclusion with the everyday observation that many patients come to the clinics in fur coats and other fineries, that many drive up in taxicabs, and that there is usually a parking place around the corner for those patients who come in their own cars.

In demonstrating a case of chronic bronchitis to a group of students some years ago, I remarked that this condition is often benefited by a climate such as that of Southern California, but that such a measure was out of question in this poor fellow's case. On my subsequent visits to the clinic I missed the "poor fellow," and wondered what had become of him. Four months later he stepped into the dispensary looking the picture of health. He then told me that he had acted on my suggestion and had just come back from a delightful vacation in Santa Barbara, whither he expected soon to return for another rest! He proved to be a prosperous wholesale silk merchant.

The avowed purpose of the free clinic is to give gratuitous medical service to those who cannot pay for it, but the abuse of this altruistic undertaking is astounding. It is true that before he is allowed to consult the doctor the patient's pedigree is taken and he is questioned with regard to his financial status. But the patient's answers are taken as gospel truth, and it is not the policy of the clinics, whose directors are ever zealous to obtain a good statistical record, to discourage the applicants by going too deeply into their personal affairs.

The person of means who takes advantage of a free clinic never for a moment realizes that he is perpetrating a fraud on the doctor. He believes that some public-spirited committee, perhaps Uncle Sam himself, pays the physician liberally for the time that he spends at the dispensary; but the truth of the matter is that the doctor receives nary a penny for his work and the wear and tear on his motor-car.

An oft-repeated proverb has it that in time of need the doctor is the first to be called but the last to be paid. There may be some striking exceptions to this rule. I was acquainted with a physician who, on entering the sick-room, would bellow out: "Before I see this sick man, place three dollars on the table." Then there would follow a scurrying about from one pocketbook to another, a wholesale looting of the children's banks, and a rapid counting of dimes, nickels, and pennies. After the financial matters had been settled, the professional visit would begin. As a general rule, however, the matter of paying the doctor is taken up at a late hour, if ever.

In every budget that is tightly strained there is a definite order of paying bills. First come the grocer and the butcher, waving the banner "Cash in this world, credit in the next"; then the impatient landlord and the high and mighty lighting companies claim their due; instalments may be overdue on fur coats and expensive evening gowns purchased on credit. Last, and decidedly least, comes the doctor, but he is usually too late. He cannot take back what he has given, and he is apt to be a jolly, good-natured fellow anyhow, who does not make a rumpus like the tradesmen.

To the doctor charging and collecting

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are two entirely different things. The average physician collects only 60 per cent of what he earns; the remaining 40 per cent accomplishes nothing more than the purpose of filling up space in his account-book. How can any business or profession ever be profitable if 40 per cent of the assets are dead accounts?

From time immemorial medical men have been in the habit of rendering gratuitous service to those who cannot pay. This is a custom which everybody applauds but few emulate. The mental view-point of the average tradesman with regard to such charities is well exemplified by the oft-quoted anecdote of Doctor Jones and the village grocer.

While Doctor Jones was purchasing some groceries, the tradesman remarked that he had heard that the doctor was treating the poor widow Mrs. Smith and was not charging her a penny. He thought that this was a very fine thing indeed, as the poor had to live.

"By the way," said Doctor Jones, as he was leaving, "there will be no charge for these groceries."

"What do you mean?" barked the grocer. "They will cost you just three dollars."

"But the groceries are not for me," answered the doctor. "They are for the poor Mrs. Smith, who cannot afford to pay. You know the poor must live. I am making a free call there to-day and three dollars is exactly the amount of my customary charge. So let's go Dutch and keep Mrs. Smith alive."

But this was a type of philanthropy that the grocer considered entirely too personal.

### A LIFE OF SERVICE, THEN THE POORHOUSE

Nobody knows how many doctors end their lives in the almshouse, but there are many of them. They will be found everywhere in the charitable institutions of a great city, in the wards of the city hospitals, and in the infirmaries for the aged. But these frank failures are in the great minority as compared with the countless thousands of physicians who, soon after graduation, contract that common disease known as financial anæmia and never quite recover. No statistics are available on the subject of poverty among doctors, for a physician hesitates to make such an admission even to his most intimate friends; but every doctor knows, from his association with his colleagues, that the number of physicians who are actually on the verge of outspoken poverty must be tremendous.

When a doctor cannot make ends meet, he remains very quiet about his difficulties; there is a sense of pride—false pride, I believe—that makes him hide his financial status. When the final link breaks and the poorhouse becomes his inevitable home, nobody ever imagines that this tottering old man was once the doctor whose arrival the sick would await with eager anticipation. That is the doctor's secret, and few indeed are his confidants!

Only a very small part of the medical profession ever attain wealth as a result of their practice; more commonly, they accumulate whatever finances they may possess as the result of real-estate investments or lucky transactions on the stock-market.

According to Doctor Edward S. Hamilton, of Oak Hill, W. Va., the average annual income of the American doctor was $1,200 during 1919. Although no recent statistics are available, the same figure would probably hold true to-day. Is it not therefore somewhat of an imposture to allow him to scratch 40 per cent of his earnings off his accounts and to contribute $400 annually to the cause of free dispensary service?

### HIGH IDEALS KEEP THE DOCTOR POOR

The cause of the desperate financial status of the average doctor is to be found in the idealism of the medical profession. From the moment he enters college the student is made to think in terms of disease, its recognition and its management. Nothing is ever said about the business end of his profession, about fees, or about methods of attracting a clientèle. The object of the medical colleges is to turn out as scientific and proficient doctors as is humanly possible. But the question of how these self-same doctors, with their childish business sense, are to survive in a world of keen competition and trickery is left entirely to chance.

The physician's quack rivals study the healing art from another angle. They are

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interested not in disease and its control but in their own financial betterment. A smattering of medical humbuggery, just enough to give a salesman a foundation for his line of talk, and a thorough and sound course in advertising and cash-collection methods are their stock in trade.

Many persons estimate the value of professional services according to the price that they pay. Several years ago I had under my care a dispensary patient who "played hooky" for a couple of months but then returned. During this interval she received her treatment from a chiropractor, whom she paid liberally. I did not feel flattered to learn that the woman preferred to pay a charlatan rather than take my treatment for nothing, so I flatly refused to give her any further attention. But she insisted on seeing me at my office, and when she learned that my fee was considerably in excess of that of the chiropractor, she came to regard me as a great doctor. The moral is: Nobody has any respect for an underpaid servant.

The meagre income of the medical profession should be a matter of public concern. It stands to reason that such a poorly paying vocation will not continue long to attract the most intelligent and ambitious class of our young population. To put the matter in its simplest terms, would you deliberately choose for your son a career that will involve long years of arduous study, a life of hard knocks and constant struggle with the wolf at the door, and an old age in the almshouse?

The inescapable result of a reduction in pay is a poorer class of service. That is what must inevitably happen to the medical profession, unless the reward for faithful service is made more in keeping with the quality of the work required. It is manifestly to the interest of the public to possess the highest caliber of physicians, and that is ample reason why they should be concerned with the unfortunate financial plight of so many of their doctors.

There is another very practical outcome of the existing situation. You may have had your appendix removed and been shocked by the bill that you received. But did it ever occur to you that the doctor may have performed three charitable operations that day and one other for which his patient cheated him out of his fee? It therefore devolved on you to foot the bill for the day. You were the unlucky one in five! In other words, if the majority of patients do not pay for their treatment, those who do pay must make good.

No one will seriously question the fact that the poor should have proper medical care and treatment. But this is an obligation that should fall squarely on the shoulders of the entire community, not only of the doctors. The poor also require food; but what would the corner grocer have to say if he individually were asked to supply it? The grocer will sell his food to the community for distribution among the poor; it is just as fair that the doctor should *sell*, not *give*, his professional services to the authorities whose duty it is to take care of the indigent and needy.

The greatest abuse of the doctor's generosity, however, comes from the comparatively large percentage of the 8,000,000 dispensary patients who can well afford to pay, and from the 40 per cent of bills that are never collected. Altogether, the medical man is the most liberal philanthropist in the world; but, in respect to his custom of giving free service to those who are richer than he, the doctor is very much like the poor working girl who pitifully drops a coin into the box of the millionaire beggar.

The poor must live and the sick must have medical treatment. But is it right that, in order that those who are able to pay may save money and that the community may evade its obligation to provide for the needy and indigent, the doctor must end his life in the almshouse?

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# The Evangelist of the Second Part

BY MYRTLE ROSS GRIM

NATURALLY, there are evangelists and evangelists. Those of the first class are choice spirits, and, praise be given, they are in the majority. 'Tis a privilege to entertain these sainted men; their presence in the home is a benediction. When the revival is over they always leave me fired with a zeal to crucify self and live for others. I rejoice that sinners have been snatched from the burning, and that weak-kneed Christians, of whom I am the chief, have been shown how to double up their courage and battle on. I doff my last season's Easter bonnet, and stand reverently before this class of evangelists.

But, alas! The evangelists of the second class, the minority.

My first impression of an evangelist of the second part is gleaned from his advance letter, which always reaches us a few days before he does. In this letter, along with other demands, the divine specifies that he must have a room which is heated at all hours, and that absolute silence must reign during the afternoon, in order that his nap shall not be broken. (It goes without saying that during a revival the evangelist is usually entertained in the parsonage.) John groans when he reads the letter, for well he knows what we are in for.

When the evangelist of the second part arrives we are not surprised to note that he wears a long-tailed countenance as well as a long-tailed coat. We observe that "wrath" and "vengeance" and "hell" are household words with him, while "love" and "mercy" and "heaven" seem to have been dropped from his vocabulary.

This type of evangelist invariably has stomach trouble. I have never known one exception. He starts each meal with a pill, and ends it with a tablet which he stirs into his health coffee. He explains that the first is to wake up his liver, while the other contains vitamine *a* (or is it *b*?) which is so essential to brain-workers. He demands many of the well-known sawdust concoctions for breakfast, and requires especially prepared and especially served delicacies; not only must his eggs be gently coddled, but his taste and stomach as well.

The first evening at dinner our godly guest announces: "My physician says I may eat all of the ice-cream I wish—it won't harm me. My physician also prescribes a light lunch after service, say hot chocolate or junket, or a pint of pasteurized milk, slowly sipped, as sedatives for wearied nerves."

John politely grunts "umhuh," while I echo "wearied nerves," and the meal proceeds.

We soon note, with apprehension, that the evangelist of the second part delighteth not in the plebeian bacon, and that he taketh no pleasure in the humble spud, but rather his soul crieth out after yellow-legged springers in February and fresh tomatoes along about Christmas.

During the period which is allotted for the revivalist's afternoon snooze, I "hush" and "sh" every one in and out of the house. I bribe the children to silence with cookies and jam. I go tiptoeing about in my efforts to preserve quiet until I feel certain that with a little more practice I might develop into a professional toe-dancer.

If our visiting brother contracts a cold, as he always does, it is up to me to doctor him. Every night I tuck hot-water bottles to his feet and smack mustard-plasters on his chest and "tummy," secretly praying that they burn him to a blister. I also administer hot lemonade and ginger tea at regular intervals. I perform these little services, not from any desire to be good, but for the selfish reason that I want the man to get well so that I won't have him on my hands.

Should I develop a cold during this



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period, I must poke my head through the cellar-door and cough darkly into the depths, for fear of disturbing the revivalist's rest.

It is hardly necessary to state that with the extra cooking and nursing added to my already full schedule, I am unable to attend the revival meetings regularly. Like Martha of old, I am "cumbered about much serving."

However, I manage to sandwich in an occasional service. When I meet some of the spirituelle Marys, they raise their righteous eyebrows in my direction and intimate that there are certain persons who especially need the uplift of the revival, who are not giving attendance upon the appointed means of grace as regularly as they should. Of course, I understand.

They also take pains to inform me of the wonderful testimonies which have been given during the meetings. They cite instances of the loosening of tongues that hitherto have never so much as lisped in public. Again I understand. And now, at this point, it becomes my duty to record a painful truth, to wit: I have never been "gifted in public speaking" nor "powerful in prayer."

The evangelist of the second part is sure to observe my inarticulateness in testimony. At the breakfast-table he "sisters" me patronizingly, and suggests that I lead off promptly in the testimony service, as an encouragement to others. I "brother" him meekly, and tell him that I seem possessed of a born timidity which causes me to shrink from discussing the deeper soul experiences with my closest friends—much less with the public.

The evangelist does not understand. He stirs his health coffee thoughtfully, and pleads with me to take up my burden. At last I yield to his insistence, and rashly promise to be the first one to respond when the next invitation to testify is given.

I am in my place at the appointed hour, and sit through the preliminary service like one awaiting a death sentence. At last the evangelist seats himself in a chair. He balances his nose-glasses neatly upon his thumb, tilts his chair tippily upon its hind legs, and announces: "Now, beloved, a short season remains for Christian testimony. Let not the precious moments go to waste." I suffered tortures at the start, but now I am seized with a terror which borders upon the panicky. My "tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth," and my brain becomes a vacuum. The evangelist looks straight at me, but I only sit and stare. When every one excepting myself and a few of the other timorous souls have witnessed, I search frantically through the Psalter for a scripture verse. I stumble to my feet and stammer: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," or something equally as appropriate. After that I settle back in my pew, and a peace, strangely sweet and warm, pervades my being. My tongue comes back to normal, and my brain begins to function. The moment the "amen" is pronounced I can bring up five subjects upon which I am able to converse, almost glibly.

When the day arrives for the evangelist of the second part to take his leave, I am seized with a joy which cannot be uttered. I assist the reverend gentleman with his packing. I hand him his tooth-brush and cold-tablets so that there will be no excuse for his return. When I have seen the flapping ministerial tails turn the corner toward the station, I cavort about the room, while I cough joyfully in the open.

Then I sit down and check up on my religion. I am shocked and alarmed at my spiritual state. I give myself a merciless going-over. Have I "fallen from grace?" No, but I have suffered a spiritual slump.

Resolutely I begin my work of reconstruction. After much agony of spirit I jerk myself back to the path of rectitude, whereupon I was wont to travel before the evangelist of the second part passed my way. Selah.

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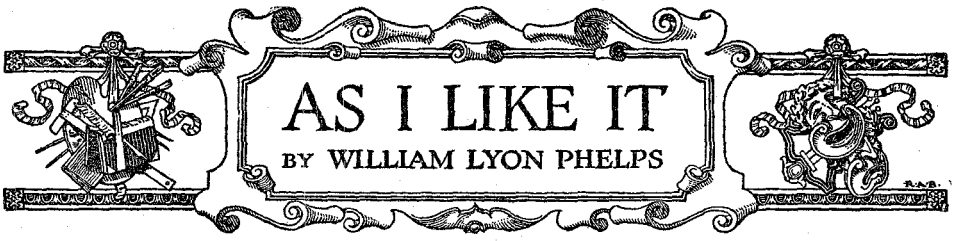


IT is of course impossible to describe adequately any social epoch by one word; but if I were compelled thus to characterize this time, I should call it the *Age of Informality*.

The best popular lecture on literature I ever heard was by the late Professor R. G. Moulton, some thirty-five years ago. It was a brilliant lecture on a dull subject; for he deliberately chose, as if to see what he could do with unpromising material, three of the dullest plays by Ben Jonson—"Every Man Out of His Humour," "Cynthia's Revels," and "The Poetaster." In order that we might understand the difference between social customs among the Elizabethans and among the Victorians, he declared our age (the early nineties) to be the *Age of Anticonspicuousness*—in that respect at least very different from the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, when the young gallants did their best at all times and in all places to attract as much attention as possible. Professor Moulton said that the average man and woman in his audience did not enjoy being conspicuous; one followed the fashions in clothes and other things, not to attract attention, but to avoid it. Good form required acquiescence in average standards.

It is clear that in 1927 such a characterization would not fit. Men are not yet able to wear doublet and hose, and while the newest dinner-jackets show some startling variations, the evening dress of gentlemen is fairly uniform. But the golf-stockings that I am wearing at this blessed moment would have been hooted at in the streets in 1890; the gorgeous sweaters worn by both men and women make them look like birds of paradise; and the extremes in skirts—or rather kilts—certainly do attract attention, whatever the motive of their wearers may be. Women arrange their hair and their features in public; if a man of the nineties could suddenly wake up and find himself in a modern theatre, the audience would afford a more arresting spectacle than the play. The age of anticonspicuousness is past.

I think many seriously minded people, who are shocked by the customs and conversation of the present day, and hence regard this as a particularly wicked and godless age, would find a better and less depressing explanation in the word *Informality*. My father was not a grim or austere person; but I never heard any man or woman outside of the family call him by his first name. When Donald G. Mitchell offered his hand in a letter to the woman of his heart, he began "My dear Miss Pringle." To-day there are many young men and women in good society who know their companions' first names and have no idea what the last may be. The great tennis-player Miss Wills is *Helen* to the public; the same is true of Glenna Collett. A silk hat is seldom seen outside of New York; men go to church in their golf clothes, and to funerals and weddings in tweeds. So-called literary criticism is written and printed in slang, and many are afraid to use good grammar, for fear it will appear too formal. Women sit in the barber-shops among the spittoons and fragments of magazines, calmly awaiting the cry "Next!" and I have seen mothers in the dining-rooms of hotels and in public restaurants, nonchalantly blowing clouds of cigarette-smoke into the faces of their children. The club car on trains will soon be coeducational.

There is nothing immoral in all this; but it is certainly informal. This universal informality makes the manners and clothes of 1890 seem as remote as the thirteenth century.

It has become necessary for me to inform many of my correspondents that I am not in any way connected with the editorial or other management of this magazine; hence contributions to its pages must not be sent to me. Furthermore, although I regret to be disobliging, it is im-



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possible for me to find the time to examine manuscripts, which should always be sent directly to the editor. I have lately bought an interesting letter written by Thomas Carlyle to some one who wished him to read a manuscript and give an opinion as to its availability for publication. So far as I know, this letter has never been printed, and thus appears here for the first time. Mr. David Alec Wilson may include it in the next volume of his biography of Carlyle, if he wishes. Apart from the interest of its authorship, it seems to me to express very clearly the reasons for sending manuscripts directly to publishers, rather than to authors.

Chelsea, 16 March, 1850—

DEAR SIR,

I have hardly time at present to write the smallest answer: time to read a Manuscript (if I had faculty for such a thing, which I have not) does not lie before me for many months to come. Nor would it much avail in reference to your question, if I rightly understand the bearings of that. You do not, I presume, think of publishing on your own account; of sending, after your five-years trouble in writing, a good deal of money, to follow it in printing?—Such being the case, not my opinion but that of some practical Publisher and Seller of Books, is the only one that can avail you.

The enclosed Note to Mr. Chapman will engage him in it to the due length, and I am sorry to confess my inability for more at present.

Yours with kind regards,

T. CARLYLE.

Mrs. W. S. Case, the accomplished literary critic of the Hartford *Courant*, in her article on the lecture delivered at Hartford by Professor Robert D. French, of Yale, says: "I wonder how many of you realize that there is still living, in London, a gentleman who bears what I consider the most distinguished and remarkable name in the world; he is Sir Henry Fielding Dickens. Just consider the significance of the name—the name of the greatest English novelist of the eighteenth century, bestowed upon his son, as a sort of legitimate artistic inheritance, by the greatest English novelist of the nineteenth century! (Of course I am a Dickens fanatic, ranking him as one of the two or three supreme geniuses of English letters; many people don't feel like this, and then again others, Mr. Chesterton for one, feel just the same.)" I agree with Mrs. Case, and while we are on the question of names let me say that some years ago on the Yale University football team, two men in the line played side by side; whose names were Dickens and Cruikshank.

As an illustration of the universal appeal made by Dickens, observe that G. K. Chesterton, George Gissing, and George Santayana—it is impossible to think of three men more unlike in mind and temperament—wrote enthusiastic tributes to his genius. The best essay on Dickens that I have read is in Santayana's book, "Soliloquies in England." Mr. Santayana ought not to like Dickens. As a matter of fact, he does not like him; he loves him.

Frank W. Burnham, Harvard '76, sends me an interesting note on Lowell:

DEAR SIR:—

Your notice of Prof. Garrod's book on Keats with its violent onslaught against the late Amy Lowell, and your comment that it is a case of poetic justice which the whirligig of Time has brought about in revenge for James Russell Lowell's criticism of Prof. David Masson's life of Milton has given me a double pleasure—the re-reading of Lowell's essay, and the recollection of my personal impressions of Mr. Lowell, when, after ending his term of office as ambassador to Spain, he resumed his professorship at Harvard, and gave a course of lectures, in old Holden Chapel, called Spanish 2.

With a bunch of other Seniors, I attended this course of lectures, and can still recall vividly Mr. Lowell's appearance in the short coat, or jacket, that he always wore, and with his abundant beard brushed carefully to part from side to side on his chin.

His talks, then, were so fascinating that to recall them by re-reading his keen thrusts at the ponderosity and dullness of Prof. Masson's book is delightful.

To quote a couple of instances of Lowell's wit and biting sarcasm out of dozens which occur in this entertaining essay;—

"It is plain from the preface to the second volume that Mr. Masson himself has an uneasy consciousness that something is wrong, and that Milton ought somehow to be more than a mere incident in his own biography."

"I will cite a single example of the desperate straits to which Mr. Masson is reduced to hitch Milton to his own biography."

"But Mr. Masson, in his desire to be (shall I say) idiomatic, can do something

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worse than has been already quoted. He can be even vulgar.

"Discussing the motives of Milton's first marriage, he says 'Did he come seeking his 500 pounds, and did Mrs. Powell HEAVE A DAUGHTER AT HIM?' We have heard of a woman throwing herself at a man's head, and the image is a somewhat violent one; but what is this to Mr. Masson's improvement on it? It has sometimes been affirmed that the fitness of an image may be tested by trying whether a picture could be made of it or not. Mr. Masson has certainly offered a new and striking subject to the historical school of British art."

To add a word of personal comment on these two literary efforts;—Mr. Masson's Life of Milton took up "six fat volumes," or as Mr. Lowell puts it, "occupied 1378 pages in getting Milton to his thirty-fifth year."

The critic Lowell uses 50 pages, over seventeen thousand words, in his essay.

To avoid the voluminousness of these gentlemen, and those times, I will stop right where I am.

Three new books on religion by three experts are "The Reconstruction of Belief," by Bishop Gore; "The Roots of Religion in the Human Soul," by Professor John Baillie; and "Religion in the Making," by Professor Whitehead. Although Doctor Baillie is professor at Auburn Theological Seminary, and Doctor Whitehead professor at Harvard, all three men are British. I believe that these three books will be found both useful and stimulating by men and women who wish a rational foundation for religious belief, that is by thoughtful people who love religion and are in search of reasons for faith.

Bishop Gore's book contains about a thousand pages. He has here assembled in one well-printed volume three works, "Belief in God," "Belief in Christ," "The Holy Spirit and the Church." I have received so much aid and comfort from this book that I should like to place it in a million hands. I especially like his honest prefatory remarks, particularly the one about the love of God. I have never been able to follow the thinking of many "liberal" preachers, who insist that there is nothing unique in the person of Christ, nothing miraculous in their religion, and even that Jesus may not have lived—*and yet*, talk eloquently about the love and fatherhood of God, which is, all things considered, a more difficult thing to believe than any particular miracle like healing the sick, or even (to my mind) than the Resurrection of Our Lord. Thus I heartily support this introductory statement by Bishop Gore:

> I have always felt deeply, being by disposition pessimistic, the arguments against the love of God. I have always thought that the only very difficult dogma of the Church was the dogma that God is Love. But deeper than any difficulty has been the feeling that at the roots of my being I am confronted with God, from whom I cannot get away, and that the God who confronts me there is the Living God of the prophets and of Jesus Christ. Equally deep was the feeling that the Christian life was certainly "the Way," and that it was foolish to suppose that it could flourish except on its own intellectual roots and in its own proper mental soil. Also I have never been able to feel that any of the various humanitarian estimates of Christ was in any degree satisfying.

It is strange that clergymen who reject "everything supernatural" and yet in the face of so much adverse evidence talk glibly about the "love of God" should receive more intellectual respect than those who are intellectually more consistent.

Doctor John Baillie's book is also the result of deep and serious thinking, expressed in clear and simple language; it is, in fact, a series of popular lectures on religion. He had prolonged experience as a religious worker among the soldiers in France during the Great War, and he, like Bishop Gore, sweeps the mental slate clean, starting with no assumptions or dogmas or presuppositions, and then trying to see how far religious faith is justified.

Professor Whitehead's book is, like all his work, original and profound, but although this little treatise was delivered in the form of lectures, it will be found difficult reading by the average man or woman; I do not see how any person except an expert could have taken it by ear. I like best in it the author's insistence on the individuality of religion.

Those who know America fairly well, and in particular those who know Chicago very well, will find the novel "Tides," by Ada and Julian Street, extremely good reading. The reconstruction of Chicago

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geography, society, clothes, customs, and language of the past generation is done with a skill that reminds one of Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, and Mark Sullivan.

The young Englishwoman who wrote that admirable novel "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" has written another and even better one, called "This Day's Madness." It is amazingly good, so good that I confidently predict that if she ever allows her name to be known, it will be known everywhere.

Those in search of an exciting mystery story, with jewels, policemen, detectives, villains, all well salted with humorous conversation, will surely enjoy "The Chinese Parrot," by E. Biggers, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

With reference to Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," Professor John R. Schultz, of Allegheny College, who spent last summer at his birthplace, Canton, Mo., on the Mississippi River, writes me that show boats are still commonly seen on the big stream. He encloses advertisements of three—*Golden Rod Show Boat,* steam-heated, 1,250 seats all reserved; *French's New Sensation Floating Theatre;* and *Price's Show Boat.* He writes a letter of such general interest that I am sure my readers will join me in grateful appreciation.

During the past summer (1926) at least three show boats played at the levee in my old home town of Canton, Mo. (40 miles above Hannibal) . . . and another not represented in the clippings was the *Cotton Blossom* (itself!) which has been making annual visits to Canton as long as I can remember. You will notice in the two clippings of the *Golden Rod* that one is dated August 17, and the other October 18. This means that it went on up the river and got back past Canton on its way South in mid-October.

I have among my papers a one-sheet poster advertising a play I saw on the *Cotton Blossom* three summers ago that pictures the famous old stock saw-mill scene—heroine bound to a log, etc. I have seen many a show at the "floating places" as we used to call them, and I of course enjoyed Miss Ferber's book all the more because of it. The glamor of the coming of the show boat to the little river town was tremendous to a native lad. The calliope, the gaudy band with its parade and "concert" on the corner of Main Street, the lights at night, the glimpse of a romantic life in the world outside all blended together in a colorful background of memory.

I was interested in the name of Miss Ferber's heroine Kim, the name formed from the initials of the three states. My mother had a sister who was named and was always called Missouri, and her own middle name is Kentucky.

The Reverend W. A. Way, of Grey Institute, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, suggests a beautiful name for a cat-lover, which I now adopt. He objects to "cattist."

To begin with it is almost a hybrid, (not your cat, but the word!) as the proper Greek word for Cat is αιλυρος (the tail-waver) a far more impressive and classical word. Besides, am I to call myself a "horsist" or a "doggist," or even a "hippist" or a "cynist?" You are really an "ailurophile" or "lover of cats."

I think ailurophile is a beautiful word, is fluent, and rolls trippingly on the tongue with catlike fluency.

Mr. Way nominates for the Ignoble Prize "presently" used as meaning "at the present time," as in the expression "Mr. So-and-so, presently professor of English in such and such a university." I have never heard it used in this way in America; but Shakespeare regularly used "presently" as "instantly."

Harry Patterson, of the Public Library, Grand Island, Nebraska, says that the best three short stories are Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," R. L. S.'s "A Lodging for the Night," and Arthur Colton's "The Spiral Stone." "For years I've coveted all the short stories of Perceval Gibbon in one volume. By perseverance and the kind offices of SCRIBNER'S I have acquired Colton's 'Tioba,' and 'The Delectable Mountains.' I wouldn't take anything for them."

One of the foremost authorities in the world on law is Professor Samuel Williston, of Harvard. His views on anything are interesting, and I am glad to share with my readers the following letter:

Though I pity your sufferings, I am going to add to them by inflicting a comment with reference to Fowler's "Modern English Usage," of which you write in the Christmas number of the magazine. I whole-heartedly

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denounce the standard of pronunciation which the book sets up as follows:

"While we are entitled to display a certain fastidious precision in our saying of words that only the educated use, we deserve not praise but censure if we decline to accept the popular pronunciation of popular words." (Article on Pronunciation.)

If I assented to this test I should say "Dawg," "Toosday," "The idear is," and many other things to which I object. I contend that the same standard should be applied to pronunciation, choice and grammatical construction of words, tone of voice, and manners generally; and that is the standard of the best, by which I do not mean the most priggish.

I denounce also the idea that because usage is the final arbiter that all usages are free and equal. I contend that in the numerous cases where usage is divided, one way of speech may be intrinsically better than the other. As for instance because it is more grammatical or more in accordance with the genius of the language, or general rather than local.

Let me add that I not only accept this decision handed down from Harvard, but that I rejoice in it.

Mrs. W. S. Case, of Hartford, sends me an interesting anecdote of Thackeray:

Do you know the story about Thackeray and Mrs. Charles Chapman of Hartford? I will repeat it just on the chance that you don't know it because it is so charming, and is *true*. No doubt you remember Mrs. Chapman, Bishop Brownell's granddaughter, and will recall that she was very small; she had such dignity and such a beautiful carriage that it was always a surprise to me to realise that she was not so tall even as I. When a young woman she was travelling abroad, and was in London at the time of the opening of the Crystal Palace; that occasion of which Mr. Strachey makes such fun. When the grand ceremonies were about to begin, Mrs. Chapman got separated from her friends in the crowd, and found that she was, from her short stature, unable to see a thing; as she stood, almost crying in her disappointment, she felt herself very respectfully but firmly lifted up in the arms of a very tall man who was manifestly a gentleman, and held firmly while the Royal procession passed. Then her unknown friend put her down gently and disappeared. When she heard Thackeray lecture in America on the Four Georges she recognised her tall man.

No play of modern life would be complete without a telephone and plenty of cigarettes. I wonder why it is that when a man or woman on the stage lights a cigarette, a safety-box of matches is always used? Is it because it makes better stage business for the actor to lift the box, strike the match on its side, and then light his cigarette, than it would be to light a soft-nosed parlor-match on anything? I remember a side-splitting piece of business done by that admirable actor Ferdinand Gottschalk—I have forgotten the name of the play and its plot, but I shall never forget this "comic relief." Mr. Gottschalk was enormously interested in what another man was saying to him. In the course of listening, he used up an entire box of matches without noticing it. Each match broke without ignition, was tossed to the floor, and the surprise of the actor when he found the box empty was extremely diverting. I told this to Clyde Fitch, and he used the same business in his next play.

There is only one good match—that is the big, soft-nosed parlor-match that will light on anything. The old silent sulphur-match—profanely called "hell-stick"—has gone forever. That made no noise, but one had to wait a long while and hold it as far as possible from one's nose, before applying the flame. The safety-box is a nuisance, especially on the golf-course, as it takes two hands to manage it, and the flame is almost as feeble as the stick it terminates. But I particularly abominate the cardboard strip of matches; these matches have no more spine than a politician, and when you try to strike them on the black patch, the accursed match folds over double in your hand, and burns you on the inside of the finger-nail, causing the most exquisite torture.

And now that I am on this illuminating theme, let me recommend the only thing I have invented—the finest receptacle for matches ever known. Take a brick, carve out with a chisel a basin on its long axis. Then you have on your table a conspicuous object filled with visible matches; it cannot be overset, and the same receptacle that supplies the match supplies also a place to light it. People who direct guests to help themselves from a glass bowl of matches will see the visitor take

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the match, look vainly around the room for a place to light it, and finally—if he be male—will scratch it on a place as yet unavailable to persons of the other gender.

On December 3, 1926, one of my long-felt wants was satisfied—I heard the Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski conducting, play Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." I have annually spent twelve Friday afternoons in Philadelphia for a number of years; and as this incomparable orchestra gives a concert every Friday afternoon, I have had many golden opportunities. But although this tone-poem is played every year, it never by any chance fell on one of my twelve days. Therefore last summer I wrote to Mr. Stokowski, gave him my list of Fridays, and asked him to play the Strauss piece on one of the chosen days. Most graciously he replied, naming December 3. It came to pass that it was necessary for me to be in Chicago the morning of December 4; and the only train that would take me thither would be the Broadway Limited, leaving *North* Philadelphia at 4.40 P. M. I had experienced so much bad luck in my endeavor to hear this piece, that I wondered if now I should be able to hear it and still catch that train. It was to be the last thing on the programme, yet even so, I thought I could manage it. An unannounced piece was added, which, with a newly adopted intermission, delayed the programme more than half an hour, so that as the Strauss composition began, I knew that I already should be on my way to the train. Two necessities confronted me: I must hear the whole of that piece, and I must catch that train. It speaks well for the splendid skill of that orchestra that I did listen; the music triumphed over my anxieties.

The moment it was over, and before Mr. Stokowski had left the platform, I rushed from the auditorium, leaped into a taxi, and told the driver to make the distant station of North Philadelphia regardless of ordinary considerations. I have heard Philadelphia called a slow town; it is quite untrue. This driver seemed interested in my predicament; his eyes flamed with a holy zeal. Many streets in Philadelphia are narrow; and there were many broad-gauge trucks. Whenever we got behind one of these, the taximan put on all speed and *took the sidewalk*, giving us a heavy list as we rushed past on two wheels. Once he turned around to his fare and said: "It's lucky you are not nervous." I replied that I was not at all nervous, but should become so if we missed that train. We made it—it was a mad, wild, careering rush through the town; and after the taxi tempest, the steady Pullman seemed like port after perilous seas.

I know now exactly how Queen Marie felt when she travelled; not only by the narrow margin by which we made that train, but by the "personal service" I received on it. Five minutes after the train started the dining-room conductor, in sumptuous apparel, came to me and inquired: "Professor, at what hour would you like to have dinner served? Would you prefer to have it brought to you here?" I told him the dining-car would suit me, and gave him a convenient hour. He informed me that he would wait upon me at that moment, and escort me to the table. At dinner, the official stenographer appeared and wished to know if I cared to have coffee served in the observation car —I didn't, but the inquiry seemed interesting. The next morning at dawn we reached Fort Wayne, the birthplace of George Jean Nathan. Accordingly I made a dramatic entrance into a fresh dining-car, with a new set of officials. All rushed at me, and it was "Professor, if we had known you were coming to breakfast so early, we should have escorted you hither." Thus I made my royal and triumphant progress into Chicago, arriving on time. At evening I started on my return journey by another route; we ran into a heavy blizzard of snow; the car was cold; we reached New York nearly four hours late; the electric lights in the train gave out at 4 P. M., so that from 4.45 till 10.45, the time of our arrival, we travelled in darkness, unable to read.

The majority of trains in our country are neither well-equipped nor overcomfortable. It amazes Englishmen that Americans are forced to smoke in lavatories; but on our train from New York to Augusta, Ga., there was not even that dubious convenience. The Pullmans were built to accompany a club car, but there

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was no club car, and hence no place where one could sit and smoke.

However, Augusta, where I am now (January 1st, 1927) is worth any inconvenience to reach. New Haven is my home; but Michigan is my summer home, and Augusta is my holiday home. It has the finest winter climate; the people are hospitable and charming; the hotels—and a new one will be opened in a few days—are all that the most fastidious person could desire. Furthermore, for some reason, jazzy, noisy, pretentious, flashy people do not come hither; I dare say Augusta is too quiet for them. The hotels are filled with interesting men and women, and those who think that good conversation is a lost art, should enter our hotel some morning and stop, look, and listen.

The other day I had the pleasure of playing golf with an ex-champion, Mrs. Dorothy Hurd. I was defeated, but I did not, like Abimelech (Judges 9 : 45) call hastily unto my caddie, and say, "Draw thy niblick, and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman beat him." I felt honored to be defeated by such a player.

When the attack on Ty Cobb appeared in the newspapers recently, it was a pleasure to me to see how the people of Augusta rallied around their idol. It speaks well for Mr. Cobb that there is no place in the country where he is more popular than in his own town. An enormous mass-meeting greeted him, and all kinds of testimonials have been presented.

From many conversations I have had in past years with Mr. Cobb, including one I had yesterday, the idea that he could be dishonest is to me unthinkable.

Americans wear too tight collars. I admit it makes for neatness and trimness, but at the sacrifice of both comfort and health. Walter Camp protested against this custom, and Harry Vardon said that a snug collar militated seriously against efficiency in the golf swing. We could, I think, imitate the English without always reaching their extremes. A famous and greatly beloved English poet, who has frequently lectured in the United States, wore so generous a collar that while listening to him and watching him on the platform, I was fascinated by the thought that I could toss a grapefruit between his collar and neck without hitting either. What a rig for Jack-the-Giant-killer!

I have been reading Woodward's "Life of Washington," and, with due apologies to Mr. Erskine, I think it ought to be called *Washington: Enough of his Life to Explain his Biographer.*

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the expression "it seemed." This is distressingly common, and is often used idiotically, as "He emptied his pockets—there was nothing, it seemed." Seems, madam, nay, it is!

Turning idly over the pages of a British periodical, I found among the advertisements the following quotation from Browning:

*"Certain bells, now mute, can jingle."*

Instantly the whole page burst into joyous music; I heard the bells. Every person who reads the line ought to wake up. You are despondent, not so capable as you were, not so responsive to the voice of the spirit? Well, those bells that used to ring in your mind, are not cracked or dead, though they are mute. They rang once, they will ring again!

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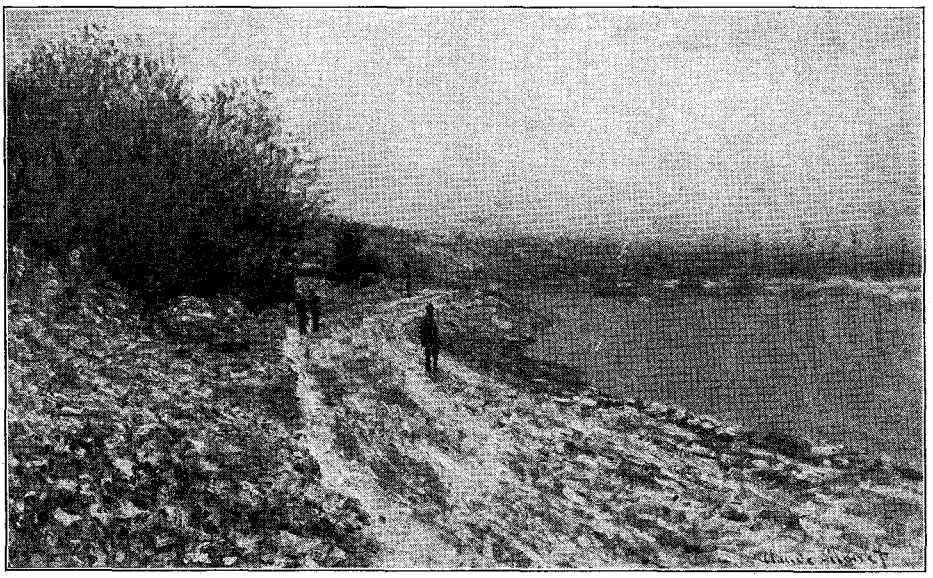
# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Winter at Vetheuil.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

CLAUDE MONET celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on November 14, 1926. He died early in the following month. Ordinarily the passing of an artist of his caliber would be noted as marking the close of an epoch. We are apt to think of a great painter as taking his secret with him when he leaves the scene. But what comes uppermost in my thoughts of Monet at this time is my sense of him as a living factor in modern art. His experience was fairly unique. He was an innovator who not only conquered acceptance of his principles but could look about him on the day of his death and see those principles steadily marching on, the cherished property of the younger as well as the older generation. I am the more vividly conscious of this constructive phase of the great Frenchman's work because the development of the impressionistic idea has been perhaps the outstanding event in my own life as a critic. I was not present, of course, at the actual opening of the campaign in the seventies. It was many years after that that I met Monet at Giverny. He was then an old man and I was a young one. But I could recall at that time contact at least with the first impressionistic propaganda in the United States. That was forty years ago, when I was "commencing writer." It was the period of Paul Durand-Ruel's missionary work, when he brought over numerous examples of impressionistic art and showed them first at the American Art Galleries and then in the old Venetian palace which the Academy of Design occupied at Fourth Avenue and 23d Street. I can remember to this day the feelings of surprise and strangeness that were roused in me by the show, but details naturally have gone down the wind. It has been amusing to hunt them up, rummaging in an old scrapbook to find what I printed on the subject, back in June, 1886. Perhaps it will amuse the reader, too, to see how impressionism struck an Ameri-



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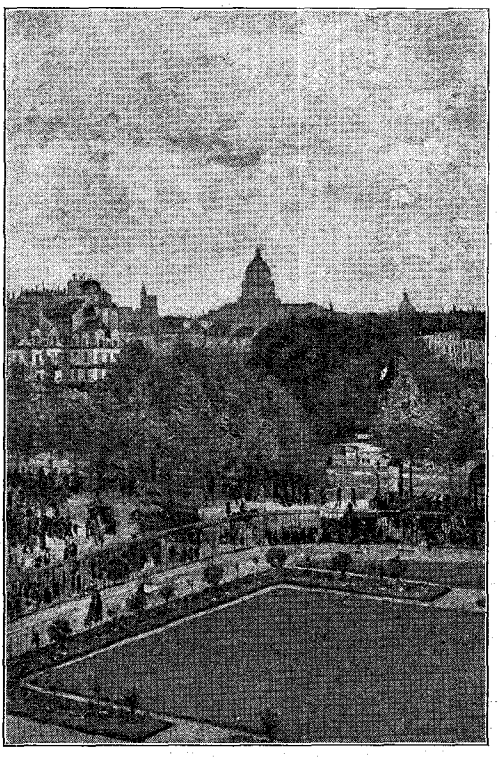
can when it first dawned upon him after saturation in the ideas of the Barbizon School. This is how I expressed my mingled bewilderment and appreciation:

Just as in Paris, in 1877, these pioneers of a new art met with the most adverse criticism and wholesale denunciation, so in New York, in 1886,



Le Panthéon.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

they take the majority of the public by surprise and their pictures are pronounced "hideous," "ridiculous," "absurd," and are discussed with a superabundance of adjectives they certainly do not deserve. There often appear in their work things that seem crude and unreal. Some of their figures look like sketches by a schoolboy, and they do not always use an unerring perspective in landscape and architecture. In the handling of color, however, they show a very fine technique. Nature is portrayed by these men as nature is; their art is to paint scenes in broad and strongly contrasted effects of the real colors in nature. One feels the atmosphere in Monet's waterscapes. The foliage on the banks of his charming river scene in the large gallery is of just such a color as we see in life. The light in which the picture is bathed is pure, warm, and sunny, and has a real outdoor effect.

The interesting thing to me about that passage is its testimony to the fact that, bewildered as I was, I still felt that Monet was somehow in the foreground, taking me captive by his truth. And I observe that throughout the disquisition from which I have ventured to quote there was no sign of that revolt which is inspired by our latter-day modernists. The traits that then seemed to me crude and unskilful were nothing worse—they were not freakish and in arbitrary violation of fundamental laws. I think I must have been aware then, in some unconscious way, that I was looking on at the results of an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process. While I am touching upon those older days I must recall, too, that the public, for all its adjectives, was not altogether insensitive. Durand-Ruel never forgot that. "Without America," he once said, "I would have been lost, ruined, after having bought so many Monets and Renoirs. The two exhibitions I made there in 1886 saved me. The American public bought moderately, it is true, but thanks to that public Monet and Renoir were enabled to live, and after that the French public followed suit." There were more than 300 works in that exhibition at the Academy of Design. Numerically only a small proportion of them were sold. But the pictures that passed into American collections on that historic occasion were like seeds germinating a whole movement. Steadily, ever since, the impressionistic idea has enriched American art. It has done so, moreover, in a perfectly natural and normal way. I need cite only one example, that of the late John H. Twachtman. He began as one of Duveneck's "boys" and in France he painted landscapes full of the cool gray light of a Parisian studio. But when the influence of Monet touched him and he went to work in the open air he became a true impressionist in the full acceptance of the term. Did he become thereby an obvious emulator of the Frenchman, an imitator? Not for a moment. Monet had simply suggested to him a way of looking at nature and he stayed his own man. I have often wished that Monet might have seen one of Twachtman's fine things. He would have greeted the American not as a disciple but as a colleague.

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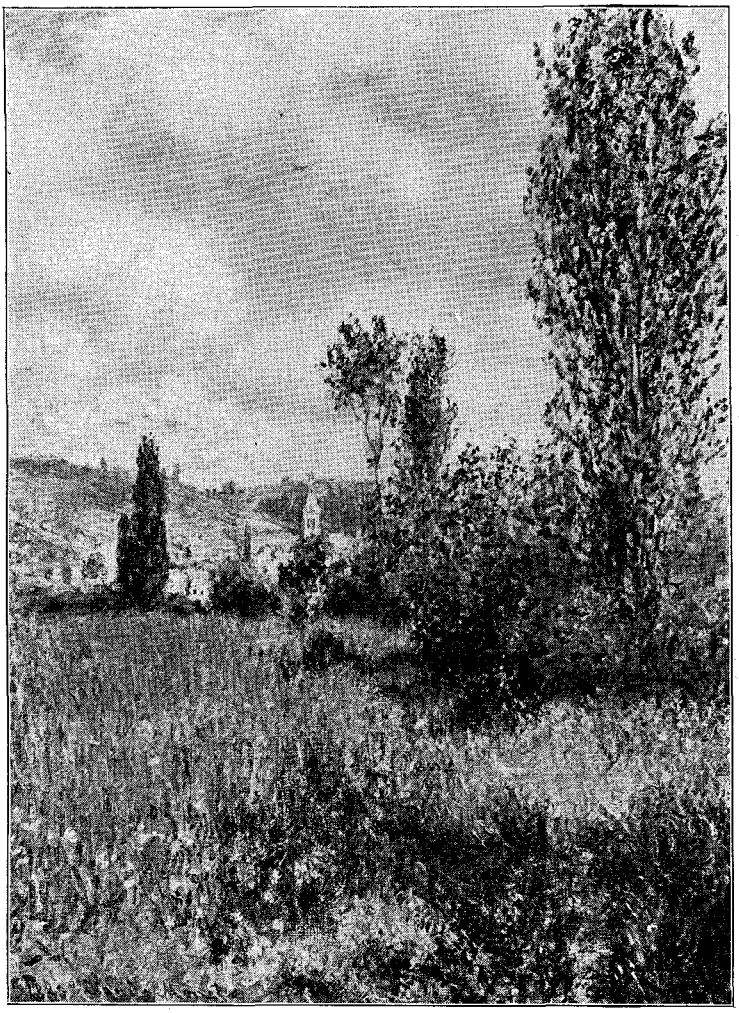
TWACHTMAN'S debt to Monet was just for a broad idea that the latter had put in the air, the idea of giving light its true value. It was an artistic and not a scientific hypothesis, as is often asserted in some quarters. Camille Mauclair, for example, speaks of Monet's work as "a magnificent verification of the discoveries made in optics by Helmholtz and Chevreul." It is such a "verification," if you like. The phrase is a pretty one. But Monet was a painter, not a scientist, and his method was beaten out simply by the observation and the manual exercise of a painter's experience. I am impressed by the fact that nowhere in the large literature of impressionism, and certainly not in Geffroy's recent definitive biography, is there discoverable anything like a programme, a formula, allied with Monet's art. If he philosophized at all he was never moved, like Delacroix, to put pen to paper. I am aware of no evidence that he ever thought out his principles. If he mused at all—and since he was a Frenchman of brains we may be sure that he did so—he mused with the brush in hand and took "discoveries" in his stride. He was at bottom loyal to tradition, his art looking to the past as well as to the future.



Sentier dans L'Ile St. Martin, Vetheuil.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

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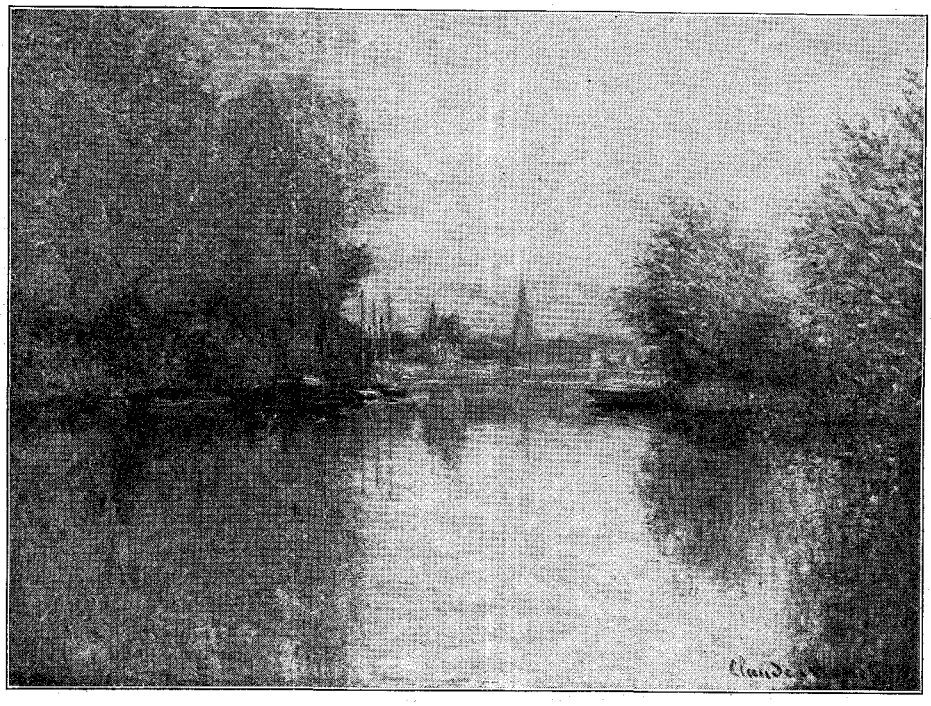
Nothing in Geffroy is more suggestive than these words which he records Monet as saying to him: "All the eulogies which I have received seem out of proportion when I remember the masters of painting, Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, whose genius is incontestable. After their works what are ours, what are mine?" When he saw Las Meninas tears filled his eyes. Geffroy tells us that what particularly moved Monet in that masterpiece of Velasquez's was the envelopment of the figures in air. His instinct for atmospheric effect must have been nurtured by unnumbered moments with the old masters. I'll warrant that he was touched by those two Italian landscapes by Velasquez in the Prado. I am equally sure that he was aware of the luminosities of Bonington. Mauclair speaks of him as sprung from Claude, Turner, and Monticelli. But I mention these things only as underlining the essentially French genius of Monet, the consciousness which every French artist has of the great men who have gone before him. He is a type of that beautiful rectitude, that fidelity to the honor of art, which is characteristic of painters as dissimilar as Ingres and Degas. But like each of those masters he was true to himself, steadfastly pursuing his own destiny. Historic precedent steadied him without forming him, and it was so with the external influences that he encountered in his pupilage.



Automne sur La Seine.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

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HE had good luck in most of his companionships. At Havre, when he was a very young man and was at rather a loose end, employed upon the incongruous tasks of a caricaturist, he enjoyed the friendship and admonitions of Boudin, Courbet's "Raphael of the skies." From him he learned much about the potency of the open air, and went up to Paris with his artistic resources substantially enlarged. Geffroy paints him among other influences at the capital, notably that of Courbet himself, and when he wrote to Boudin he was appreciative of Delacroix,

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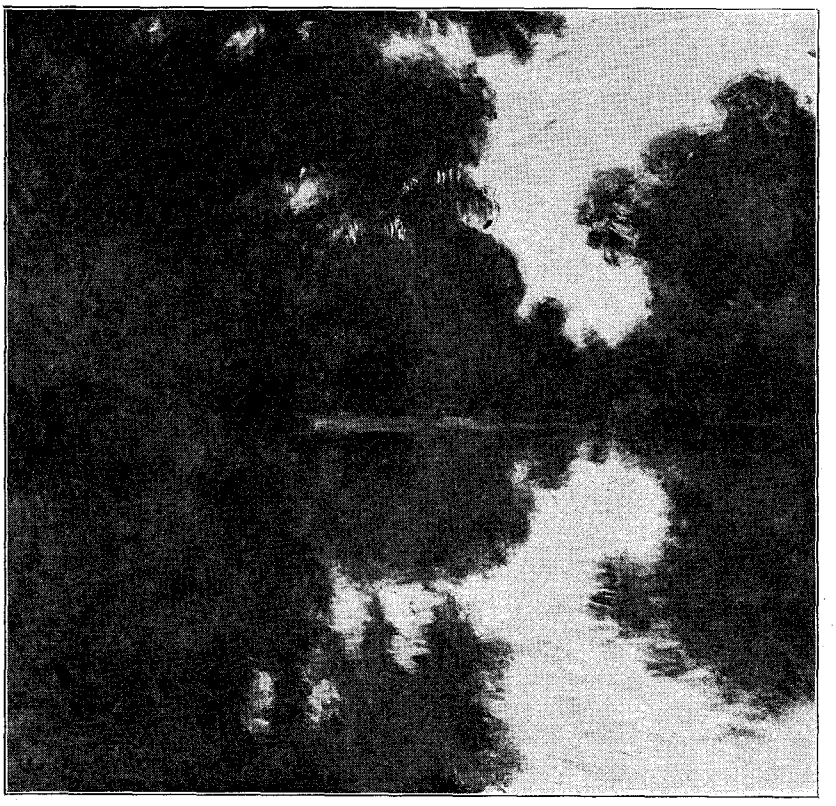
Rousseau, Millet, and Daubigny. He had two years of military service in Africa, and after them we find him again at Havre with Boudin and this time in association with Jongkind. Pretty well this period in the sixties is that he was then chiefly a figure-painter. He made landscapes and marines—he was always versatile—but the outstanding canvases of that epoch remain his full-length of



Matinée sur le Seine.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

experienced by the time he was in his early twenties, he sought out the classically minded Gleyre as a master, who among other things referred him to Praxiteles. That genius, he was told, "took the best elements from a hundred imperfect models before he created a masterpiece," and he was assured that the example was worth while. "When one would do anything," the disciple of Ingres went on, "it is well to think of the antique." Monet, I dare say, thought of the sea at Havre and the skies above them. At all events he shook the academic dust of Gleyre's studio from his feet, and Sisley, Renoir, and Bazille went with him. He foregathered with Courbet instead. The piquant circumstance of his wife and the famous Déjeuner sur L'Herbe. There is a faint suggestion of Manet about them both and I may appositely revive here the droll story of what happened when he sent a couple of marines to the salon of 1865. Manet saw them and humorously asked: "Who is this Monet, who looks as if he had taken my name, and happens thus to profit by the noise I make?" I have seen early Monets which in their simplicity and directness lend color to the jape. But they lend it only faintly. Very rapidly Monet emerged as the confident practitioner of the impressionism we know as synonymous with his name.

As he felt his way there was a certain deliberateness about his definition of

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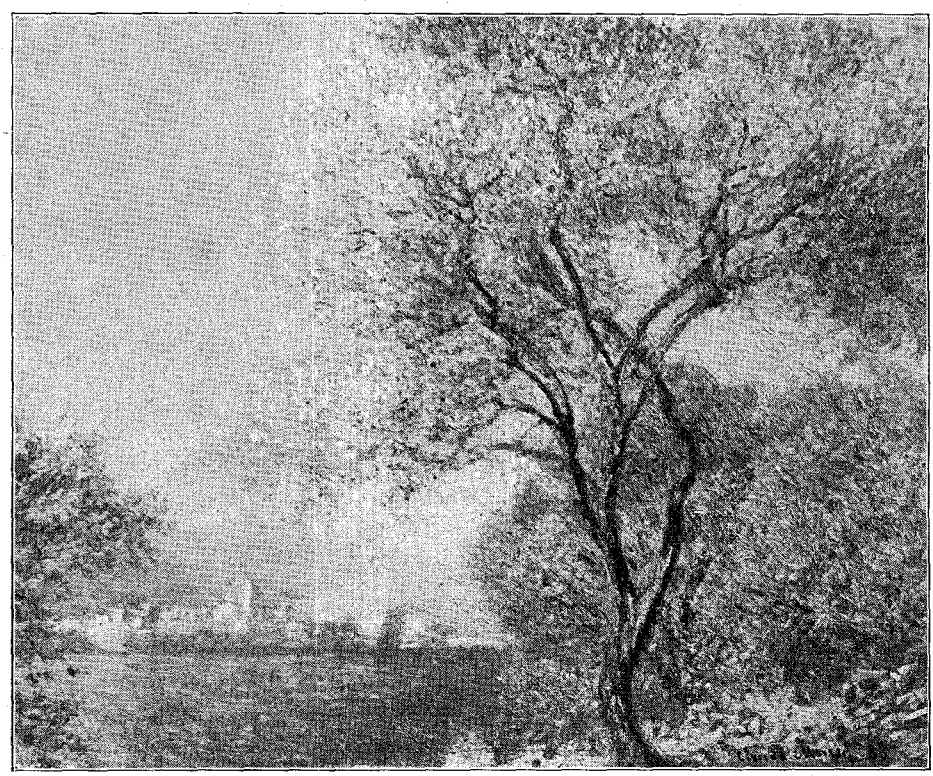
forms. He saw them as in a sense isolated, and drew them with an effect of clear, precise statement. The light was tempered and carried no great implications of heat. Then as he progressed he became more and more fascinated by more fervid effects; the sun blazed in his pictures, and under its rays the landscape seemed often



Antibes, Vue de La Salis.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

positively to swoon. Color began to vibrate upon his canvases and with ravishing blues, violets, and yellows, with wonderful greens and grays, he proceeded to interpret both winter and summer with an extraordinary fidelity to nuances previously unknown to the art of painting. His pictures were characterized by a phenomenal spontaneity, and as the facts of their production came to light it was natural for them to connote in the eyes of the world the swift visual "impression" which seems indeed the very corner-stone of impressionism. We would hear of how he would tackle a haystack, or a cathedral façade at Rouen, or a squadron of poplars, at a given moment, and how he would seek to arrest as in a flash the fleeting appearance of the object under the play of the light and color of that moment. The thing savored of the instantaneous power of magic, and there went with it a little of the wonder of improvisation. But an important point to remember, one closely related to that traditional force which I believe counted so heavily with Monet, is the point that he really constructed his pictures and put into them any amount of research and the hardest kind of hard work. Wynford Dewhurst tells in his book on "Impressionist Painting" a pertinent story which he got from Maurice Rollinat, the poet:

> In the spring of 1892 the artist was busily occupied painting in the neighborhood of Fresselines, a wild and picturesque region of precipitous cliffs and huge boulders in the valleys of the Creuse and Petit Creuse. A huge oak-tree, standing out in bold relief against the ruddy cliffs, was occupying Monet's whole attention. Studies of it were taken at every possible angle, in every

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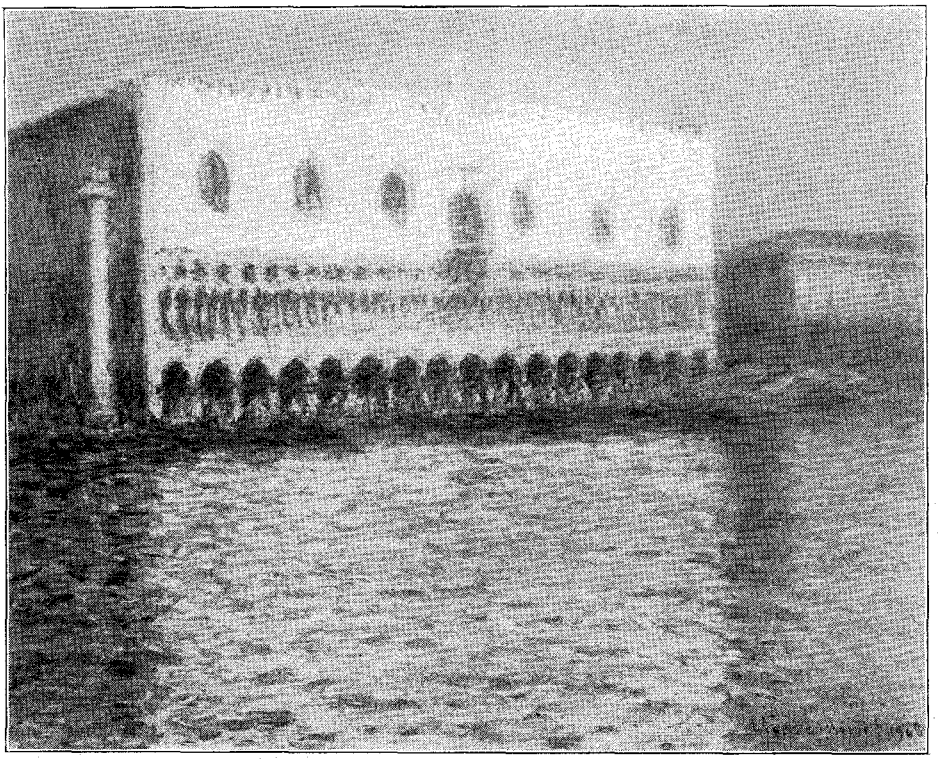
varying atmosphere of the day. Bad weather intervened, wet and foggy, and operations were suspended for three weeks. When Monet set up his easel again the tree was in full bud, and completely metamorphosed. An average painter would have quitted the spot in disgust. Not so Monet. Without hesitation he called out the whole village, made the carpenter foreman, and gave imperative orders that not a single leaf was to be visible by the same hour on the following morning. The work was accomplished and next day Monet was able to continue work upon his canvases. One admires the painter and feels sorry for the unhappy tree.



Venise, Palais Ducal.
From the painting by Claude Monet.

If the anecdote tells us of a ruthless artist it points also to an embodied conscience. Monet superbly followed his chosen ideal and from the beginning was willing to make any sacrifice for it. He came of a mercantile family and in his youth his parents were only willing to buy his exemption from military service on condition that he abandon painting. He went with his regiment to Algiers instead. Even when the breakdown of his health persuaded the Monets to get his discharge and to put him under Gleyre he seems to have suffered hardship. Late in his life he said to Mr. Dewhurst: "Yes, my friend, to-day I cannot paint enough, and make probably fifteen thousand pounds a year; twenty years ago I was starving." He starved with a good will, for his very soul was dedicated to truth and beauty.

The truth in his art is a pervasive and impressive element. "He pursued so closely," says Theodore Duret, "the varied effects and changes which take place in the open air, that he was able to communicate the very sensations which they evoke. His sunshine warms; his snow makes us shiver." But it is to be added that as he does this he fills us also with a sense of palpitating beauty, enriching the sensuous glow of the visible world with the distinction of his design, his color, and his style. Untouched by the romanticism of the Barbizon school he nevertheless revives in his landscapes the poetry of earth. There was in his per-

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sonality as in his art this element of sympathy for what is fine in nature. I felt it when I walked with him in his garden at Giverny, long ago. He was a burly, bearded man, about sixty I suppose, strong, serene, and with a kind of quiet dignity in his talk. He had an almost boyish, fresh complexion, and in his spotless linen and easy gray clothes he made a singularly gentle and endearing figure. For a while we sat under the trees where his wife was knitting, talking art and especially about impressionism on both sides of the Atlantic. He was keen to know how it fared with our painters. But most of the time we strolled in the garden, a veritable paradise of flowers, or lingered on the edge of the pond formed where the river Epte entered his estate. There we looked at the lilies which every lover of his pictures knows, Les Nymphéas, the pictures he has left in a great series which the French Government has accepted as a monument to his genius. My whole memory of that visit is one of sweetness and light. I have never known a great artist so merely lovable. He seemed to share in the very goodness and delicacy of the flowers all about us. And then, in the midst of it all came the reminder of the ancient Roman in him, the spiritual descendant of Poussin and Claude, the artist who was, as I have said, an embodied conscience. In the studio we were looking at a series he had recently painted on the Thames. He brought out canvas after canvas, unframed, piling them here and there until there was hardly room in which to move. He smiled over the wonderment that must have appeared in my face and then he told me that only the best of the pictures would be saved. The rest, he said, would be consigned to the flames. That was like Monet. He painted great pictures, he won fortune and renown, he left an ineffaceable mark upon his time, he bequeathed a living principle to landscape art, because he had a lofty standard and never wavered in his allegiance to it.

Claude Monet in His Garden.
From a photograph.

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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.*

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Duck-hunting on South Island, formerly owned by General E. P. Alexander, Georgetown, S. C.



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